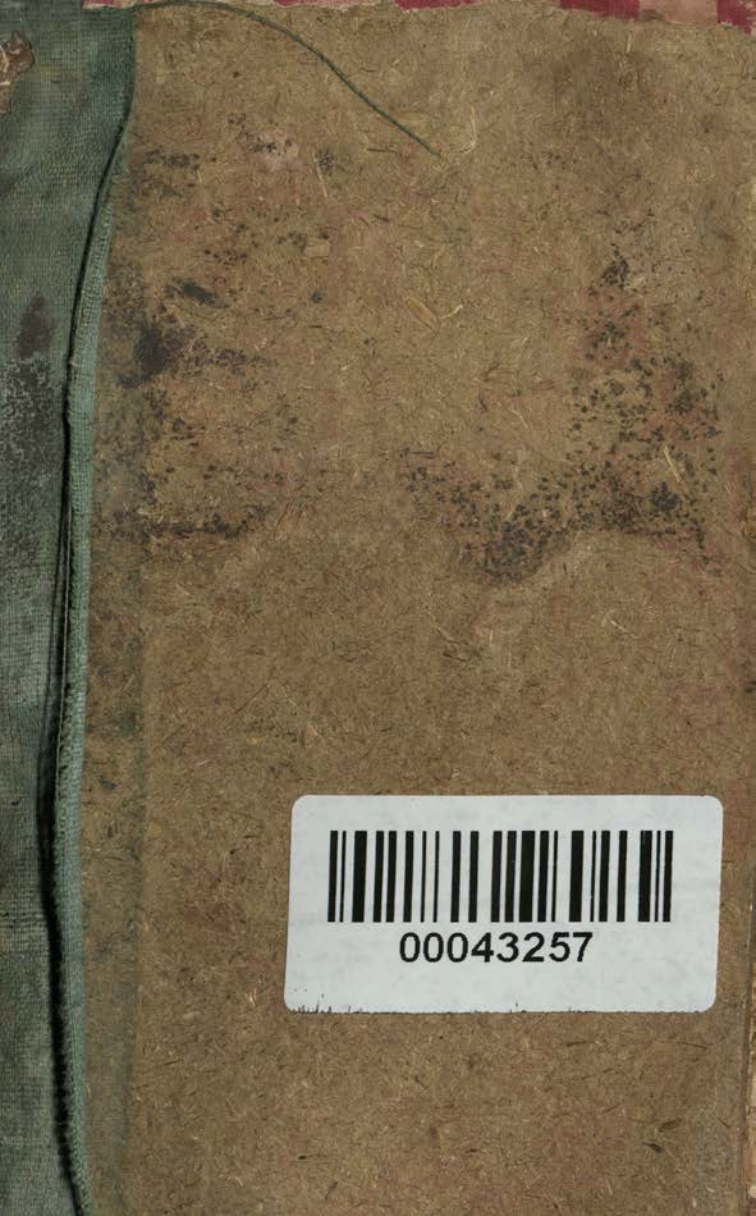
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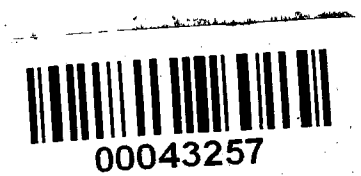

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—And to receive no answer!—to hear nothing from my father, or Mrs Rigid, the governess of my child! —What—what can be the motive of their silence?— —In India, I have been guilty of no vices—no extravagance!—and if, before I went, I involved myself in pecuniary embarrassments, was it not to serve a friend?

Rob. It was, sir.—You became security for the ungrateful Mr Howard; and because he took it into his head to die, and leave you responsible for twenty thousand pounds—

Man. We were compelled to fly to India.—Well—well—blame not Howard; if he had lived, he would have proved himself deserving of my friendship. But now, Robert, I am here once more in the centre of my creditors; and if my father has forgotten me—Knock again—the suspence is dreadful.

Rob. (*Knocks.*) Surely, they are all run away, or drowned, or hanged——Hanged!—I beg pardon, sir!—I only allude to the female part of the family—and I dare say many a fair neck has been twisted in consequence of my absence.——Not come yet!—Nay: don't fret so, sir,—the worst come to the worst, we can but make the same exit we did this time fourteen years.

Man. How?

Rob. Can't you remember our stealing out of those gates in disguise?—our being found out by the bailiffs, and dodging them so artfully from place to place, that by the time they had taken out a writ in one county, we were safely perched in another; till at last, after having outwitted half the sheriffs' officers and attorneys in England, we secured our retreat by arriving at Portsmouth late on Saturday night, and sailing for India early on Sunday morning!——Ha, ha, ha!—I shall never forget the captain's smoking us, and after dinner giving for a toast—"Success to the Sunday-men!"

ush! who comes here?—Old Realize, r's steward!—Now we shall get informa- bserve!

Enter REALIZE *and* COPSLEY.

. Don't talk to me, you old poacher! Hav'n't been repeatedly warned off Sir Solomon's ma- and didn't he himself see you till the hare on ground?—And therefore, at Sir Solomon's re- quest, I dismiss you from being gamekeeper to the Mandeville manors.

Cop. Consider—consider, Mr. Realize!—I am an old servant, and am as innocent of poaching—

Real. You were caught in the fact; and therefore I dismiss you, and appoint in your place—

(ROBERT *comes up to him.*)

Rob. Me, Mr. Steward!—honest Bob Tickwell! How are you, my old friend?—how are you?—Here we are, you see—hot from Bengal!

Real. Why, it can't be!—Yes: it is!—The long-look'd for come at last!—Huzza!

Man. Realize, I am glad to see you.

Real. So am I to see you; and so will Sir Solomon; and so will all the neighbours.

Rob. There!—I said so!—I knew we should have a joyous welcome!—Come! open wide the castle gates, and prepare the wine—the venison—

Real. Open wide the prison gates, and prepare the bread and water!—Mr. Mandeville, (*To* MANDEVILLE.) sir, I'll trouble you for that two hundred pounds you owe me!

Rob. Psha!—this isn't a proper time—

Real. Where is my money, sir?

Rob. Nonsense! His father will satisfy you.—Come—we'll all pay the old gentleman a visit together. (*Laying hold of* REALIZE's *arm.*)

Real. Softly, master Robert—You may both go to

the old gentleman as soon as you like: I
I don't intend to pay him a visit these two

Man. No!—Why, where is he?

Real. Where, I can't exactly say—only
you are about as far from him now as when y
hot in Bengal.

Man. What, is he gone abroad?

Real. No; he's gone home!—he's dead!—
funct!—was buried twelve months ago!

Man. Dead!—My father dead!—I didn't ex
pect this. (*Putting his handkerchief to his eyes.*)

Rob. No more did I, sir—Oh! h! h! (*Weeping violently.*)

Real. Why, what's the milksop crying at?

Rob. I'm crying to think what trouble old M
Mandeville's death will occasion to my poor maste
—What a fatigue it will be to collect in all the rents
—to pay his debts—to discharge you, and appoint
me steward in your place—Oh! h! h!

Real. Indeed!—If that's all that afflicts you, di
up your tears, booby—your master is disinherited.

Rob. Disinherited!

Real. Cut off with a shilling!—Mr. Mandeville
has left his whole estate to a woman.

Rob. A woman!—Oh! the old profligate!

Real. To your child, sir, (*To* MANDEVILLE)—to
his own grand daughter!

Man. To Albina!

Rob. Bravo!—Then it comes to the same point:
—my master of course manages the property, and
I'm steward still.

Real. There you're out again! I rather think Mrs
Rigid will manage the property. I rather imagine
the young heiress will be ruled by the old governess;
and as you've been no friend to her, Mr. Mande-
ville——

Man. No friend to her!—How?

Real. Nay: perhaps you may call it friendship to
leave her to support your daughter at her own ex

pence; perhaps you may call it friendship, not to write any letters, or remit any money, for three years together.

Man. Go on, sir, and let me know all.

Real. Why then you may know, that Mrs Rigid informed the late Mr Mandeville of your unfatherlike conduct; that he invited her and his granddaughter to his house, and taking a fancy to Miss Albina, he made her his heiress.—There—now you've heard the whole story; and I shall call it friendship if you'll pay me my two hundred pounds.

Man. Not write letters!—Not remit money!—Hear me, sir.

Real. Not now.—The heiress is expected from Dover every moment, and I must go and prepare the Castle for her reception. Come along, poacher; come and deliver your keys to your successor——I'll take out a writ directly, and he sha'n't slip through my fingers a second time—(*Aside.*) No more disguises, Mr Mandeville—No more Sunday-men, Mr Steward.—"Oh! what trouble will the old gentleman's death occasion to my poor master!" (*Mimicking* ROBERT, *and exit with* COPSLEY *at the Castle Gate.*)

Rob. Now all's out, sir. No wonder at our not receiving answers, when they say we sent no letters. Oh that diabolical governess!—I always said you were to blame, to place your only child under her care, particularly when you knew she was once in love with you, and you refused her, and married her cousin, Miss Herbert.

Man. Oh, name not her!—If my Amelia had survived, I should not have been doomed unheard!—What! deserted! disinherited!—Is this my welcome home? Am I to find a father dead, and dying full of resentment against me? a daughter prejudiced! nay, perhaps, cursing my very name, and this

governess——Speak, sir—justify your injured master.

Rob. I will with my life, sir; but don't be satisfied with Realize's story: let us get information elsewhere. Yonder is the house of Sir Solomon Cynic. If the old gentleman hasn't fretted away his life by railing at the follies of womankind, perhaps he lives to console and befriend you. Shall we go to him, sir?

Man. Take me where you will. (*Going, stops.*) Robert, how old was Albina when we last saw her?

Rob. About four years, sir.

Man. And I left her in the fond hope, that I might one day find in her a recompense for the loss of her mother! And now if I behold her, she will avoid, upbraid me!—That thought is past all bearing. I'll know the worst, and then my fate's decided. They may desert, but they shall not despise me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

in SIR SOLOMON'S *House.*

OMON, *followed by* CICELY.

u, it's in vain—your application's seless—your whole sex is useless.

lomon—

u women are of no use—none; en, mend linen, make puddings, bands.

r, your honour, the hare was killot by design; the dogs chased ds; and I hope Mr Realize won't ther——

Sir Sol. Keep off—keep within your magic circle—I hav'n't been within the reach of a woman these twenty years; and you are the very last I'd suffer to come near me. I have often observed you in my walks—often noted your mischievous smiles, your penetrating eyes, and I don't like them—I say I don't like them—so keep your distance. I won't be made a fool of a second time.

Cic. A second time, Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. Aye; I was once as much in love as Mark Antony, and like him I was deserted by my Cleopatra. His queen chose a mighty conqueror to be false with; but my Susannah, my fantastic Susannah, fixed her affections on a dancing-master—a caperer! and ever since I have had such a contempt for the sex—(CICELY *lays hold of his hand.*)—— Holloa! you touched me! I feel the shock—I'm electrified—I'm——What sweet lips the gipsy has!

Cic. If you would only pay a visit to our cottage, and be eye-witness to the distress you will occasion! Your nephew, Mr Howard, has often been there; and if you would come and imitate his charitable conduct, I and my sisters would be so grateful—(*Still laying hold of his hand.*)

Sir Sol. Your sisters! Pooh! nonsense! what should I do amongst a parcel of young, giddy, romping——Hark'ye! are all your sisters as handsome as yourself?

Cic. Handsome!—How you flatter, Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. I don't—You're the most lovely, most bewitching—Susannah was a dowdy here, now—look at the omnipotenc man is never secure from its influe lives independent of the sex till he is crepid that he cannot stir from his even then, he may fall a victim to its

Cic. 'Tis Mr Howard!—Now I'll as code for me.

Sir Sol. Howard?—So it is! and somebody with him—Go—don't let us be seen together—I'll come to the cottage soon after sun-set; and if the hart was really killed by accident——Hush!—begone, no caressing—we'll reserve all that for by and by—(CICELY *exit.*)—So—I have once more the true Mark Antony feel.

Enter MANDEVILLE *and* HOWARD.

Sir Sol. Hark'ye, George! don't let me hear of your paying any more visits at the game-keeper's cottage. If I do, a certain young lady shall know of your inconstancy—your—(*Sees* MANDEVILLE.)—Ha! who's that?

How. A stranger, sir, that——

Sir Sol. Stranger!—Why, it's Mandeville!—that profligate Mandeville!—What brought you from India, sir?—And after what has passed, how dare you show your face in my house?

Man. How!—You against me too!—what have I done?

Sir Sol. What have you not done, sir? Hav'n't you deserted your own child?—Hav'n't you left the governess to maintain her at her own expense?

Man. 'Tis false; on my life, 'tis false!—I wrote letter after letter, made repeated remittances; till, receiving no answer, and unable to endure such torturing suspense, I came at all hazards to England, to know why I was so harshly treated.

Sir Sol. And now you know that your father has made Albina his heiress—that she is shortly to be married to Mr Veritas—to this gentleman's tutor, sir—and you may also know, that I expect you instantly to discharge the late Mr Howard's debt for twelve hundred pounds.

How. Mr Howard's debt!—My father's?

Sir Sol. Yes, sir:—Mr Mandeville was his surety. I have his bond; and, had he behaved as he ought,

I'd have died rather than have asked him for it; but now——

Enter a Servant in Livery.

Ser. Sir, Miss Albina and her governess are this moment arrived at the castle.

Sir Sol. Are they? I'll wait upon them directly. Mr Mandeville, don't expect to see your daughter; for, till she is married to the tutor, Mrs Rigid means to seclude her from all society. And for you, George Howard, you must not associate with a man of his character. Though your father behaved ill to him, remember you are not responsible for his ingratitude. Now for the castle—next for the cottage, and then—All for Love, or the World well lost. [*Exit.*

Man. Then all's confirmed; and I've no hope—no friend!—What's to be done?—Whither shall I go?—where fly?—Who will receive so lost a wretch as I am?—Pursued by enemies—abandoned by a father—forsaken by my child!—who will, who dare befriend me!

How. I will.

Man. You!

How. You have forgot me, Mr Mandeville—I see you have. You don't recollect George Howard, whom, when a boy, you used to take such notice of—I'm strangely altered since you went to India—that is, in person only, I hope; for in mind and disposition I am still the same.

Man. Are you?

How. Oh, Mr Mandeville! I don't know why—Whether it is from the joy at seeing you, or from the grief I feel at the cruel treatment you've received—I don't know which it is—but I'm going to be the same blubbering boy you left me.

Man. Indeed!—'Sdeath! this generosity affects me more than all their cruelty!—Let me go—I heard your uncle's orders.—"You must not asso-

ciate with a man of his character.'—Let me begone. I will not involve you.

How. Not involve me! Didn't my father involve you? And if I've not the fortune to repay the obligation, I'll prove I have the gratitude to remember it. From this hour, I am devoted to your service; and, if the friendship of the son can atone for the injuries of the parent, I shall be far happier in partaking your distresses, than in sharing my unfeeling uncle's riches.

Man. I am most grateful; but I cannot consent.

How. You must—you shall consent!—Come, come—your case is not so lost as you imagine. The governess isn't the only person who has an influence over your daughter—there is another——

Man. Who? This tutor?

How. No! his pupil. I flatter myself Albina has no slight partiality for her father's friend.

Man. For you! How, and where, did you know her?

How. I'll tell you. When I and my tutor arrived from the grand tour, we found Albina and the governess at Dover. Mr Veritas and Mrs Rigid being related, we often paid them visits; and, while the schoolmaster and schoolmistress moralised on the miseries of the world, their two scholars as naturally conversed on its pleasures. In short, we soon laughed ourselves into an attachment; which the governess perceiving, Albina was locked up, I turned out, and the tutor destined for her husband.

Man. Indeed!—And did she—forgive my weakness, sir—did she once name her father?

How. Often: but the governess has instilled into her young mind such notions of your barbarity, and at the same time of her own benevolence, that she looks on her as a parent; you as an enemy. However, don't despair—if we can once gain an interview—And what say you? Shall we go to the castle directly?

Man. 'Twill be in vain. The gates will be shut against us.

How. Never mind: we'll force them open. Come.

Man. Nay; but consider you are dependent on your uncle.

How. No matter. The hope that the name of Howard may still be dear to him, who now has so much cause to curse it, makes me superior to all selfish thoughts.

Man. Is it possible? You that have had a fashionable education! you that have been schooled in all the arts of modern foppery, and foreign folly! you, to be the only one to pity or befriend me!

How. Why, the fact is, they tried hard to spoil me; but I wouldn't let them—they sent me all over the continent, before I'd been half over England; taught me foreign languages, before I knew my own; instructed me how to pick my teeth all the morning in Bond-street; yawn all night at the Opera. But I was a bad scholar, Mr Mandeville; and the satisfaction I feel at this moment proves I did right to educate myself. Now then for Albina!—They may have perverted my head; but, I assure you, they hav'n't corrupted my heart. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A modern Apartment in the Castle.

Enter VERITAS *and* MRS RIGID.

Mrs Rig. Yes, yes: Albina already thinks me the best of women, and shall soon believe that you are the first of men.

Ver. Granted—But about Howard—Is she as fond of him as ever?

Mrs Rig. No, she don't like him half so well as she did. Ever since he left Dover, I have been undermining him, and extolling you; and, in proof of my argument, Sir Solomon has just told her of Howard's intimacy with a gamekeeper's daughter. This has roused her jealousy—her indignation.

Ver. Indeed!

Mrs Rig. Yes; and as he has now lost her affections—

Ver. I may soon win them!—Bravo, Master Veritas!—You're lord and master of ten thousand a-year!

Mrs Rig. Ten thousand?—Heyday! Have you forgot our agreement? Please to recollect, that on the day of your marriage with Albina, I am to receive half!

Ver. Half?

Mrs Rig. To be sure. What other motive could I have for getting Mandeville disinherited? Did not Albina gain the property through my management? Did not I make a dupe of the grandfather?

Ver. You did.

Mrs Rig. And why do I give you my interest? Why do I select you for her husband?—Why, but because you are to give me a moiety?

Ver. Granted. We'll divide the fortune—and thus I seal the bargain—thus with a righteous kiss.

Mrs Rig. (*Drawing back.*) How! is the man out of his senses?—Don't you recollect—

Ver. I do.—I beg pardon—You're for the Platonic.

Mrs Rig. I *am* for the Platonic system, sir, and hitherto I have not suffered my lips to be profaned by man!—Never, sir!—Not so much from fear of consequences to myself, as from the danger it might involve all mankind.

Ver. That's true philanthropy, Mrs Rigid; and the longer you persevere in your system, the more our sex will be obliged to you.—Ha! Here comes Albina!—Pray, is she also for the Platonic?

Mrs Rig. Sweet little innocent!—She has hardly sense enough to discriminate one passion from another. She is the most artless, lively, tender-hearted creature!—Look at her, cousin—only eighteen!

Enter ALBINA.

Alb. Oh, governess! I have been all over the castle, looking at the rooms—the pictures—the—(*Seeing* VERITAS, *she stops.*)

Mrs Rig. 'Tis Mr Veritas. You saw him at Dover, you know.

Alb. So I did—he was there at the same time Mr Howard was.—*Oh*, Lord! I'm so happy to see you, *sir*!—I am, indeed!

Ver. Granted. She loves me!—Poor pupil!—Poor Howard! (*Aside to* MRS RIGID.)

Alb. That I am—because now I shall hear something about Mr Howard. (*To* VERITAS.) Pray, Mr Tutor—first we'll talk of his looks, if you please—Is he as handsome now?—as charming as ever?

Mrs Rig. For shame, Albina!—After what you have just heard from Sir Solomon, how can you condescend to name him? Did not he tell you of his passion for a gamekeeper's daughter?

Alb. He did; but—

Mrs Rig. What, Miss?

Alb. That passion may be only Platonic, you know, governess!

Mrs Rig. Look'ye: let me hear no more of Mr Howard! If you mention his name again, I'll resort to my old mode of punishment—I'll show you I have not forgot the art of locking up, miss.

Alb. There now! I thought it would come to

this! The owner of this immense castle will pass most of her days in one of the closets!

Mrs Rig. No murmuring! but go directly with this worthy man—walk with him to see the park—the plantations.

Alb. Well, since it must be so—come, Mr—Worthy.

Ver. (*Aside to* ALBINA.) Mum! I am not what I seem—When we're alone, I'll communicate—Cousin, we take our leave.

Alb. Madam, good day! (*Going.*)

Enter SIR SOLOMON.

Alb. Oh, Sir Solomon! You're the very person I wanted to see. Do you know, there's an old man in the hall, who says he was servant to my grandfather thirty years; and now, because his dogs killed a hare on your grounds, that he is dismissed from his place, and he and his family must starve!—Dear!—If all your game is purchased at so high a price, I wonder you're not choaked!

Mrs Rig. Go where I ordered you, miss. Sir Solomon and I have business.

Alb. And, sir—Sir Solomon! How came you to trouble yourself about Mr Howard's love-affairs?—

believe you're a great poacher;
u snaring any game on my ma-

e, Miss!—Begone directly.
going, governess—I'm going.
nd, if we meet that poor old man
him he may kill all the game on
that won't keep his family from
im shoot all Sir Solomon's!—I
ey, and I can't dispose of it bet-
ing an old favourite of him who
—good b'ye.

[VERITAS *and* ALBINA *exeunt.*

Sir Sol. Um!—There's the sex!—There's true woman!

Mrs Rig. I must watch her—her disposition alters with her fortune. But, Sir Solomon, now we're alone, what is the secret you promised to communicate to me?

Sir Sol. I'll tell you—Mandeville is arrived—I've seen him.

Mrs Rig. Seen Mandeville!

Sir Sol. Not half an hour ago—He is now in search of his daughter.

Mrs Rig. Mandeville come home!—Mercy!—What shall we do?—Why, if he once gets hold of her, he'll persuade her to pay his debts—trick her out of the whole fortune!

Sir Sol. I know it. He's a sad profligate; and therefore do you lock up Albina, and I'll lock up Mandeville.—We'll keep them apart, till she has got a husband to protect her. I'll go directly, and order Realize to take out a writ.

Mrs Rig. Will you?

Sir Sol. I will.—Odsheart!—it was the wish of my life that Howard should marry Albina; but his attachment to other women shews he is not worthy her affections; and his now associating with her father, proves he would waste every shilling of the property.—Therefore, the sooner she marries Mr Veritas, the better. Adieu!—Go and lock her up.

Mrs Rig. I won't lose a moment.—Ah, Sir Solomon! If Mr Howard had copied the example of his uncle!—If, like you, he had never associated with profligate men, or low-bred women!——You would not have fixed your affections on a gamekeeper's daughter?

Sir Sol. Me!—Lord help you!—How could you suppose such a thing? (*Confused.*)

Mrs Rig. I don't suppose it. I know she is too unpolished—too illiterate—

Sir Sol. Psha! She's too young—too—too every thing!—No, Mrs Rigid, if ever I again become a slave to the tender passions, I should select a woman of your time of life—a woman of experience!—Your young things take no pains to please a man; they rely on their youth and beauty: But your middle-aged woman—she is so industrious!—she caresses at you, talks at you, glances at you.——Oh! Time makes women wonderfully dexterous in the art of love! [*Exeunt* MRS RIGID, *ogling* SIR SOLOMON.

SCENE II.

A Garden.

Enter VERITAS *and* ALBINA.

Ver. Ha! ha! ha!—I told you I was not what I seemed. It was very well to put on the mask of learning and gravity before Sir Solomon and Mrs Rigid; but now I'll pull it off—now I'll shew you my real character!—Bless you! I'm an honest fellow!—I'm a choice spirit—a buck of the first water!

Alb. And pray, sir, what made a man of your gaiety become an usher?

Ver. You shall hear:—I finished my fortune before I finished my education. At Westminster School I found I could keep a curricle—At Oxford I found I could keep a pack of hounds—and in London I found——I could not keep myself.—So, not wishing so much talent should remain in obscurity, I set up for tutor, in order to disperse my knowledge amongst the rising generation.

Alb. Upon my word, the rising generation is very much obliged to you.

Ver. Nay: If I have not done much good, I have

done little harm; for, with all my follies, of this you may be assured—I never did right without rejoicing at it, or wrong without repenting it. This is my history. And now to apply my talents to the right purpose—to Love!—Here's Mrs Rigid.

Enter MRS RIGID.

Mrs Rig. Cousin, a word— (*Takes* VERITAS *aside.*) Mandeville is returned from India: He and Howard are now in search of Albina;—and if an interview takes place, we are undone. Go; and if you find Mandeville, give notice to Realize, and he'll arrest him instantly.

Ver. Arrest him?

Mrs Rig. To be sure. What does the man stare at?—Have you any objection?

Ver. Why, I think, when a gentleman comes a long journey—

Mrs Rig. Well, sir?

Ver. That a spunging-house is a bad sort of inn to put up at!

Mrs Rig. How! are you only half a sinner?—Do you repent our bargain?—Mighty well, sir! mighty well! A fine girl and five thousand a-year isn't likely long to want a husband.—Others may be found, sir—

Ver. Granted.—Others may be found; and five thousand a-year is not to be despised. Besides, I shall make amends by making her a good husband. So I'll swallow my scruples, and go directly.—Cousin, your servant!—Miss Albina, adieu! [*Exit.*

Mrs Rig. Albina, I beg you will instantly accompany me to the Castle; and, for reasons which I will hereafter explain to you, I must request you to live in private—neither to pay nor receive visits.

Alb. Lord! I know your reasons well enough; you want me not to see Mr Howard.—Well! I do love him, that's the truth on't; but if he don't love

me, what can I do, you know?—No! I had rather not see him—'twill remind me of past happiness: and if he be shut out from me, the more private I live the better.—Come; I'll think of him no more.

Mrs Rig. Spoke like a girl of proper pride and exalted spirit!—Now all's safe! (*As they are going,* HOWARD *enters*).

How. So! I've found you at last, Albina!—I called at the Castle, and the servants told me they had orders from Doctor Busby not to admit me—I beg pardon, Mrs Rigid—I didn't allude to you—I didn't mean to call you Doctor Busby.

Mrs Rig. None of your insolence, sir!—Albina is no more willing to be troubled with your company than I am.

How. Isn't she?

Mrs Rig. No:—You may hear your dismissal from her own mouth.—Speak, child; repeat to him what you imparted to me this moment.

Alb. I can't. Do you speak for me!

Mrs Rig. Repeat it, I tell you: Show him you don't care for him: Say you are all gaiety and cheerfulness—Say so, I insist.

Alb. Sir! sir! I am all gaiety and cheerfulness! I'm so happy that—Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Bursts into tears.*) I shall break my heart—that's what I shall!

How. So! this is a new mode of being cheerful!

Mrs Rig. Idiot! baby! Call forth your pride: remember your rank—your fortune!

Alb. Fortune! What's the use of it, while another is heiress to his affections? If the gamekeeper's daughter will give me his heart, I'm sure I'll give her my estate. Oh! Mr Howard! (*Going up to him*).

Mrs Rig. (*Laying hold of her.*) This isn't to be borne! Come with me this moment!—Stand out of the way, sir! Come, I command you.

How. Hold! (*Detaining* ALBINA). It isn't on my

own account I thus rudely detain you: 'tis on your father's.

Alb. My father's!

How. He is arrived from India, unfortunate man! —is now in the neighbourhood.

Alb. Is he? We'll go to him directly. Come, governess.

Mrs Rig. Go to him! Are you mad? Why he'll ask you to pay all his debts.

Alb. No, he won't; for I'll offer it long before he can ask me.—Come.

Mrs Rig. Have a care: don't go near him: I know him to be so unprincipled, and so desperate, that if you refuse to give him up your fortune, I shouldn't be surprised if he threatened—nay, actually took away your life.

Alb. Took away my life!—Well! he gave it me, you know, governess; and as to the fortune, that certainly ought to have been his. However, as I never did, nor ever will disobey you, I'll tell you how we'll accommodate matters: Mr Howard will be kind enough to say that you won't allow me to see him; but that, as to money—Lord! he may have what he likes.

Mrs Rig. What he likes?

Alb. Ay: Bid him draw for a good round sum at once—fifty thousand to begin with; and if that won't do—

How. Oh! fifty thousand will do very well for a beginning: Won't it, Doctor?

Mrs Rig. Hear me, Albina. Would you undo yourself, and abandon me? I, who ha
reared you, doted on you? I, who h
ther when he proved no father?—
girl! give all to him who forsook you
who cherished you to starve, and die

Alb. Die in a prison!—Leave my
verness to die in a prison?—Oh, Lor

the thought of it! (Mrs Rigid *weeps.*) Nay: don't cry so—speak to me—pray speak—Dear! What was it she said, Mr Howard?

How. She said you'd better give me the fifty thousand directly.

Mrs Rig. Millions cannot save a man so extravagant as Mr Mandeville—This was your grandfather's opinion; and he left you the estate solely to prevent his wasting it—And now would you fly in the face of your benefactor?—And for what?—Only because a faithless lover takes the part of a selfish parent, who, till you became affluent, never thought or inquired after you.

Alb. That's very true—

How. It's not!—It's false!

Alb. I know better, sir!—But for this good woman, I might have starved; and I'm bound to fulfil the intentions of my dear grandfather; and therefore——Don't take on so, my dear governess, and I'll follow your advice in every thing——Don't keep twitching me, Mr Howard!—I shall do whatever she orders me.

How. You will, will you?

Alb. Yes: I act differently from you, sir—I always obey my tutor, and I won't—

How. And you won't skip a task, or go out of bounds, for fear of being whipped! hah!—Oh! the good child! Oh! the pretty Miss Albina! She shall have cakes and toys, and——Look'ye—give over this childish nonsense, and go with me to the gamekeeper's cottage—

Alb. The gamekeeper's cottage?

How. (*Taking hold of her hand.*) There your father is concealed—I left him under the care of Copsley's daughter—one of the kindest, best-disposed—

Alb. (*Taking away her hand.*) Go, Sir!—I'm satisfied, and I hate you—that's what I do—I hate you more than ever I loved you.—Come, governess.

How. Why, Albina?—Why?

Alb. I have as much pride as yourself, sir;—and, since you treat me with indifference, I shall treat you with scorn—with scorn, sir!—come, madam.

How. 'Sdeath!—What have I said?

Mrs Rig. Quite enough, sir!—Go to your darling rustic—go to your dear Mr Mandeville; and, by way of consolation, tell him that if ever you possess an estate—

How. If ever I do, madam, he shall have it all. And I'll give it him, not so much from motives of benevolence, as of prudence; since I perceive that money can transform the most liberal to the most selfish; and she who, without a fortune, was all innocence, tenderness, and affection, is, in affluence, suspicious, credulous, and unfeeling—Farewell!—Mandeville has a child still; for while you are a slave to your governess, I'll be a son to your father.

Mrs Rig. This is your resolution, is it?

How. It is, most potent, grave, and reverend doctor! [*Exit.*

Mrs Rig. Now, Albina, look at the advantages of a good education.—How contemptible was Howard's conduct! How noble yours!—Continue to behave thus, and you shall be indulged in every thing.

Alb. Ah! I wish you would indulge
—There is a favour—

Mrs Rig. Is there?—Name it!

Alb. Why, you already think me a
if I could be quite positive about M
constancy, I should be the very best
world.

Mrs Rig. What! do you still dou

Alb. How can I help it? How
meanly of him, or myself, as to su
prefer a girl that's like—in short, th
as unlike me as you are to Doctor Bu

as he's gone to the cottage, do let me follow him and be convinced.

Mrs Rig. Follow him?

Alb. Why not? Look'ye; you and Sir Solomon say he is guilty. Very well! If I find him so, I'll promise to marry the steward, the parson, or the birch gentleman—any, or all of them, if you like.

Mrs Rig. There's no doubt of his guilt, and this may complete her aversion; therefore I'll let her go. (*Aside.*) Well! on these conditions, I've no objection. But how will you contrive?

Alb. Oh! he sha'n't know me—I'll put on another dress.

Mrs Rig. Another dress?

Alb. Yes: I'll disguise myself as the Little Red Riding-Hood, Little John, Little Pickle, or any other impudent character!—Come—we'll settle that as we go along: and if I find him innocent, why, you shall have one-half the estate; my father the other; and I and Mr Howard will live and die in the cottage, or any other retired spot you choose to point out for us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

View of an open Country—River—Cottage at a Distance, &c.

Enter MANDEVILLE *and* HOWARD.

Man. Nay, nay: blame not Albina! Blame the governess.

How. Not blame her!—Oh! if I look, or speak, or listen, or—'Sdeath! you don't know half the fatal consequences of her unfilial conduct. Sir Solomon has ordered Reality to arrest you: he and the bailiffs are now in search of you; and, unless you can instantly raise two thousand pounds, you'll be imprisoned!

Man. Well: I am resigned.

How. So am not I. I hate a gaol; and as I must follow you wherever you go, pray let us keep in the open air as long as we can. The fact is, there is no staying here without paying your creditors; therefore let's adjourn to London!—There we may do as we like.

Man. Do as we like?

How. Aye: few people think of paying there. Why, if every man in London were to be arrested for the money he owed!—Mercy on us!—there'd be more prisons than carriages; more bailiffs than horses; and men of fashion and dashing citizens would be the two rarest commodities to be met with! Oh! when a man is in debt, the capital is the place to lie snug in! Therefore let's begone directly. Stop though—Have you any cash?

Man. Not a guinea. Out of my pay as an officer, I could hardly save money enough to land me in my native country.

How. And I have not a shilling!—And here we are two hundred miles from Hyde-Park Corner, without two hundred pence to take us there! What's to be done? Will Sir Solomon advance? Not a half-penny!—Will the tutor? Not a farthing.—Will Reality?

Man. The steward!—He wouldn't give half-a-crown to save both our lives.

How. Not half-a-crown to save our lives! Come—come—you wrong him there—I'm sure he'd give more to save mine.

Man. More to save yours!—From what motive?—From benevolence?

How. No; from self-interest. He has an annuity on my life. The day I lose my existence, he loses a hundred a-year; and though he wouldn't give a doit to save me from perdition, I think he'd pay half-a-crown to preserve his annuity.—Look—here he comes!—And now I think on't, suppose I try to get our travelling expenses out of him?—He is always inquiring after my health, and—

Man. I understand.—I'll get out of the way.

How. Do.—Retire behind those trees—Mum!—Observe! (MANDEVILLE *goes behind trees.*)

Enter REALIZE.

Real. So—I've drawn out my forces to the best advantage—Two of my officers are in ambush near the castle—two are reconnoitring on the London road—and two—Ha! Mr Howard! How d'ye do, Mr Howard?

How. Hem! (*Coughing, and stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth.*)

Real. Have you seen any thing of Mandeville?—I've two writs out against him—one on my own account, the other on Sir Solomon's; and if you'll tell me where he is—(HOWARD *coughs loudly.*)—Why, what's the matter with you?—That's an ugly cough.

How. Ugly!—It's frightful!—it's—Hem!—Oh, Mr Realize!—I'm very ill.

Real. Ill!—You were very well yesterday, and the day before, and every day since you came from your travels.

How. That's it.—I didn't mention it before, Mr Realize, for fear of distressing you; but, during my travels—Ough! ou! ou! (*Coughing violently.*) I slept in the Pontine marshes; and the pestiferous dews so inflamed my lungs, that ever since—Hoop! oop! (*Coughing.*) I shall die, that's certain.

Real. Die!—Impossible!—Die!—I've an annuity on his life!—Oh! curse those Pontine marshes!

How. It's all Sir Solomon's fault.—If he'd let me follow the doctor's advice, I should save my life, and you your annuity.—But avarice, Mr—ava—Oop!—hem!—I'm a dead man!

Real. You're not! Now, pray live! I'll take it as a favour if you live!—My dear Mr Howard, what did the doctor prescribe!

How. Change of air, and Bristol waters.

Real. Bristol waters!

How. Yes, sir: and because I can't raise money to take me there—Oop!—because Sir Solomon won't advance a few pounds—

Real. I'm to lose a hundred a-year. Oh! the hard-hearted savage! Why, I'd better give the money myself. I will. Here, Mr Howard, (*Taking out a purse.*) I was always of a humane disposition, and so here's thirty—Hold though: Are you sure the Bristol waters will cure you?

How. Certain. The detergency of the atmosphere; the absorbency of the chalybeate; the ponderosity of—Hau!—au!—I'm convulsed! Support me!—Lay hold of me!—(*In his convulsions, he lays hold of the hand in which* Realize *has the purse.*)—So—Let me go!—I'm better now—Thank'ye.—(*Takes away his hand, and the purse with it.*)

Real. Better!—'Gad! no wonder at it. The dose you've taken is more likely to do you good, than detergency, absorbency, or all the doctors and apothecaries in Europe! However, a hundred *per annum* is worth thirty pounds, or the devil's in it! So keep it, and good bye to you. Hark'ye, though; if you see Mandeville, don't say I've placed bailiffs on the London road.

How. I won't.—Good bye. I hope I shall mend, for your sake, Mr Realize.

Real. I hope you will. But if you do not, if you

find you grow worse, write me word you are coming home full of health and spirits, and I'll go directly to Sir Solomon, talk of the goodness of your life, and sell him the annuity at a premium! That will be punishing him for his stinginess, and paying me for the dose of physic I've given you. Farewell! Keep yourself warm, and success to the Bristol waters! Oh! curse those Pontine marshes! [*Exit.*

How. Oh! bless them! I say. Ha! ha! ha! I'm cured of my cough now—Hem! (*Clearing himself.*) Come forth, Mr Mandeville! (MANDEVILLE *re-enters.*)—Come and congratulate your friend on the recovery of his health.—Look—Will you go to Bristol?

Man. No: to London.

How. Not yet; there are enemies on the road. We must wait till the pursuit is over; and, as I know no safer place than Copsley's cottage, let's return there instantly. Let us go sit and rail at the governess and Albina.

Man. Never.—I must still think she is my daughter, and hope the time may come when she will imitate her mother's virtues. Oh Howard! you should have known Amelia: she had a heart as generous as your own—like you, she gave up all for a distressed —unhappy—

How. Nay; no more melancholy, now, Mr Mandeville. How can a man talk of distress, when he sees he can raise thirty pounds the moment he wants it? A slight cough and a short convulsion will be at any time a bank-note to us. So now for the cottage; and over a jug of old Copsley's October, let us drink "Confusion to our enemies and the Pontine marshes, and success to ourselves and the Bristol waters!"

[*Holding up a purse, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A forward Landscape.

Enter ALBINA *in the Uniform of a Lieutenant of the Navy,* MRS RIGID, *and* REALIZE.

Mrs Rig. We won't detain you a moment, Mr Steward. Only show us the way to Copsley's cottage, and you may return to your pursuit of Mandeville. This young gentleman, Mr Herbert—

Real. Herbert! Pray is this one of the late Mrs Mandeville's nephews?

Alb. I am, sir. I am the first cousin of Miss Albina, sir—of that much wronged and most beautiful creature, sir. I am lately come from sea, and have been in so many fiery engagements, that I don't know whether I am alive or dead, sir!

Real. Po, po! Nonsense! (*Puts on his spectacles, and looks close at* ALBINA.) You have been in fiery engagements! Pooh!

Mrs Rig. Come, come; Mr Realize is too well acquainted with every part of the family to be imposed upon; and therefore we may as well trust him at once. It is Albina! she has put on this disguise, to detect Mr Howard in his love-affair with the gamekeeper's daughter.

Alb. Yes, sir; with that little coarse, tann'd—— Show us the way, sir—I know Mr Howard is now at the cottage.

Real. Do you? That's very good.—Love-affair too! —Ha! ha! I wish you could prove your words.

Alb. Why, sir?

Real. Because it would have saved me thirty

pounds. Why, poor gentleman! he is not in a state to make love—

Alb. How, sir?

Real. No—the Pontine marshes have played the devil with his lungs, and he is gone to drink the Bristol waters.

Mrs Rig. Gone to Bristol! When?

Real. Now—this very moment!

Alb. Which way?—How did he go?

Real. How? Why, he went with my money.

Mrs Rig. Psha! This is all an imposition; all a contrivance of Howard's, to avoid detection. Lead on, sir; I'm sure his lungs were sound enough two hours ago.

Real. Well! have it your own way—I only wish I was as sure of keeping my annuity, as that you won't find him at the cottage. No—and what's more to the purpose, that you find somebody else there.

Mrs. Rig. Somebody else! Whom, sir?

Real. No less a gentleman than Sir Solomon Cynic! Not ten minutes ago I saw him hovering about the spot, like an old kite over a brood of chickens.

Mrs. Rig. Why, the man's mad!—Sir Solomon make love! Show us the way, I insist, sir. Come, child.

Alb. Dear! If, after all, the old woman-hater should turn out to be the real poacher!—If he should, governess! I'm sure you won't any longer forbid me the sight of Mr. Howard. 'Tis cruel to sport with the affections of a lover; and, in the words of the old song, let me remind you——

SONG—ALBINA.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease!
When his passion we discover,
Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please! &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in COPSLEY'S *Cottage—Birds of Prey painted on the Wall—A Recess, with several Trusses of Straw in it—Before Recess, an old green Curtain, partly broken down—A Table and two Chairs—Basket with Apples—Jug of Ale, and small Mug.*

SIR SOLOMON *discovered kneeling to* CICELY.

Sir Sol. Oh you loveliest of all creatures! When I railed at the sex I did not know you—You have converted me! your charms have made me a proselyte, and here I swear—here in this low, submissive suppliant—Wheugh! (*Whistling with pain.*)—This it is to be out of practice! My knees are so unaccustomed to the office, that I believe I'd better get up while I'm able—(*Rises*) So, come, I'll give you a toast, my little cherub—(*Goes to the table, and takes up a jug of ale.*)—Here's Cupid! victorious Cupid!

Cic. Lord!—You're so gallant, Sir Solomon!—

Sir Sol. Gallant!—I have more requisites for a lover than any man since the days of Mark Antony. I can write sonnets, throw glances, talk nonsense, tell lies, sing, dance—No, hang it! I can't dance—If I could, I shouldn't be compelled to drink——— "Confusion to all dancing-masters!" (*Drinking.*)

Cic. Well, but your honour! I hope my poor father will be restored to his situation—I am so unhappy———

Sir Sol. I see you are, and I know the cause—Take comfort—I'll give you love for love!—But how shall we meet?—How carry on our amour in a snug, private, pastoral way?—How shall I steal to you un-

noticed and unseen?—And now I think on't—Zounds! I hope nobody's observing us—if I should be found out!—if *I* should be detected in an intrigue!

Cic. An intrigue, sir?

Sir Sol. Hark'ye: to make all safe, we'll go to London. There we may make assignations without being talked of or interrupted.

Cic. (*With anger.*) Indeed!

Sir Sol. Yes. There half the town are playing at the same game—But here in the country, if one gets a sly kiss, the whole village is sure to hear the smack of it.—So Marybone is the mark—a new house and smart liveries! a curricle and a pair of greys: a piano-forte and a lap-dog—and you shall go by another name.

Cic. What! shall I change my name?—Oh, sir! (*Curtsies very low.*)

Sir Sol. To be sure: you shall no longer be called Cicely Copsley.

Cic. Shall I be your wife?—Oh dear!

(*With great joy.*)

Sir Sol. My wife?

Cic. Shall I be Lady Cynic?

Sir Sol. You Lady Cynic!—You my ——— Ha, ha, ha!—Why, my dear girl, you misconceive.—I wish to intrigue myself; I don't want to be the cause of intriguing in others—Marry you!—Lord help you—I wouldn't take such a liberty. (*Knocking at the door.*) Hah! What! Who's here?

Cic. Heaven knows—perhaps my father, perhaps Mr Howard—perhaps——

Sir Sol. A dancing-master! Oh you sorceress, you've lured me here to expose me!

How. (*Without.*) Holloa! Copsley, Cicely!

Sir Sol. Howard's voice! Mercy on me! If you don't get me off, I'll have your father hanged—I'll—Here—I'll go into this room.

Cic. Stop, that's my chamber—Here, sir, go into that place, (*Pointing to the recess.*) and I'll draw the curtain before you.—Quick, quick!

Sir Sol. This is my first amour this twenty years: and if ever I come near a petticoat again, may Cupid fly away with me!—(*He enters recess, and sits on a truss of straw.*)—So—draw the curtain.

Cic. I can't—You see it's broken down, and—Dear! dear! How shall I fasten it?

Sir Sol. Here—here! [illegible] cane has a sword in it—(*Draws the sword out of the cane, and gives it to* CICELY.)—If there's a cranny in the wainscot, run this through the curtain: if not, run it through my body.—(CICELY *gets upon a chair, and runs the sword through the curtain, which supports it*)—Oh woman! woman!—Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!—(*Sir* SOLOMON *is concealed, and* CICELY *opens the door.*)

Enter MANDEVILLE *and* HOWARD.

How. (*Holding the door open, and looking out*) Look out—look out, I tell you—'Tis Realize and the governess; and by their coming this way, I fear you are discovered—Hush!—observe.

Mand. I do; and see! the young naval officer is advancing towards the cottage!

How. So he is!—We must avoid him.

Alb. (*Without.*)—"The stormy main, the wind and rain."—(*Singing.*)

How. Ah, you chirruping scoundrel!—I tell you what—We had better step into this apartment, and let Cicely get rid of him—Mind, nobody is here, Cicely.—That a naval officer!—Pooh!—Don't you see through his disguise?

Man. Disguise?

How. He's a bailiff!—Can't you discriminate between the navy and the law—between a sea officer and a sheriff's officer?—I know by the rascal's im-

pudent swagger that he's a bailiff!—Here he comes!—Mum!—Retire. [*Exeunt at the opposite door.*

Enter ALBINA *in the Uniform.*

Alb. (*Spying and walking round the room*)—"The stormy main, the wind and rain!" (*Singing.*) I don't see Mr Howard—"My ardent passion prove!"—He's concealed somewhere, I suppose.—"Lash'd to the helm"—(*Goes up to the curtain.*) He's here!—"Should seas o'erwhelm"——

Cic. (*Stopping her.*) What do you want, sir?

Alb. "To think of thee, my love!" (*Trying to undraw the curtain.*)

Cic. (*Pulling her away*) There's nobody there, sir.

Alb. Then they're here!—"And think of thee, my love!" (*Goes towards the door.*) Perhaps, after all, he is really gone to Bristol; and his lungs are so much out of order. (*Trying to open the door, and finding it locked.*) Lock'd! Where's the key?—Oh, oh! (*Stoops down.*) I see him through the key-hole!—Oh! you barbarian! (CICELY *tries to pull her away.*) If you touch me, you little vulgar thing, I'll cut you into atoms!—I see you, Mr Howard. (*Hollaing through the key-hole.*)

Cic. Sir, I beseech you—

Alb. (*Trying to pull the door open.*) Oh! if I could but get at him!—Come out, sir; or I'll pull the door—(*Shaking it violently.*)

Enter HOWARD.

How. Well, sir: What do you want, Sir? What have you to say?

Alb. Say, sir; I'm glad your lungs are better.

How. (*Standing before the door.*) My lungs! Hark ye, sir! if you want Mr Mandeville—

Alb. I want you, and only you, sir!—My name is

Herbert—I am first cousin to Albina; and if you don't instantly fall on your knees, and ask pardon for the insults you have put upon her, I'll make you a companion for that wild goose—I'll run you through the body, and pin you against the wall——'Slife! now I look at you, I wonder what she could see in your ugly face to be so fond of you!

How. I'm glad it's not a bailiff, however. (*Aside.*) Sir, if you are that lady's cousin, I must inform you she isn't worth my pity, or your resentment. She is neither faithful to her lover, nor affectionate to her father—In short, sir, I thought her a child of nature, and I found her a Becky.

Alb. A Becky!

How. Yes; a Becky, sir!—And till she reforms her conduct, not all the fighting-men in Europe shall make me alter mine. This is my determination, and so you may tell her, good captain Bobadil.

Alb. Bobadil!

How. Yes!—Bobadil may tell Becky—

Alb. Draw, sir. (*Pulls out his sword.*)

Cic. Hold! I entreat you—What is the cause?—

Alb. You.—Come, sir. (*Flourishing her sword.*)

Cic. Me!

Alb. His love for you is the cause. Sir Solomon told me of his falsehood, and now—

Cic. Sir Solomon told you?—Oh! base, slanderous man!—Love never brought Mr Howard to our cottage. No: he came from a far better motive—to bring money to my father—to relieve the distresses of his family: and, with gratitude I speak it, he has already saved us from ruin.

Alb. Indeed!

Cic. Yes; but for him we should have perished; and, as a proof I wasn't the object of his affections, often and often have I heard him say, that Miss Albina was the girl of his heart, and that he never would nor could love any other.

Alb. (*Smiling.*) Oh! did you say this, Mr Howard?

How. You have heard my determination. I will not be teased with interrogatories.

Alb. (*Going up to him.*) Nay: don't be so hasty, Mr Howard. Consider, if Sir Solomon has deceived me——

How. 'Tis now too late, sir.—Your visit; her partiality for her perfidious governess; and her neglect of a too liberal parent, are all—all so disgraceful, that, if ever I love again, depend on't Albina won't be the object.

Alb. (*Sharply.*) She won't!—Who will then, sir?

How. Who, sir?

Alb. Ay: who, sir?—Will this little, coarse, insensible peasant?

How. Insensible! Look him in the face, Cicely (*taking her hand,*): tell him you would die to serve your father; and ask him if Albina would shed a tear to save hers.

Alb. He presses her hand!—Let it go, sir!—If you value your life, take away your hand, sir!

How. Why? She deserves it as much as your cousin!

Alb. I can't bear it! Take it away! Then say your prayers, for you hav'n't a moment to live.—(*Poking at him with her sword.*)

How. Keep off, sir—You see I've no arms.

Alb. No arms! That's a poor evasion, coward!

How. Coward! Oh! that I could find a weapon!—Is there no poker—no knife—no—Ha! what do I see?—A sword! now, villain!—

Cic. Hear me, sir—Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

Alb. Hear her, sir—Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

How. Thus I expose olly and deception! (*Pulls out the sword that supports the curtain—it falls, and*

SIR SOLOMON *is discovered sitting on one truss of straw, with others around him.*)

How. Expose folly and deception, indeed!

Alb. He's innocent! he's innocent!—Oh! Howard!

How. What! the old woman-hater turned poacher! Ha, ha, ha!—Why, uncle!

Alb. Why, man of straw! Ha, ha, ha!—Look—how the old fox squats in the stubble!—Come! (*Handing him out*) What have you to say?

Sir Sol. Nothing.—I'll go home, and read Paradise Lost.

How. And curse Cupid and Mark Antony.—And now, sir? (*To* ALBINA.) what have you to say?

Alb. That I sincerely ask your pardon: that I see you have been slandered—cruelly slandered!—and if Albina was before partial to you, she shall now esteem you more than ever. Will you forgive me, sir? I'll tell her all that has passed—every thing.—No: I won't tell her you called her Becky. You don't call her Becky now, do you?

Mrs. Rig. (*Without.*) Mr Herbert! Mr Herbert!

Alb. You hear I'm called, sir—Do we part friends?

How. We do: I'm satisfied.

Alb. And I needn't mention Becky?

How. No! No!

Alb. Then, let my governess say what she will, Howard is the husband for Albina! (*Aside*)—Farewell, sir! we shall meet again.—Cicely, there's money for you. And, Sir Solomon—the next time a game-keeper catches one of your hares, don't snare one of his daughters, and make him starve for it into the bargain! And also, to cover your own poaching practices, don't slander an innocent gentleman. If you do, I'll chain you to your bed of straw, depend on't. Adieu! Mr Howard!

"Lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,
I'll think on thee, my love!" [*Exit*

Sir Sol. Sir, you may smile, and chuckle, and triumph; but I'll be revenged on you and Mr Mandeville yet. I know he is in that room. I saw him sneak in there; and while Realize secures him, Veritas shall secure Albina. I'll overtake Mrs Rigid—The match shall take place this very night; and then, sir—

How. Nay; why should you fret? Upon my soul, I think you're a very lucky fellow—If you had not been in the straw, somebody else might!—You understand?

Sir Sol. I do; and I've plague enough with nephews, without wishing for children to torment me. Let me go—let me follow Mrs Rigid (CICELY *stops him.*) Out of the way, jilt! sorceress! jezabel! or, to sum up all in one emphatic word,—Out of the way, Woman! [*Exit.*

Mand. (*Peeping.*) Is the coast clear?

HOWARD *opens the door, and enter* MANDEVILLE.

How. Well, have you heard what has passed?

Mand. I have. I perceive this is no longer a place of safety; and what's worse, that Albina's marriage is to take place this very night! Is there no way to break it off?---Consider, for her own sake, for yours, for mine, we should prevent it, if we can.

How. Prevent it! How?

Mand. Have you no influence over the tutor? Has he no sense of honour?

How. Why, if it be true, that "wine draws forth the natural dispositions of the heart," Veritas has still some virtue; for over a bottle I've seen him display most excellent qualities. I'll go to him; I'll try to delay, if not break off, the marriage. In the mean time, you shall take refuge in the uninhabited part of the castle.

Mand. Why there?

How. Because it is supposed to be haunted; and

Realize and his followers won't come there, for fear of seeing the devil before their time, you know. Come! While I go to the tutor, Cicely shall shew you the place. Oh, you little gleaner! If I had known that straw contained such weighty heads of corn amongst it, how I would have threshed it! I'd have laid my flail about its ears till I had beat every grain of prejudice out of it, and made the old woman-hater acknowledge---

That, let us rail at women, scorn, and flout them,
We may live with, but cannot live without them.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A modern Apartment in the Castle.

Enter HOWARD *and* VERITAS.

How. What! Veritas turned flincher! Come, one more bottle, my boy!

Veri. I tell you, I've had enough. I'm going to be married; and would you have me get drunk before the ceremony's performed?

How. To be sure: would a man marry in his sober senses? Come, though we're rivals, don't let us be enemies; though you've cut me out with Albina,

I bear you no ill will---Do let us part friends. Come, one more bottle.

Ver. I would; but you know my failing, George: wine makes me so cruelly sentimental; it overflows my heart with sympathy, runs out of my eyes in streams of sensibility: and when I'm no longer myself, I'm so moral, and so honest—

How. So you are. When you're not yourself, you're a damn'd good sort of fellow!

Ver. Granted: I'm never so upright in my conduct, as when I can't stand on my legs! Then wine always makes me speak truth; and if I don't take care, I shall tell you at this moment, that I am a scoundrel---that the governess is another---and that Albina——Good night, George. After the wedding's over, I'll reform, and be a six-bottle man!---But now, spare and pity me.

How. Pity you! Why?

Ver. Because I'm going to behave like a villain.

How. You're not: I'll prevent you.

Ver. 'Tis too late---The dark deed is on the eve of execution!---Albina's locked up in the old baron's chamber---the lawyer has prepared the settlement---the parson has got the license, and——Damnation! what am I about? I shall confess every thing---Good night!

How. Here's my uncle and the governess! What can it all mean? Look ye, Veritas, if some new act of villainy is in preparation, do you think I'll suffer my old fellow-traveller to be concerned in it? No: I have too much regard for your honour; and I know you are so apt to repent——

Ver. I am: and the wine converts me already. I'm a fair penitent; and so let's go and drink whole oceans——And yet, George, I don't like to lose Albina: she is the only woman I shall ever love.

How. Nonsense! You've only drunk one bottle,

and therefore there's only one Albina. Drink another, and there'll be a thousand Albinas! Come along, my fine fellow: and if wine will make you moral, damme but you shall drink honesty by hogsheads! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR SOLOMON *and* MRS RIGID.

Mrs Rig. Don't tell me, Sir Solomon! Is she to be my mistress, or am I to be hers? Talk of marrying Howard, and refusing Veritas, only because you were uncurtain'd at the gamekeeper's cottage! I wish you had never gone there, with all my heart.

Sir Sol. So do I with all my soul! But you misconceive: I don't oppose the marriage; I only object to the manner of wooing. I don't like using force.

Mrs Rig. Why not, sir? If entreaty fail, why shouldn't force be employed? Isn't it as much her interest to marry a man of honour, as it is my duty to prevent her being united to a profligate?

Sir Sol. That's true.

Mrs Rig. And hasn't Mr Veritas both your promise and mine; and would it be honourable to break our word with him? No: I say once for all, she shall be his wife, this very night! She is now locked up in the baron's chamber; and if she refuses, there she shall be imprisoned till she complies. She shall have no companions but ghosts and spectres---no food but bread and water---no bed but straw.

Sir Sol. Straw!---There I must intercede for her: that's so bad a resting-place, that the very thought of it will spoil my night's sleep, to a certainty!---However, there is much reason in what you say; and if she won't select a good husband, we must choose one for her!---So if the parson, the lawyer, and the tutor are ready, I'll join the party; and we'll proceed to the baron's chamber in a body.

Mrs Rig. Spoke like yourself, Sir Solomon!

Stay---wait here a moment, while I go and prepare them: and if she dare be refractory——

Sir Sol. Refractory!---Why a tutor and a governess would alone terrify a girl of her age; but backed by a lawyer and a parson---Gad! I should like to see any body stand up against so formidable a quartetto! [*Exit* MRS RIGID.] I am glad of this!---Now Howard will lose Albina, Mandeville will lose the estate, and the tutor will be rewarded for his integrity and sobriety.---(*Noise without.*) Bravo!---Here they come---and all in high spirits for the enterprise.

Enter HOWARD *and* VERITAS, *arm in arm---drunk.*

How. Come along, Pupil---Come along, Honesty!---Uncle! How are you, uncle? Give me leave to introduce to you---a fair penitent.

Sir Sol. Why, how did you get into the castle?---Who invited you?

How. My pupil here.---Speak, suffering saint!

Sir Sol. Out of the way, sir---I'll hold no conversation with drunkards and buffoons---I'll talk to men of sense and gravity.---Veritas, give me your hand.

Ver. Granted.

Sir Sol. And now let me give it to Albina.---Puppy, will you be eye-witness to the marriage? Will you behold this worthy man take possession of your idol and ten thousand a-year?

Ver. Look'ye, King Solomon——

How. Ay, mind, King Solomon.

Ver. If I thought Albina loved me, I'm so brimful of benevolence, that I'd take her without a guinea; but to marry her against her inclinations!---to use force---to---I tell you it's a damned rascally transaction. And if you and the governess would get as drunk as I am, you'd be as much ashamed of it as I am!—So drink, drink and reform!

Sir Sol. I drink!

How. Why not, uncle?—There's as much virtue in wine as in women! (SIR SOLOMON *holds up his cane to strike him*—VERITAS *interposes.*)—What! have not you had enough of that cane?—that pinner-up of old curtains! Pooh! I don't value it a straw—not a straw!—So! come, pupil; you've made your speech. And now let's adjourn to the inn, and drink more draughts of morality.

Enter MRS RIGID

Mrs Rig. All's ready—all's prepared, Sir Solomon!—Howard here!—Why, cousin!

(*Going up to* VERITAS.

How. (*Stopping her.*) Softly, Doctor Busby—You won't let me speak to your pupil, therefore you must not talk to mine. He's a good boy, and you may corrupt him. Keep off.

Mrs Rig. They're both intoxicated!—Heaven defend me!—Why, Veritas, are not you ashamed?

Ver. Not a bit.—There's some apology for drunken honesty—but none for sober villainy. So drink, drink and reform!

How. Stick to your bottle, Doctor. "In vino Veritas!" (*Sings.*)

Ver. Come, George.

Mrs Rig. Come!—Why, would you leave me at this moment? now, when Albina is locked up—when the lawyer and the clergyman are waiting?—What shall I do?

How. Do? Tell the two black gentlemen to strike out the name of Veritas in their papers—substitute mine in its place, and I'll return and marry Albina in half an hour!——No, I won't marry her. Till she's a good daughter, she sha'nt have a good husband!—so come, my boy. Now for the inn!——I say though, isn't it a long way?

Ver. Long! No; when a man's drunk, it isn't the length——

How. True; it's the width. Farewell, most amiable, most platonic pair!—"To wine I flew, to ease the pain"—(*Both sing.*)

Ver. Farewell, King Solomon!

How. Good by'e, Doctor Busby!—"To wine I flew," &. [*Exit with* VERITAS.

Mrs Rig. Amazing! What does it mean, Sir Solomon? Has Howard corrupted him?

Sir Sol. He has; and now I'm decided: they shall neither of them enter my doors again; and as for Mandeville, I'll make an example of him directly. I have traced him from the cottage to the back part of the castle: he is now concealed amongst the ruins; and I'll give order Realize to lay hold of him this very moment. In the interim, do you take care of Albina.

Mrs Rig. Oh, she's very safe. I have placed Deborah, a steady old servant, as a guard over her; and the haunted chamber shall be her abode till we find a new husband for her. Good night, Sir Solomon!—I could'nt have thought that Mr Veritas would have turned out such a——But it's a strange world; and we have lived so long in it, that nothing now ought to perplex or surprise us.

Sir Sol. Nothing ever surprises me; and such are the changes of this whirl-about life, that, though our system is platonic love, and mine no love at all, yet I should'nt be astonished if we were to become man and wife, and be as happy a couple, Mrs Rigid, as——No, hang it! That would surprise me, indeed!

[*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE II.

An old Gothic Chamber, with Doors at each Wing—In the Flat another Door—Over it is the Portrait of a Man in Armour—a State Bed.

ALBINA (*still in the Lieuten[illegible]o-vered writing*—DEB[illegible]

Alb. Deborah!—Do tak[illegible] the table, Deborah: you shake[illegible] with my letter. "Dear Mr Ho[illegible]

Deb. L[illegible]rd, miss! Is'nt[illegible] arn't we alone in a haunted cha[illegible]

Alb. Haunted! Foolish n[illegible]e you've been prying into those new romance[illegible] governess brought for me—all about abbeys, skeletons, rusty daggers, fat monks, and fainting nuns. Pooh! It's all very well to frighten children; but, for such grown-up misses as you and I, Deborah—Oh, we're not afraid of the dead—nothing but the living frightens us. So sit fast in your chair.——And now for the letter——"Dear Mr Howard—They have locked me up in an uninhabited part of the castle, and placed an old mastiff over me."

(*The castle clock strikes* one.)

Deb. There—He's coming!

Alb. Who's coming?

Deb. The baron!—the baron!

Alb. What baron?

Deb. Why, in the days of yore, an old Norman baron was murdered in that bed; and ever since, when the castle clock strikes one, that door is sure to open, (*Pointing to it.*) and in he stalks in black armour.

A. Does he indeed?—Well! I shall be very glad to see him; and, that we may have a full view of him, I'll snuff the candles.

Deb. Snuff the candles, miss?

Alb. Ay! let's see what he's made of, Deborah.

Deb. (*In a fright snuffs out one of the candles.*) I saw the picture shake; and that's a sure sign the baron is approaching.

Alb. So it is. I'll frighten her away if I can.—(*Aside.*) Hark! Don't you hear the rattling of armour?

Deb. I do.

Alb. And the clanking of chains, and the screech-owl, and the groans, and the cats, and the mice?—and don't you hear me, Deborah?

Deb. I do. Oh, Lord! The governess may come and watch you herself. I won't stay to be hacked to pieces!

Alb. Hush! The door opens; and there he is, as black as Beelzebub. Oh, dear! My courage fails me! Go to him, Deborah! and while he makes mince-meat of you, I shall have time to run away. Pray do, Deborah.

Deb. Not I! Heaven protect you!

[*Exit, frightened.*

Alb. Ha! ha! ha! What an old coward it is! Now nothing ever makes me tremble—nothing! Oh yes; the very thought of Howard makes me so nervous—Heigho!—I'll proceed with the letter: (*Sits and writes.*) "and placed an old mastiff over me,"—a pretty mastiff indeed!—"because I won't marry the tutor. But I am a girl of such pride, such spirit, such fortitude, Mr Howard,"—(*The report of a pistol is heard.*) What's that? A pistol at this time of night, and so near me! Lord! It's very alarming! Who can it be?—Oh, it's the poachers firing at the game! Psha! What a fool I was! Hem! (*Sits and writes.*) "I am a girl of such pride,

such spirit! such forti—' (*Noise of forcing open a door.*)—Well!—(*Noise again.*) Somebody's forcing the door! He's coming! The baron's coming! (*Noise again.*) Oh dear! I'll run away! (*Tries to open the door* DEBORAH *went out at, but finds it fastened.*) Oh! she's locked me in! Deborah! Deborah! (*Runs and hides herself behind the bed.*)

(*The door is burst open, and* MANDEVILLE *enters with a pistol in his hand.*)

Mand. Life is'nt worth the struggle! Howard had'nt left me an hour amongst the ruins of the castle, when Realize and his followers came up with me. I remonstrated in vain. They seized me; and seeing no other mode of extricating myself, I fired my pistol in the air, and the cowards vanished.—— Here, perhaps, I may rest in safety. (*Sits down, and puts the pistol on the table.*)—How! A light! I thought this part of the castle had been uninhabited! Sure nobody observes me. Ha! the curtain moves! One of the villains has pursued me! Is there to be no period to their persecution? (*Pulls forth* ALBINA.) Mark me, sir. Return to the agent who employed you. Begone directly, or this pistol——

Alb. Oh Lord! Deborah! Deborah!—

Mand. No noise! Begone this instant! (ALBINA *retires up.*) Stop. Come back. You may betray me to your curst associates: therefore remain. Sit down. (*Forces her into a chair.*) Stir not—look not—breathe not!

Alb. I won't. Deborah!——Debo——

Mand. Hush! Or by Heaven!——Stay. Sure I should know that face. Speak—Do you not recollect me?

Alb. No. But I shall never forget you.

Mand. 'Tis the youth who came to the cottage! 'Tis Herbert; and no doubt is on a visit to his cousin. Curst infatuation! I'm doomed to be a tor-

ment. Sir, I've been mistaken; and know too well the pangs of apprehension, to wish to inflict it on others. Pray, pray, pardon me! *(Taking her hand.)*

Alb. True flesh and blood, I declare.—I'm better now. I may breathe again, I suppose.—Ooh,—ooh! *(Breathing violently.)*—So you're not an apparition then—you're only a robber?

Mand. Robber!—Sir, I *have* been—Well, well, it concerns not you; else I could tell you that the steward of this mansion—this reptile, Realize, who was about to make a prisoner of me, and to whose persecution you owe my present intrusion——Oh! in the lifetime of his master, the late too unsuspicious Mr Mandeville, he would not—no, he dared not e'en have frowned upon me. But I have done—I've already been the cause of much uneasiness to you——Therefore, good night!

Alb. Stay—I must hear more. Did you know Mr Mandeville, sir?

Mand. Know him!

Alb. Why are you so agitated, sir? If you knew him, perhaps you also know his unhappy son.

Mand. I do indeed! And if I dare reveal to you—But I must not trust you—you are a friend of the governess.

Alb. I am; but I am also a friend of the unfortunate. Come, you had better trust me—I have great influence over Albina; and, since you are the friend of Mr Mandeville, I'll persuade her to satisfy this steward—(MANDEVILLE *shakes his head.*)—Nay—if you think she has not a compassionate heart, you don't know her—indeed, you do not!

Mand. She ought to be compassionate. Her mother had a heart o'erflowing with benevolence, and her father—But he—he is forgotten—deserted.

Alb. Poor man! I often think of him—often shed tears over his misfortunes. Where is he? Might I behold him!—(MANDEVILLE *weeps.*)—Nay, if you

knew all, perhaps I have more cause to weep than you have.

Maud. You cut me to the soul. I can't support it. Let me begone.

Real. (*Without.*) This way—The rascal's this way.

Maud. My persecutor again!—What's to be done?

Alb. Stay where you are—It's his turn now.

Enter REALIZE *and two* SERVANTS.

Real. There he is—Seize him—secure him, while I go for officers of justice. You'll pop at us like so many partridges, will you?—(*Servants hold* MANDEVILLE.) Keep him tight; and now I may safely say my troubles are at an end.

Alb. (*Meeting him.*) Rather say, your troubles are going to begin. Unhand that gentleman—Let him go, I insist. (*Servants leave* MANDEVILLE.) And now, Mr Steward, a word in private if you please.—(MANDEVILLE *retires up.*)—You recollect me?

Real. To be sure I do.

Alb. Then hear me, sir—I'll pay what he owes.

Real. You pay!

Alb. Yes, I'll pay. Can't you understand me? Go, sir; and for the future don't disgrace your employers by acts of cruelty and oppression—Why ar'n't you gone?

Real. Um!—Before I obey the young lady, I must have orders from the old one. You'll excuse me; but you're not your own mistress, you know, my dear.

Alb. No. But I'm yours, you know, my dear.

Real. You're not. The governess is my mistress. Pooh! You've no will of your own.

Alb. No. But I have a will of my grand-father's; and if you don't instantly release this gentleman, I'll discharge you from being my steward—my steward! Do you hear that, sir?—What does he owe?

Real. Why, he owes me and Sir Solomon above

fourteen hundred pounds; and do you think either of us will be content with the security of a minor?—No, no—we'll have the money down.

Alb. So you shall. Take it.

Real. Take it! Where?

Alb. Out of my grandfather's money.

Real. Psha! he didn't leave so much cash behind him.

Alb. Didn't he? Then he left houses, lands, and woods. So go, sir! Go cut down a wood directly.

Real. Cut down a wood!

Alb. Ay, sir. And if that won't raise the sum, cut down another, and another. It will improve the prospect, and gratify Albina with the finest view in the world—that of seeing an unfortunate man made happy. (*Turning to* MANDEVILLE, *and taking his hand.*)

Real. Here's a promising young heiress! Without the aid of a fashionable husband, she'll lay waste more wood in an hour than her grandfather planted in his life-time.

Alb. What! not gone yet? I'm out of all patience. (*Takes up the Pistol.*) Go, sir. Begin lopping and chopping with your own hands, or this pistol—

Real. What a devil it is!—Come, William; come, Gregory. We'll go and send the governess.

Alb. What's that you say, sir? Mind me! If you repeat one syllable of what has passed, this pistol shall prove more fatal to you than the Pontine marshes. It shall make as large a hole in your lungs, as the Bristol waters have in your pocket. Go, dotard. Quick! quick! (*Follows* REALIZE *and Servants to the Door with the Pistol, and forces them out.*) So between swords and pistols I've had a pretty hot day of it.

Mand. How am I to thank you, sir? Till now, I had but one friend—one only friend; and he, in poverty, has proved so generous! Oh! if you knew—

Alb. I wish I did know him, sir. Whoever he is, if he has been kind to you, I'm sure I shall esteem him. Come—though you won't mention your own name, you may trust me with his. Who is your friend?

Mand. Howard.

Alb. Howard! Has he—has Mr Howard been kind to you?

Mand. He has been my companion, my benefactor! He has displeased his family to assist me; and, what afflicts me more than all, on my account, I fear, he has offended the lady he most loves.

Alb. Indeed! And pray who—Not that it's any affair of mine—But pray, who is the lady he most loves?

Mand. Who should it be but Albina? His hand, his heart, his life is at her disposal.

Alb. His life! She mustn't let him die then. Tell him so, Mr—Dear! I wish I knew your name. You say you are the friend of Mr Mandeville—the friend of Mr Howard! Can't you confide in me?—(*Noise of unlocking the Door.*)—Somebody's coming! The steward has betrayed us! What shall we do? I'll stand before and hide you. (*Places herself before* MANDEVILLE.)

Enter DEBORAH.

Well, Deborah, what do you want?

Deb. The steward has been with Mrs Rigid: she is suddenly taken ill; and desires I'll bring you to her own room directly.—Why, what's that? somebody is behind you!

Alb. Hush! It's the baron.

Deb. The baron!—

Alb. Don't be frightened!—He speaks highly of you; and though I told him it was impossible, he swears he'll make an angel of you.

Deb. Don't—pray don't let him.

Alb. Well! He sha'n't—he sha'n't make an angel of you. Turn your back, and I'll lay him—(DEBORAH *turns round.*) You see, I must leave you at present. (*To* MANDEVILLE.) But as I cannot rest till I know more of your story, don't leave the castle, I entreat you. Go into that room; and, that nobody may molest you, allow me to lock you in; and, when I return—Will you trust me when I return?

Mand. Most readily.

Alb. Good night!—Nay: what have you to thank me for? Realize meant to make you his prisoner; and now I've made you mine—that's all the difference. Adieu! (MANDEVILLE *shakes hands with her, and exit at the door*—ALBINA *locks it, and puts the Key in her Pocket.*) Deborah! He's gone, Deborah! (*Hitting* DEBORAH *on the back, who trembles violently.*)

Deb. Is he? Which way did he go?

Alb. Through the key-hole; and now we'll go too. —Poor gentleman! I'll return to him as soon as I can; for I feel interested for him beyond description.—Lead on—I'll follow thee! And oh, Mr Howard! My dear Mr Howard! Your friendship for him, and love for me, prove you to be a man of such taste and discrimination, that, if you don't forgive me, and make me your wife—why, I'll live and die—a bachelor! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter ALBINA *in her own Dress.*

Alb. I can neither sit, stand, nor walk. I can only bite my fingers, beat the devil's tattoo, and sing broken stanzas of despairing songs. "Ah, well-a-day—Ah, lack-a-day!" Dear! Now I only ask if my governess oughtn't to be ashamed of herself? Without giving any reason, she has ordered me to pack up, to set out for Dover, and leave the castle and Mr Howard for ever. I begin to hate her, that's what I do. —Sir Solomon too—I hate him! I hate all old people. I wish they'd go to heaven, and leave us young ones to manage the world by ourselves.

Enter DEBORAH.

Deb. Miss, miss, the carriage is at the door—the postillions are mounting, the horses are prancing, and Mrs Rigid is out of all patience.

Alb. Well, I'm coming!—Deborah, what is the reason——Nay, don't turn your back upon me—don't take me for the baron, Deborah!—Why are we to leave the castle so unexpectedly?

Deb. I don't know: but I believe it's all owing to what the steward told her. Come, be quick—See now!—Here's Sir Solomon come to fetch you.

Enter SIR SOLOMON.—*(A Letter in his hand.)*

Alb. Sir Solomon, I know what you're come for. You mean to force me away from the castle.

Sir Sol. I force you!

Alb. never disobeyed my governess in all my life—but now——

Sir Sol. 'Tis high time to begin, I think.—Go, madam, *(To* DEBORAH.*)* tell Mrs Rigid, Albina shan't go to Dover.

Alb. Not go to Dover?

Sir Sol. No! You shan't stir from your own house; or, if you do, it shall only be to mine.

Alb. What! Will you stand up for me, Sir Solomon?

Sir Sol. To be sure I will. This letter has opened my eyes: it proves the governess to be the worst of hypocrites; and therefore, from this hour, you shall be your own mistress.

Alb. School's up! School's up!

Sir Sol. Why ar'n't you gone, madam? Do you think I'm not fit to be her champion?—Odsheart! though I am not able to manage young women, I'll show you and your mistress I can be a match for old ones.

Alb. I'm my own governess now!—Go, get along, Deborah!—*(Pushes her out.)*—Oh, Sir Solomon! if you were my grandfather, I couldn't be more grateful.

Sir Sol. Read, read that letter!—I'm sorry to damp your joy, Albina.

Alb. What, does it bring bad news?

Sir Sol. The worst in the world. Read, read! 'Tis written by Veritas.

Alb. (Reads.)

"Sir, I am so thorough a penitent, that I cannot "be happy till I have made a full confession of my "bad intentions towards Miss Albina Mandeville. "The truth is, I bound myself in an agreement with "the governess to give her half the Mandeville estate "on the day of my marriage. And here, sir, here "was the cause of the much-wronged Mr Mandeville's "ruin. To obtain this property, Mrs Rigid gave out

"that he remitted no money for the support of his "child, though, to my knowledge, she receive a hun- "dred and fifty pounds half-yearly."—Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. Go on.

Alb. (Reads.) "This story so convinced the "late Mr Mandeville of his son's inhumanity, that "he died disinheriting him, and Albina lives to ne- "glect the best of parents."—*(Drops the letter.)*—I can't read any more—Oh, my poor father!

Sir Sol. You have for your excuse youth and inexperience—But I to be such a dupe!

Alb. Where is he?—Where is my father?

Sir Sol. There again—there's another bad business!—He's no where to be found. Even Howard knows nothing of him; for I met him just now half distracted, saying Mandeville had gone from the place where he left him, and, pursued by his enemies, had fled either to London or the Continent.—He called me a savage, you another.

Alb. And well he might—Let's go after him!—We'll search the world over but we'll find him—Come, we'll hire all the horses, servants, and carriages in the country—We'll fly—We'll—Aw!—aw! Here's the governess! Do you speak to her, for I can't.

Enter MRS RIGID.

Mrs Rigid. Sir Solomon, how dare you countenance my pupil in disobeying my orders?—Come along, Albina; be a good child, and go with your best friend.—Why—What's the matter with you?—What does the girl make faces at?—Speak!—Are you ill?

Alb. No.—*(Very loudly.)*

Mrs Rig. Heyday! Do you know whom you are talking to?

Alb. Yes.—(*Loudly.*)

Mrs Rig. Fie, fie, sir!—Teach a girl to insult her mother! (*To* SIR SOLOMON.)

Alb. Fie, fie, madam!—Teach a girl to desert her father!

Mrs Rig. What?

Sir Sol. (*Turning her towards him.*) Where are the letters Mandeville wrote from India?

Alb. (*Turning her towards her.*) Where is the money he sent for my support?

Mrs Rig. Peace! you little insolent!

Sir Sol. (*Turning her.*) Where is the agreement between you and the tutor?

Alb. (*Turning her.*) Where are a parent's affections—a lover's heart?

Mrs Rig. Silence!—Or I'll so chastise you—

Alb. You chastise me!—The threats of my father or Mr Howard would frighten me, because they're good people, and injured people; and if you had behaved well, I had been still afraid of you. But now—Oh! I wish I had a rod, I'd pay you off old scores, that's what I would!—Come, Sir Solomon, let's leave her.

Sir Sol. Ay: let's seek out the wronged, the honest Mr Mandeville!

Enter REALIZE.

Real. He's not to be found!—Mandeville's not to be found; and I shall not only lose my two hundred pounds, but shall also be tricked out of my annuity—For yonder's Mr Howard running about like a madman; and he swears, if he don't find him, he'll put an end to his existence!—(*Sees* ALBINA.) Oh, ho!—Now we shall get information!—Your servant, Miss—or rather Master, Albina!

Alb. Sir!

Real. Who's governess now?—Did'nt I tell you last night this lady was my mistress?

(*Pointing to* MRS RIGID.)

Alb. You did.

Real. And isn't she—isn't she my mistress?

Alb. If you like it.—If you prefer serving her to me—I'm sure I've no objection. So I give you warning, and appoint the game-keeper your successor. Copsley shall be steward to the young lady—Mr Rigid to the old one.

Real. Copsely become steward!—Why, governess—mistress!—

Alb. Have you cut down that wood, sir?—Oh, dear!—That puts me in mind—I declare, Sir Solomon, I had quite forgot. There is a stranger now at the castle, who can very likely give us intelligence about my father. He told me he was his friend; and he is such a kind, tender-hearted creature!—We'll go there first—Come.

Mrs Rig. Albina!

Real. Miss Mandeville!

Sir Sol. There, madam, read that letter; and if you wish to avoid the most exemplary punishment, look out all Mandeville's letters, and bring them to my house directly. You also, sir, bring your keys and papers at the same time!—Go this moment; and while Albina's at the castle, I'll wait your coming.

Real. Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. No reply, sir!

Real. If I'm to lose my place, I hope I'm not to lose my money!—There's Mr Mandeville's debt, two years' salary, and a trifle due from Mr Howard for the Bristol waters. He coughed me out of a dose of physic worth thirty pounds, sir!

Sir Sol. No trifling!—Be gone, sir!—Mrs Rigid, you know my determination.

Alb. Stay!—This is the last time I shall ever see her; and I can't bear to leave her so unhappy. Governess, though I'm a much greater object of pity than you are, yet if my father will forgive you, I'm sure I will. At all events, while I have money, you shan't want!—Adieu!

Mrs Rig. (Weeping.) Farewell!

Real. Psha! what signifies crying? You see I'm not affected!—Nothing ever excites my sensibility but the touch of a guinea; and, thanks to my stewardship and the annuity trade! I've saved enough to retire and live as a gentleman ought to do.—And so, with many thanks for favours past, your servant, young lady and old gentleman!---Come along, governess! I shall want a housekeeper.; and since you can't be my mistress, I'll be your master!

[*Exit with* MRS RIGID.

Sir Sol. Ah, you two hypocrites! begone!—Oh, Solomon! Solomon! you ought to have known that a woman was at the bottom of all this mischief—Come! I'll see you to the castle, and then---

Alb. I say, Sir Solomon, if we meet Mr Howard by the way, I hope you won't let him kill me!

Sir Sol. Kill you!—Why?

Alb. I know he'll be monstrous desperate!---In a good cause I've a good heart; but, in a bad one ——Oh, Lord!—Deborah is a lion to me!

Sir Sol. Never fear: I'll stand by you. And to prove I can be a protector, without being a poacher, I'll not ask even a kiss, till I have delivered you into your father's hands!——No!—And then I won't trouble you, unless you particularly desire it—— Come---I've given all that up for life; and I shall die as I have lived, a bachelor!

Alb. Don't! I hate bachelors---I wish there was a tax upon them.

Sir Sol. There ought; for 'tis a luxury, I promise you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Baron's Chamber.---Table remaining, with Pistol, &c.

Enter HOWARD.

How. Not here, either!---No where to be found! What can have become of him?—Veritas detained me longer than I intended; and when I returned to the ruins, Mandeville was gone, thinking, no doubt, that, like the rest of his unfeeling friends, I had forgotten and deserted him! I am the most unhappy fellow living!—*(Sits, his hand accidentally falls on the pistol.)* What's here?---A pistol!---Oh, Heaven!---He could'nt be so desperate! How! the initials of his name upon the barrel! It is too evident---he has destroyed himself; and died, suspecting Howard of ingratitude! I shall not long survive him!---Oh, Mandeville! Mandeville!

Man. (*Within.*) Howard! Howard!

How. What voice is that? Speak!

Man. 'Tis I—'tis your friend.

How. He is living! (*Tries the door.*) Nay: if 'twere adamant, I'd split it into atoms! (*Forces it open,*)

Enter MANDEVILLE.

How. (*Embracing him.*) My dear fellow! the next time you kill yourself, don't leave your instrument of death behind you. The initials on this barrel make the worst *memento mori* I ever read.

Man. Kill myself! How you misconceive, my friend! I took refuge here to avoid Realize; and

meeting young Herbert, he protected me, and locked me in that apartment.

How. Did he? Did Bobadil protect you?

Man. He was most kind to me; and promised to make Albina kind to me. I wonder he's not returned: 'tis a long time since he left me.

How. Oh! he has a very slippery memory! The young coxcomb promised to make Albina kind to me; and I've never seen nor heard of him since. However, to shew you how very likely he is to keep his word with either of us, Albina by this time has left the Castle, and gone to Dover.

Man. Gone to Dover!

How. I saw the carriage at the door an hour ago. 'Sdeath! it's only lost time to think of her or Herbert!—So, let us go to London—let us escape while we can.

Man. Well, be it so. 'Tis plain I am forgotten—and therefore I, like Albina, will bid adieu to the Castle for ever. And while she hurries to scenes of gaiety and happiness, her father shall——No: while I have your friendship, Howard, I ought, and will defy misfortune. (*Noise of door opening.*) We are interrupted: let us return to the chamber.

[*Exeunt at the door* MANDEVILLE *came from.*

Enter ALBINA.

Alb. Oh dear! I'm such a coward!—Coming up stairs, I thought I heard Mr Howard's voice in this room; and I dread his reproaches, and his triumph, and his anger so much, that I'd rather see the old baron himself—Oh!—it's all fancy—He's not here! —So I may open the door, and venture to talk to my prisoner—Heigho! the sight of people one has injured is so dreadful, that, I do believe, if Mr Howard——(*She opens the door.*)

Enter HOWARD.

Oh! h! h! (*Screams, and falls in his arms.*)

How. Holloa! What's the matter?

Alb. (*Recovering.*) Nothing: I'm better now: I though——

How. Well: what did you think?

Alb. I thought you had been the old baron—but, I see---I see---(*Stealing away from him by degrees.*) Good bye, Mr Howard.

How. Your servant.

Alb. There! I said so. I knew he'd be desperate. Good bye, sir; I'm going——Don't you see I'm going?

How. Going!---Why, ar'n't you gone?

Alb. So I am---I am gone. Nay, you needn't be quite in such a hurry, sir.

How. I am in a hurry! I can't waste my time on dolls and kickshaws. (*Turns his back to her.*)

Alb. Oh! I was sure this would be the case!--- What shall I do? I've a great mind to take courage, ---to summon up all my resolution, and go boldly within ten yards of him. (*She advances*---HOWARD *turns, and frowns at her*---*She is frightened, and stops* ---*He turns his back again, and she goes nearer to him.*) Lord! he takes it very quietly---I'll go closer. So---I dare say if I were to touch him he wouldn't bite my head off. Mr Howard! How d'ye do, Mr Howard? (*Pulls him round gently.*)

How. Keep off! or---

Alb. Indeed I'm very sorry---I know I've behaved very ill; but it was the governess's fault, and not mine. Pray now forgive me——Look---on my knees I entreat you to forgive me this once, and I'll be such a good, dear, darling girl!---I'll be your slave---your doll---your kick---(HOWARD *smiles, and* ALBINA *jumps up.*) Oh, he smiles!---You're a good-

natured creature, Howard! Ha! ha! (*Smiles, and looks in his face.*)

How. I don't smile.

Alb. You do! you do!

How. I say I don't!---And hark'ye, if I were weak enough to forgive you on my own account, how---how would you apologise for your unnatural conduct to your father?

Alb. I'll shew you——Look---(*Takes a paper out of her pocket.*)

How. What's that paper?

Alb. My grandfather's will!---Look! (*Smiling.*)

How. What!---Do you make a display---Do you boast of your ill-gotten wealth? Hear me! (*Lays hold of her hand with great emotion.*) The tutor has confessed---

Alb. I know it---

How. That Mr Mandeville---that *my* friend---remitted money from India---

Alb. I know it.

How. That the governess---that *your* friend---concealed his letters---

Alb. I know it.

How. Then how dare you insult me with this ill-timed triumph? One word more, and we part for ever!---No chuckling!---Listen! (*Taking her hand with great violence.*) If your grandfather had known these facts, would he have disinherited an affectionate son, only to adopt an unfeeling daughter? Would he not have destroyed that testament?

Alb. To be sure he would! And as he can't do it himself, won't I do it for him? There---and here---and there---(*Tearing the will.*) I'm my own mistress now; and I think I can't do greater honour to my grandfather's memory, than by destroying an instrument that he would now blush to sign, and I for ever be ashamed to profit by!

How. Are you---How handsome she looks---Are you convinced?

Alb. I am: I hate my governess as much for her unceasing enmity to my father, as I envy you for your exalted friendship towards him!---Oh, Mr Howard! Do you think he'll ever forgive me?---I'm going in search of him; but if you should be so fortunate as to see him before me, pray tell him that things are now what they ought always to have been ---He is the possessor of the Mandeville estate, and I have nothing but what results from his bounty. Farewell!

How. Stay: it's my turn to kneel now! (*Kneels.*) Oh! you angel! (*Rises.*) Mandeville! Come forth, Mandeville! There is no longer any cause for concealing yourself!

Enter MANDEVILLE.

Look at her! Look at Albina, your much-abused daughter! She has parted from her governess! She has torn her grandfather's will! She has---Damn it! why don't you speak to her? Joy choaks me! I'm dumb!

Mand. (*Embracing her.*) My child! My child!

Alb. My father!

Mand. Have I at length a recompense? Oh, Howard! Did I not say the time would come---

How. Why will you speak to me, when you know I can't answer you?

Alb. Will you forgive me, sir? Can you forget---

Mand. Forget! I never blamed you. And at this moment your mother's virtues shine out so brightly in your conduct, that I could wish that will were still in force. I want not now my father's wealth to make me happy---My child, my long-lost daughter is restored to me, and I am blest, and rich beyond my hopes!

Enter Sir SOLOMON, COPSLEY, *and* CICELY.

Sir Sol. Come, Albina! 'Tis time to proceed on our journey. What, Mandeville! Howard! all together! all reconciled!---Tol de rol lol!

How. So, you're come to play the governor!

Sir Sol. Not I. I've been as great a fool as any of you. I thought Mrs Rigid a divinity: but I've found out she's a woman! Veritas has converted me. I'm a fair penitent now, Howard! Mandeville, you have deserved better treatment; give me your hand ---George, give me yours.---And now, my little fellow-traveller, give me the kiss we talked of---No: hang it! 'twill be only distressing you.

Alb. Nay, Sir Solomon; if it will give you any pleasure, I'm sure it will give me no pain.

Sir Sol. Arch rogue! Now, I'll take it by proxy, on purpose to be revenged. There, George, try how you can bear it. (HOWARD *kisses* ALBINA.) So, does it give you much pain? Well, what say you, Mr Mandeville?---How shall we punish these two culprits? Shall we inflict matrimony, or separation?

How. Oh! matrimony, by all means! Don't you think so, sir? (*To* MANDEVILLE.)

Mand. I do, indeed. The day that gives Albina such a husband, and makes me father of such a son as Howard, must be the proudest and happiest of my life.

Sir Sol. Say you so? Then take her, George; and if the marriage state can afford happiness—— However, we won't talk of impossibilities.

How. Now, Albina, will you ever talk of Cicely again?

Alb. Will you ever call me Becky again?

How. Becky!

Alb. If you do, I'll make you a companion to the wild goose in the cottage. "I hope your lungs are

better, sir?". (*Reminding him by her voice and attitude.*)

How. What! were you Bobadil? Were you the little smart, well-made lieutenant?

Alb. I was young Herbert, sir; and I bless the disguise, not only for convincing me of the sincerity of my lover, but also for introducing me to my father---I hope you don't blame me, sir? (*To* MANDEVILLE.)

Sir Sol. He blame you! No: Howard has most reason. What will your husband say to your strutting about in boy's clothes?

How. Say! that I wish all women would wear the breeches before marriage, instead of afterwards.

Copsley. Oh, madam! how shall I thank you? You have saved me and my family from ruin.

Cicely. You have, madam! and we are all gratitude.

Alb. This is your benefactor! you are to thank my father, not me. If you wish to do me a favour---why, there is one---

Cicely. Oh, name it, madam! name it!

Alb. Why, it rather concerns Sir Solomon than myself. Pray be kind enough to have the old curtain repaired, lest he should again wish to take cover behind it. And likewise, do send me some of the straw---I mean to be married in a straw hat---and I'll have one manufactured out of Sir Solomon's stubble!

How. One! We'll have a dozen! And our children shall wear them, in honour of their great-uncle's gallantry!

Sir Sol. Gallantry! Psha! I've something better to think of than women.

How. Indeed you have not. Come, come, uncle, ---rail at the sex as much as you like, you must confess, that life is a blank without them; and the gaming-table, the bottle, and the sports of the field,

are all so many substitutes---shadows!——Woman is the true substance after all---and, compared to her, all other objects are as the glow-worm to the sun! It may dazzle the sight---but it can never warm the heart!——Don't you think so, Albina?

Alb. I do, indeed. Women are certainly most superior creatures, and, if by accident they have any faults, men ought not to see them---at least, I hope that will be my case to-night. I have done and talked a great many foolish things: but having their hands and full pardon, (*Standing between* MANDEVILLE *and* HOWARD.) let me have yours, (*To the Audience.*)---and Albina will be the happiest of wives, and the most grateful of daughters.

[*Exeunt omnes*

THE

RAGE

A

COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GINGHAM	*Mr Lewis.*
DARNLEY	*Mr Holman.*
SIR GEORGE GAUNTLET	*Mr Middleton.*
The HON. MR SAVAGE	*Mr Fawcett.*
SIR PAUL PERPETUAL	*Mr Quick.*
FLUSH	*Mr Munden.*
READY	*Mr Davenport.*
SIGNOR CYGNET	*Mr Bernard.*
Waiter	*Mr Rees.*
Servant to SIR GEORGE	*Mr Abbot.*
Servants to the HON. MR SAVAGE	*Mr Ledger* *Mr Wilde.*
Servant to MR FLUSH	*Mr Cross.*
Groom	*Mr Simmons.*
CLARA SEDLEY	*Mrs Mountain.*
LADY SARAH SAVAGE	*Mrs Mattocks.*
MRS DARNLEY	*Mrs Pope.*

THE

RAGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

DARNLEY'S *Garden, and View of his small Villa.*

Enter DARNLEY *and Sir* GEORGE GAUNTLET.

Sir Geo. AND so, Darnley, you prefer this solitary life to all the joys of London!—To be sure you've a nice snug villa, and a charming wife here;—but it's dull—the scene tires—it wants variety, Harry.

Darn. No, Sir George.—Since I retired to this peaceful spot, I have not had a wish beyond it: I've been so happy in that humble cottage, that when I'm doom'd to leave it, the world will be a waste, and life not have a charm!

Sir Geo. How you are altered, Darnley! When we were brother officers, you were the greatest rake in the regiment; but from the time we were quarter'd at Worcester, where you first beheld Miss Dormer——

Darn. I saw the folly of my former life; I own'd

the power of her superior charms; and, leaving a busy and tumultuous world, retired with her to this sequestered scene.—'Tis now three years since I married.

Sir Geo. And from that time to this, have you lived in this out-of-the-way place?

Darn. Yes; and till you yesterday honoured me with a visit, I have not seen a friend within my doors.—But isn't it a happy life, Sir George? Our affections have room to shoot—care and distrust are banished from our cottage; and with such a woman as Mrs Darnley to converse with, what is the world to me? I can defy and scorn its malice.

Sir Geo. She's an angelic creature indeed, Darnley; and at Worcester, I had myself nearly fallen a victim to her charms. But about your future life—do you mean to live for ever in these woods and meadows?

Darn. No—would to heaven I could!—I fear I must forego my present calm, and mix in active life again. When I married, I sold my commission, you remember, to purchase this small farm—Mrs Darnley's portion was but a trifle; and an increasing family has so enlarged my expences, that unless I return to the army——

Sir Geo. Ah!—you want to be raking again?

Darn. No—I want to secure an independence for my family—I want to see my children affluent; and to attain this, I have once more applied to my uncle Sir Paul Perpetual, who was so offended at my selling out, that he has ever since abandoned me.

Sir Geo. What! does the old beau still persevere in his resentment?

Darn. His anger has increased; for he writes me word, he intends marrying Lady Sarah Savage, on purpose to have heirs more worthy his estate.—Oh, my friend!—'tis hard, that fortune should bestow such treasures, and then compel me to desert them!

Sir Geo. So it is: But now I think on't, this Lady Sarah Savage and her brother are my intimate friends; and as you are their neighbours, I'll introduce you and Mrs Darnley to their notice.—When are they expected from town?

Darn. To-day.

Sir Geo. Then we'll pay them a visit: Lady Sarah Savage shall interfere with your uncle; and if that fails, her brother can easily ensure your promotion in the army.—But see! here's Mrs Darnley.

Darn. Look at her, Sir George—do you, can you blame me?—who would not act as I have done?

Sir Geo. I would, by heavens!—I'd live with her in a hermitage!—die with her on a pilgrimage!—I'd———'Sdeath! if I don't mind, I shall discover all. (*Aside.*)

Enter MRS DARNLEY.

Darn. (*advancing to her.*) Maria!

Mrs Darn. Oh, Harry!—I have been looking for you every where—I declare you're grown quite a truant—Before your friend came, you used to walk with me over the farm; or ride with me to see your children; or sit and read to me under our favourite beech tree—but now———Sir George!—I beg your pardon—I did not see you before.

Sir Geo. Madam! (*Bowing obsequiously.*)

Darn. My friend is all kindness, Maria: he has promised to introduce me to the honourable Mr Savage.

Mrs Darn. What! take you to Savage House?

Darn. Ay—why not?—You shall go with me.

Mrs Darn. No—let me stay here—I am not weary of my present life.

Darn. Nor I—but 'tis a great connexion; and though not absolutely distressed, I would improve my fortune—I would see you and my children have every comfort.

Mrs Darn. We have, while you are with us---Consider, we never lived a day apart; and if they lure you into fashionable scenes, you'll be corrupted, Harry---you'll despise the humble roof you once revered, and I perhaps shall be forgotten and neglected.

Darn. Never!---I cannot bear the supposition; and while we have hearts to endure, and hands to labour, there is sufficient for our cottage!---I will not go---My friend, who sees my motive, I'm sure, will not condemn me.

Sir Geo. No---always obey the ladies---But, Darnley, I see our horses---you recollect we were to ride to see your children: So, madam, I have the superlative honour——

Enter CLARA SEDLEY---*A basket of flowers is hanging on her arm, and she is eating an apple.*

Sir Geo. What, Clara!---been picking flowers, my angel!---well!---I thought they had all died---all died from envy, egad! ha! ha!---excuse me---I never laugh but at my own wit.

Cla. Do you? then you laugh very seldom, I believe.

Sir Geo. No---very often; for I take the joke, though nobody else does, ha! ha!---Come, Darnley---adieu, ladies---I'll not run away with him!

[*Exeunt* DARNLEY *and* SIR GEORGE.

Cla. What a coxcomb it is!---and if he wasn't a duellist into the bargain, I'd tell Mr Darnley all my suspicions---that I would---but he's so fond of fighting, that I heard him say, he once sent a man a challenge for wafering a letter instead of sealing it---I wish he was gone.

Mrs Darn. Indeed so do I, cousin---Mr Darnley is so changed since he arrived---his ideas so enlarged---he talks of visiting at Savage House---of improving his fortune.

Cla. Fortune!---ay; and this morning he gave me

his note for two hundred pounds, begging me to get one of my guardians to lend money upon it---his excuse was, that his expences exceeded his income, and by his uncle's marriage with Lady Sarah Savage, all his expectations were ruined---Now, my life on't, this is all Sir George's doings---he has stole into our cottage like the arch fiend into paradise, and I won't eat another apple while he stays! (*Throws away the apple she is eating.*)

Mrs Darn. Is Darnley then distressed?---Oh, Clara!

Cla. Don't be unhappy---I shall apply to both my guardians, Sir Paul and Mr Flush; they are now at Bath, and one way or other the Villa shall flourish still---Lord! I shall have plenty of money when I come of age, and I'll throw it all into the scale, and come and plant, sow, and reap with you and your husband.

Mrs Darn. What! give up the gaieties of London, cousin?

Cla. London! ay: I hate it---I once passed a month there; but they hurried me so from sight to sight, that in the bustle all places appeared alike---I saw no difference---And, if you'll believe me, one morning, after seeing Westminster Hall in term-time, they took me inside Bedlam; and so confused was I, that I did not know the lawyers and their clients from the keepers and their patients.

(*Signor* CYGNET, *without.*)

Sig. "Trompite, trompite tra!" (*Singing an Italian air.*)

Mrs Darn. Who can this be?

Enter SIGNOR CYGNET, *spying.*

Sig. "Tra---tra---tra!" (*Singing.*)

Cla. Bless us!---What animal's this?

Mrs Darn. He has mistaken his way, I suppose---

Sir!---(*Signor don't regard her.*) I beg pardon, sir---but perhaps you don't know that this garden---

Sig. "Beviamo tutta trè!"---Ah, ha!---les demoiselles!---Ladies, à votre service.---

Mrs Darn. Sir! (*Curtseying.*)

Sig. I and the honourable Mister Savage arrive last night---ce matin I take a my little valk---see your small chateau, and am so enchanté with the spectâcle, that---me voici!---I honour you with my first visit---eh bien!---vat is your names?

Cla. Our names!---rather we should ask yours.

Sig. Mine!---Diable!---do you not know me?

Cla. No---how should we?

Sig. Vat! not know I am Signor Cygnet?---de first violin Europe! de best composer in de whole world!---de husband of Signora Cygnet---de great singer at de opera---de professional---de abbey---de ---Morbleau!---and am I not myself?

Cla. No---I don't think you are yourself.

Mrs Darn. And so, sir, you are on a visit at Mr Savage's?

Sig. Oui---In my vay to Bath I condescend to pass a few days there---Lady Sarah Savage, she love music, or pretend to love---vich is de same ting, you know---they entertain me comme çâ---give me good dinners, and take tickets for mine and my vife's concert---mais there be two tings I don't like.

Cla. And what are they, sir?

Sig. Vy Mister Savage, he give me cold suppers, and sleep in the best bed himself---Now, begar!---I vill have hot suppers and de best bed, or else I take a my fiddle and promenez---"Malbrouk s'en va, &c." (*Singing*)---De grand duke---O! de grand duke---he never use me thus---never---jamais!

Cla. The grand duke!

Sig. Oui---ven I was at Florence, how you tink he treat me? accoutez---he quarrel with all his ministers---all but one!

Cla. And who was that one?

Sig. Me!---me he shake by de hand, and go to my vife's benefit toût le même---de same as ever!

Cla. (*To* MRS DARNLEY.) Upon my word, music seems so important a science, that I think you had better let your little boy have some lessons---it is necessary for his education---isn't it, Signor?

Sig. Necessarie!---ma foi: 'tis de only education now-a-days---never mind vat you call Latin and Greek---put de fiddle in his little hand, and let him scrape away! den he vill be great man---like me; and call for hot supper and best bed verever he go.

Mrs Darn. What! shall I give up making a parson of him, Clara?

Sig. Parson!---pif!---vat is de parson to de musician?---he ride his old white horse---preach away at four or five churches, and vat he get?---forty pounds a-year---Eh bien! I and my vife ride in vis-a-vis---sing only ven we like, and make five thousand a-year---ah ha! voila la difference!---Parson!---begar! de blind fiddler get more money.

Mrs Darn. More shame for the country then, where foreign arrogance is so rewarded, and gentlemanly merit so insulted---Come, Clara---

Re-enter SIR GEORGE GAUNTLET.

Sir Geo. Don't be alarmed, Mrs Darnley; but I and your husband have just been present at an accident, that——

Mrs Darn. An accident, sir?

Sir Geo. Yes: Lady Sarah Savage, who is one of those ladies called female phaetoneers, was driving four in hand across the heath: the horses took fright, and ran away with her, when Darnley, with more gallantry than prudence, rode a-head of the unruly animals, and stopt them on the edge of a precipice.

Mrs Darn. Heaven be praised!---and where is the lady, sir?

Sir Geo. My friend is conducting her to the villa, where he begs you'll instantly join them.

Mrs Darn. By all means---Come---(*To* CLARA.)

Cla. Signor, won't you assist your friend?

Sig. Non---I am musician, not physician, and my head is so full of de tune—

Cla. So full of de vapour, he means---like the inside of his own violin---Come, cousin---Now isn't it a pity, that while we have butterflies and bullfinches in the garden, we should be tormented with coxcombs and fiddlers---insects, adieu!

[*Exeunt* CLARA *and* MRS DARNLEY.

Sir Geo. Signor, I rejoice to see you; you have often assisted me in my amours, and I now want your aid more than ever.

Sig. Eh bien!---my vife has a concert at Bath next week.

Sir Geo. Has she? then I'll give a dinner to some Somersetshire bumpkins, and force off a score or two of tickets---You saw the lady I first spoke to---she has won my heart, and I have won her husband's.

Sig. Dat is good---den if you make de discord between them---

Sir Geo. Ay, Signor; if I excite jealousy! and this accident has sprung the mine---Lady Sarah Savage is already half in love with Darnley---She has invited him to Savage House; and if he takes Mrs Darnley along with him---

Sig. Dey will be both out of tune for ever!---ah ha!---I go to Mr Savage, toutesuite.

Sir Geo. Do---and increase Lady Sarah's love for Darnley---assist in all my schemes; triumph I must and will; for I offered Mrs Darnley my hand long before this husband won her heart.

Sig. I will be first fiddle, rest assurè---tenez; I vill compose two duettos---one between Lady Sarah Savage and de husband---de other between you and

de vife---allons. You no conceive the power of music, Sir George.

Sir Geo. I do, Signor---for, as Shakespeare says, "There's nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage, but music for a time does change its nature."

Sig. Shakespeare! vat is dat Shakespeare! He never compose a single tune; and dough at present he make a little noise, begar, you'll soon find de fiddle and de bravura will lay him on de shelf---now-a-days, sound always get de better of sense, mon ami---Ah ha! venez! you no forget my vife's benefit.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room inside MR DARNLEY'S *Villa,—Prints, Books, Fowling-pieces, Fishing Tackle, &c.*

Enter MRS DARNLEY *and* CLARA.

Mrs Darn. Well, Clara: if Lady Sarah Savage be a picture of town-bred women of fashion, let me remain a plain simple rustic all my life---Did you ever see any thing so confident---so masculine?---Her brother, too! "What you call impudence," says he, "we call ease."

Cla. Ay: they're a precious pair; and yet in London they are both the Rage!---quite at the top of the beau monde---But, cousin, they've ordered their carriages, and insist on our going to Savage House---Mercy on us! what's to become of two lambs amongst such a parcel of wolves?

Mrs Darn. This is Sir George's scheme: to delude Mr Darnley from this tranquil spot into fashionable life, is the first step towards effecting his base designs---He told Mr Savage about your fortune too---

Cla. I know it: and the vulgar man made downright love to me directly---Faith, coz, I believe Sir George wants to get me married, and you unmarried.

(LADY SARAH SAVAGE, *without.*)

Lady Sa. Bring round the phaeton, and, d'ye hear, don't tighten the curbs---I'll whip and gallop them every inch of the road.

Cla. "She'll whip and gallop them!" There now!---this is one of the modern breed of fine ladies, who, instead of being feminine and tender, have the Rage for confidence and boldness---Look at her dress---she's more like a man than a woman, and her language is as masculine as her manners.

Enter LADY SARAH SAVAGE, *dressed in a Great-coat, with a number of Capes; a plain round beaver Hat; a fur Tippet and Sash. Boot Shoes, & Whip in her hand, and a Riding-habit, under Great-coat. Two Grooms enter with her.*

Lady Sa. John, exercise the pointers and the hounds---I shall shoot to-morrow, and hunt the next day.

Groom. Any thing else, madam?

Lady Sa. No---nothing---Oh, yes: Call at the taylor's and enquire for my fencing jacket---tell him I broke two foils in my last rencontre, and ask him if any body ought to make assaults in a gown and petticoat?---Ah, my little dears!---here---(*Seeing* MRS DARNLEY *and* CLARA, *she makes them pull off her great coat, which the groom takes.*) Well!---and how do ye do?---Oh, William! tell the recruiting serjeant I must learn the new military manœuvres, and bid him bring the largest fusil in the regiment---there---go along--- [*Exeunt grooms.*

Mrs Darn. I hope you have recovered your fright, ma'am.

Lady Sa. Recovered!---heh!---why, where's my deliverer?---my dear charming Mr Darnley?

Mrs Darn. Madam!

Lady Sa. He is certainly the most divine engaging creature---I mean to take him home with me, and the phaeton is waiting---so call him, child--- (*To* CLARA.) call him directly.

Cla. Call!---whom, madam?

Lady Sa. Why, Mr Darnley, to be sure; what does the girl stare at?---did she never see a person of quality before?

Cla. Never---it's the first time, ma'am; and if this is the specimen, I hope it will be the last---I'll call Mr Darnley. [*Exit.*

Lady Sa. I wish I was like you, my dear---I wish I was married---it's so comfortable---so convenient---heigho!---I shall be so glad when old Sir Paul is my stalking horse---my husband, I mean---shan't you, Mrs ——?

Mrs Darn. Excuse me, madam: when I reflect, that Sir Paul is Mr Darnley's uncle, and by your union he is deprived of all his future fortune, you cannot blame me, if——

Lady Sa. Deprive my dear Darnley of his fortune! ---so it does---well!---that's vastly droll!---but then it makes mine, which is the same thing, you know---See!---here's my bear of a brother!---you've no idea what low, vulgar company he keeps!---nothing but buffoons, Bow-street officers, and boxers!---and only conceive, my dear, me and my friends mixing in such horrid society.

Mrs Darn. Surely Mr Savage cannot wish——

Lady Sa. He does, ma'am: and only conceive, I say, my intimate acquaintance---people of the first consequence---such as Signor Cygnet, the husband of the fine Soprano---Monsieur Puppitini, the inventor of the dear fantoccini; and Count Spavin, the greatest of horse doctors---only imagine such pick'd

company as this, mixing with my brother's low-lived, wretched crew.

Mrs Darn. Indeed, ma'am, people of rank ought to set a better example.

Enter the Honourable MR SAVAGE.

Sav. So, Savage---sister, I mean---I lost ten pounds by your silly accident---The moment I saw the horses off, I said to my friends around me, Ten pounds to five, the driver gets a tumble---"Done!"---"It's a bet," says I---away flew the racers---snap went the reins---five to four in my favour!---when, plague on't! the 'squire rode across, stopt the carriage---you saved your neck, and I---lost my wager.

Lady Sa. You brute! did you ever hear your brother, Lord Savage, talk in this manner?

Sav. My brother!---pough!---he's a gentleman, to be sure---proud, independent, and all in the grandee style---but I!---I'm not like him---I'm a man of fashion---I'm not a gentleman.

Lady Sa. No---that you are not, upon my honour.

Sav. I am the hero of my society---he is the slave of his---He keeps high company, ma'am, (*To* MRS DARNLEY.) lives with judges, generals, and admirals---but does he ever encourage the arts and sciences? does he ever shake hands with men of genius? such as peace-officers, tennis-players, and boxers?---no, no---that was left for me.

Lady Sa. Yes; and though born to wealth and titles, there you stand, that have been six times bottle-holder at a boxing-match!---vulgar science!---I hope Sir Paul don't understand it.

Sav. No---not now---but if he makes you his wife, it may be necessary he should learn---I say, ma'am, that was a straight one---wasn't it?

Mrs Darn. Indeed I don't know, sir---Would Mr Darnley were here!---I am unequal to their society:

but from the little I have learnt, I think one hour of domestic life worth all this new unintelligible scene.

Sav. Hark'ye: (*To* LADY SARAH.) here's a letter from the old beau, Sir Paul---he is coming to Bath, and can only stay one day with us, in his way; but as people of quality are not always people of quantity, you know, he sha'n't stir, till the marriage is effected---mum!---I'll keep him close-

Enter DARNLEY.

Ha! squire!---Come, Mrs Darnley, (*Takes her by the hand.*) I'll drive you and your pretty cousin——

Mrs Darn. Sir, I'm unused to visiting; unfit——

Sav. Nonsense!---I never take an excuse; when I ask people to my house, I make them go when I like---stay while I like, and behave as I like---so come along---'Squire, mind you don't snap the reins; and, d'ye hear, as my sister is rather lame---only just recovered from the gout---

Lady Sa. The gout!---How dare you, sir?

Sav. What!---do you deny it?---do you disown having been cured by a quack doctor, and returning him thanks in all the papers?---"Lady Sarah Savage informs Dr Panacea, that his alagaronic antispasmodonic tincture, has entirely removed the gout from the extremities; and she now hunts, shoots, eats, and drinks, more freely than ever!"---Now isn't it a shame, ma'am? between them, they plunder both the patient and the physician.---The quack cheats the doctor of his fee, and the woman robs the man of his gout. [*Exit with* MRS DARNLEY.

Lady Sa. Oh, Mr Darnley!---I am so glad you're going to Savage House---'twill be such a relief---Come---I'll appoint you my rural cicisbeo---my guardian shepherd---you saved my life, and I won't let you die for me, I am determined. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I.

The Honourable MR SAVAGE'S *Park and Garden---A Canal, with a Vessel on it---A Bridge---A Temple, surrounded with Weeping Willows---At the Wing, a Portico, and Steps leading to the House.*

Enter DARNLEY *and* SIR GEORGE GAUNTLET, *from the Portico.*

Sir Geo. Why now indeed you are an altered man.

Darn. I am----I am----the wine----the scene---the company---has so transported me, that I begin to think I'm not quite sober, Sir George---I do indeed.

Sir Geo. No wonder at it---you've led the life of a recluse, and every new scene dazzles you---you are like a nun escaped from a convent.

Darn. No---more like a friar in one---at least if I may judge by my eating and drinking---But, my friend---this is a glorious place, and I begin to think I've lived too long out of the world---coop'd up in a cottage---buried in a farm---What did I know of life, and all its pleasures?

Sir Geo. Ay: what indeed?---In town---and Savage House, is the same thing, you see; for they always bring London into the country with them---but Lady Sarah, Darnley---I saw you at dinner;---she gave you such affectionate looks——

Darn. Fie! fie! Sir George---you forget---I am a married man.

Sir Geo. A married man!---what then?

Darn. Why then I love my wife---I do---I tenderly love her---and when I chuse to play the fool, let me expose myself, but not wound her, for heaven's sake!

Sir Geo. Nonsense!---you don't know Lady Sarah---she is one of those confident females, who won't let a man escape---who mark you for their prey---lure you into their talons; and, if you don't yield, will so claw you----

Darn. What! make me love her whether I will or not?

Sir Geo. Certainly:---But consider the advantages of her friendship: first, she can get you promotion in the army; secondly, by gaining an ascendency over her, you may prevent her marrying your uncle; and, thirdly, you can provide for your family without injuring your honour---There!---there's an opportunity!

Darn. That's true; and if I thought---Hark'ye; as we're alone, and you're my best of friends---I've got a letter from her! the Signor brought it me---here! (*Taking out a letter.*)---She appoints me to meet her in her dressing-room.

Sir Geo. Bravo, Signor!---(*Aside.*)---let's read.---(*Reads the letter.*)---"Lady Sarah Savage, having something particular to communicate to Mr Darnley, begs to see him in her dressing-room in an hour's time."------Go, by all means---go, I insist.

Darn. Why, if I can persuade her not to marry Sir Paul, or even get her to interfere with him---I'll go! ---I'm fix'd---I'll write to her this instant. "He that essays no danger, gains no praise!"

Enter the Honourable MR SAVAGE, *hastily.*

Sav. Joy! joy, my lads! Sir Paul is arrived! And how do you think the old boy introduced himself to

my porter?—"Tell your master," says he, "a young gentleman desires to see him."

Sir Geo. Young gentleman!—that's excellent!—He's at least seventy-two.

Sav. No; you wrong him: he's only seventy.—Sir Paul Perpetual—Old P. I mean; for that's his nickname, you know—has been the ancient beau of the age these thirty years; and as his great grief is, that he never had a son, he wants my consent to marry my sister.

Darn. And do you mean to consent, sir?

Sav. Certainly.—I say, (*Aside to* SIR GEORGE.)—I want his fortune to repair my own, and therefore he shan't leave the house till the marriage is effected—you know my way—I've given the hint to the servants.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's the young gentleman.

Sav. 'Squire, take my place at the table—push the wine about, and tell the jovial crew to prepare for quizzing—quizzing, you rogue!—Go. (DARNLEY *exit.*)—The license is in my pocket; a parson's in the house; and if we can but confuse the young gentleman, we'll marry him in a joke, and afterwards take his fortune in earnest.

Enter SIR PAUL PERPETUAL, *in a Riding-dress.*

Sir Paul. "Be lively, brisk, and jolly!—lively, brisk, and jolly!" (*Singing.*) Ah, my boys!—here I am—as young and hearty—but I can't stay; I must be at Bath to-morrow.

Sir Geo. At Bath!—what! to drink the waters? to renovate before marriage, Sir Paul?

Sir Paul. No—upon my soul, there's no occasion;—though, at present, perhaps a little physical advice wouldn't be much amiss; for, between ourselves, I've just cut a tooth, and suffer'd most violently from the

hooping cough! (*They laugh.*)—Why, what do you laugh at?

Sav. Nothing—nothing—only we wonder'd how such a chicken as you could struggle against a pair of such mortal disorders!—But, seriously, what takes you to Bath?

Sir Paul. Such an event!—I have traced a son; a boy above twenty years of age! that's my first reason—my second is to see my grandfather.

Sav. Your grandfather!

Sir Paul. Hark'ye—he shall make settlements on my first four children.

Sir Geo. Pray, Sir Paul—I beg your pardon, though—what age may your grandfather be?

Sav. Two hundred, if he's an hour! heh! an't I right, Old P.?

Sir Paul. Old P.! there it is, now!—Here I stand, that walk as much as any man—that ride as much as any man—that am every night at a concert, an opera, or a club—that sing, dance, game, or intrigue! and what's more, that have done all this for sixty years!—and yet to be call'd Old P.!——They said I never was a father; but I shall soon prove the great and glorious fact.

Sav. Ay! how will you prove it?

Sir Paul. How! why you've all heard of my little Nelly—poor girl! she was jealous, and she left me to marry a tradesman—a clerk at a lottery-office—and three months after we parted, she was deliver'd of a boy—a fine boy! as like me as one Cupid is to another.—A year after her marriage, she died, and I can hear nothing of her husband; but let him say what he will, I'll swear the boy was mine; I'll swear it, because I'm convinced I'm father to more children than one, Sir George.

Sir Geo. Very likely; but where did you learn all this?

Sir Paul. From Nelly's sister.—A month ago I

accidentally met her at Tunbridge: She had neither seen nor heard of the husband since her sister's death; but she remember'd the child went by his mother's name.—It's mine! I'm sure it's mine!—and (*They laugh again.*) I tell you what—you'd better be careful; for when you and other young sprigs of fashion smile at me, jeer me, and call me the infirm Old P.!—'gad! you little think, you dogs, you are laughing at your own father, perhaps!—However, I've traced my boy to Bath, and whoever discovers him shall have the two best racers in my stud.

Sav. What! Fidget and Fizgig? then I'll seek for young P. myself—I'll find him—I'll——But hold—hold—(*Stopping* SIR PAUL, *who is going.*) don't go yet—your nephew's in the house.

Sir Paul. What, Darnley?—zounds! then I won't stay a moment—no—not even to see my dear Lady Sarah, who I'll marry, if it's only to disappoint that rural reprobate—that——I'm gone.

Sav. No, you're not—I'll tell you a secret; you shall stay a week with me.

Sir Paul. A week!

Sav. Ay! I've my reasons—so don't think of stirring; for your horses are turn'd out to grass—your saddles and bridles snug in a hiding-place, and all the gates double barr'd, inside and out.

Sir Paul. What the devil! make a prisoner of me?

Sav. Nonsense!—I only forestall your wishes:—I'm sure you want some soft discourses with my sister; and don't I know what my visitors like better than they do themselves? don't I know you like getting drunk?—So come; come in and drink! (*Pulling him.*)

Sir Paul. I don't—I hate drinking;—and death and fire! havn't I told you I want to find my son?—

Sir Geo. (*Aside to* SIR PAUL.) Humour him: humour him, Sir Paul; or he'll refuse you his sister.

Sav. Ay: give consent, or else——

Sir Paul. Or else I lose my wife, I suppose. When I'm in the country, don't I like always to live quiet, and keep early hours; and would you lock me in a house where you never see the sun? where you go to bed just before it rises, and get up the moment after it sets?

Sav. Will you give up the marriage, and let Darnley have his wish?

Sir Paul. No—I'll die first—I'll—

Sav. Then will you join the jolly crew, and prove—

Sir Geo. That you have as much health, youth, and spirits—

Sav. As any choice spirit—

Sir Geo. Or young gentleman—

Sir Paul. In the whole world!—I'm roused! I'm fired! and, to shew I'm season'd! true English heart of oak—allons!

Sav. (*Singing.*) "Bring the flask! the music—

Sir Geo. (*Singing.*) "Joy shall quickly find us—

Sir Paul. "Let us dance, and laugh, and sing, and drive old Care behind us!" [*Exeunt at Portico.*

Enter MRS DARNLEY.

Mrs Darn. Can this be the mansion of elegance and taste? I meet with nothing but rudeness and neglect!—I wish I could find Mr Darnley!—I dare say, by this time, he is sicken'd of the scene, and anxious as myself, to see his home again.

Enter DARNLEY *from the Portico. half drunk, with* LADY SARAH SAVAGE'S *Letter in his hand.*

Darn. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Fill away, my boys! —fill!—fill!—while I like a faithful gallant!—gallant!—hold, hold, friend Darnley. This letter is to benefit your interest, not sacrifice your honour.

Mrs Darn. Heavens!—what do I see? Mr Darnley!

Darn. (*Not regarding her.*) Yes:—you do; you see Mr Darnley.

Mrs Darn. Why—what's the matter with you?—what's that letter?

Darn. This letter?—this is a love-letter, my angel!—Ha!—why, it is!—it is my wife!

Mrs Darn. Yes: that wife who in the hour of dissipation you forget—Can I believe it?—in a little hour can all our past attachment—But why am I alarmed?—fashion may dupe the wicked and the weak; but virtue such as his must scorn its empty power.

Darn. Forget!—no, never!—and now I look at you, I think I ought to be massacred for having, even for a moment, neglected you.—Oh, Maria! I have such news for you!—Lady Sarah has been so kind—she has promised to promote me—to befriend you—and, in short, she has taken a liking to the whole family.

Mrs Darn. And why, Harry?

Darn. Why! ay: there's the rub! but don't be jealous, Maria—I entreat you, don't be jealous!—for, by heaven, I love you!—I do, so tenderly, that if it were not for my promise, I could find in my heart to return home directly.

Mrs Darn. Do; let us begone—the place distracts me; and I fear this high company will corrupt you.

Darn. High company!—hang it:—if that's all you're afraid of, there's not much danger in this house, I fancy.—But, my letter—my word to Sir George—and consider our interest, Maria.

Mrs Darn. Oh, no—consult our happiness, my love; and surely there is none in this tumultuous scene—we left all joy behind us, in our children and our cottage, Harry; and there alone we shall recover it—Come.

Darn. She's right—the pretty prattler has reason on her side, and who can disobey?— (*Looks with-*

out.) Ha! Sir George and Lady Sarah in close conversation!—they beckon me!—again!

Mrs Darn. Why do you pause?

Darn. I'm in for it—the die is cast!—Maria!—excuse me. (*Going from her.*)

Mrs Darn. How! will you leave me, Mr Darnley?

Darn. What can I do? 'tis but for a short time.—

Mrs Darn. You must not. (*Laying hold of him.*)

Darn. Nay: only for an hour.

Mrs. Darn. (*Letting him go, and taking out her handkerchief.*)—This is the first time you ever used me thus.

Darn. So it is—now what a pretty scoundrel I am!—and this is fashionable life, is it?—Oh fool! fool! to quit substantial peace for artificial pleasure!—don't weep, Maria—I go for our mutual advantage—I go to make our children happy.

Mrs Darn. Then stay with their mother—they never wished that we should part.

Darn. Nor will we—we've lived so long and happily together, that I would rather lose the little we have left, than hurt your quiet.—(*Enter* SIR GEORGE GAUNTLET.) Sir George, stay with her—I'll see Lady Sarah, entreat her forgiveness, and return instantly; for, oh my friend!—my heart drops blood for every tear she sheds.

Sir Geo. P'sha!—remember your interest—Lady Sarah will soon reconcile your scruples, and leave me to compose Mrs Darnley—nay, take your opportunity—you must keep the appointment—I insist—so begone!—(DARNLEY *exit.*) What a fuss here is about a man's leaving his wife for an hour, when so many worthy couple would be happy to part for ever!

Mrs Darn. Sir George, tell me, where is he gone? Tell me, that I may fly and overtake him!

Sir Geo. Why! can't you guess?

Mrs Darn. No, indeed, I cannot.

Sir Geo. Not that he is gone to Lady Sarah to keep an assignation with her?

Mrs Darn. An assignation!

Sir Geo. In her dressing-room, at this very hour—the gay scene has so altered him, that you see he has left you to keep the appointment.

Mrs Darn. I'll not believe it—he is above such baseness.

Sir Geo. Won't you?—then I'll prove it.

Mrs Darn. I defy you!—he knows the value of my heart too well to trifle with it; and I've known his so long, that I'll not venture to suspect it—no—though his friend defames it.

Sir Geo. Nay then—you remember his hand-writing—here is his answer to the lady's letter—read.

[*Giving her the letter.*

Mrs Darn. (*Looks over it.*) Ha!—it is too plain —I am deceived—deserted.

Sir Geo. I was the bearer of that letter, and preserved it merely to shew it you; I thought it the duty of a friend.

Mrs Darn. And, from the same duty, you advised him to write it. Oh! I have known you long, Sir George—you are one of those who find no happiness but in marring that of others—who seduce the affections of the husband, the better to betray the honour of the wife! and, when you've spoilt all social and domestic peace, the friend you laugh at, and the woman scorn!—I know you well!

Sir Geo. My dear ma'am, how you mistake!—I meant to oblige you.

Mrs Darn. Sir—there is but one way—leave me—nay, I insist—

Sir Geo. I shall obey.

Mrs Darn. I must have stronger proof before I am convinced, and then observe, Sir George, if his truth weakens, I'll add strength to mine! my constancy and honour shall be so exemplary, that I will

shame him from his follies, make him repent, and, when reclaimed, be proud to say he is my own again!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An elegant Apartment leading to LADY SARAH'S *Dressing-Room—the Door in the Flat.*

Enter CLARA.

Cla. Yes: yes: it's all over the house—Sir George makes no secret of the assignation; and, I've no doubt but Darnley is now in that room waiting for Lady Sarah Savage—she can't come at present—the servant says, she's gone to the stables to see the beasts unharnessed—faith! if she'd go to her brother's party, she'd see that business already done!—however, I'll prevent Darnley's exposing himself; and, as he is certainly concealed in that room, I'll talk to him. Dear!—here's my guardian again!

Enter SIR PAUL PERPETUAL, (*hastily.*)

Sir Paul. So far, I'm safe, my dear girl; you don't know what your poor guardian has suffered in this high—no—this low-lifed house!—they forced me into a room full of buffoons, boxers, and blacklegs—made me drink a bowl of punch, and I'd as soon drink so much poison—then, winking and nodding, they began whispering pretty loudly—"Smoke the old prig!—damme, quiz him!"

Cla. Quiz him!—what's that, guardy?

Sir Paul. Why, with our young men of quality, quizzing is a substitute for wit, my dear; so one man challenged me to play on the violin, and when I rose up to move my elbows, another whipp'd the chair

from under me; a second put hot coals into my pocket, so when I felt for my handkerchief, I burnt my fingers; a third tried to cut off my tail, but that assassin I pursued, when unluckily in running after him, they had tied a string across the stairs, and I pitch'd headforemost into a barrel of water, they had placed for the purpose.

Cla. Indeed, it's quite terrible, guardy.

Sir Paul. Then they shew'd me a license; brought me a fat parson, and said, if I'd instantly be married, they'd let me go to find my son—if not, I should be lock'd in, and have plenty of it—now here's hospitality!—but they've overshot the mark; and if I get out of their doors, I'll not only break off the match, but promise to befriend Darnley.—

Cla. What! disappoint lady Sarah, and relieve my poor distressed friend—then I'll get you out of the house—I will, if I'm quizz'd to death for it—You see that door—if he meets Darnley, he'll at least interrupt the assignation.———

Sir Paul. Secure my escape—only get me out of this den of savages, and, if I don't befriend Darnley, may I never live to see old age. Where does the door lead to?

Cla. I fancy to lady Sarah's dressing-room; for it is full of half boots, horse great coats, military sashes, helmet caps, and amazonian jackets! and this is your only way to escape—enter that room.

Sir Paul. Yes.—

Cla. Put on one of lady Sarah Savage's great coats, tie one of her sashes round your waist—throw a fur tippet about your neck, and with a whip in your hand, and her driving hat on your head——

Sir Paul. I understand—the servants will take me for their mistress, and open the gates; Oh! you dear girl! (*Kisses her.*)—I'll about it instantly—(*Opens the door in flat.*) I say, Clara, the hounds below are unkennell'd; they have started me for game, and af-

ter keeping them at bay, by sousing in a flood of water, I take to cover; that is, I put on lady Sarah Savage's cloathes to avoid passing for a wild beast; mum! (*Enters the room.*)

Cla. If he does but get out of the house, the marriage is broken off, and Darnley made happy.

Lady Sa. (*without.*) I'm at home to nobody but Mr Darnley.

Cla. (*Going to the door.*) We're undone, ruin'd; stay where you are; here's lady Sarah.

Sir Paul. (*Putting his head out*)—The devil!

Cla. Hush! lock yourself in, and don't stir till I tap at the door, or stop—stop—lest she or somebody else should tap, don't open it till I give you a signal—let me see; what shall be the watch-word? Oh, "quizzing;" you won't forget "quizzing," guardy?

Sir Paul. No—I shall remember it these fifty years; so when I hear the word "quizzing," out I come, and—softly—here she is. (*Shutting himself in.*)

Enter LADY SARAH, *with pocket-book and tickets in her hand.*

Lady Sa. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Tell my dear signor, I shall get rid of all these benefit tickets; heh! (*Taking out her spying-glass.*)—what young creature's this?

Cla. How d'ye do again, ma'am?

Lady Sa. Again! you're vastly forward, child; I never saw you before.

Cla. No, ma'am! that's very strange; you saw me this morning at Mr Darnley's, and invited me to your house.

Lady Sa. Oh, ay: now I recollect; you must excuse me; we people of rank are so very absent, we're extremely intimate with a person in the morning, and don't know them at night; well! I'm vastly glad to see you; but you mustn't stay here, I'm engaged, child.

Cla. I sha'n't intrude, ma'am—good day.

Lady Sa. Adieu! stop—stop—I forgot; give me two guineas.

Cla. Two guineas, ma'am!

Lady Sa. Yes: for these tickets; they're for the signor's wife's benefit at Bath next Monday, the whole town will be there—nay, I shall attend—I'd make you take more, but as you'll have to pay card money by and by, it would be asking you to one's house absolutely to make a bargain of you! (CLARA *gives the two guineas.*) there—you may go.

Cla. A bargain indeed! and a bad one too: for, if I was mean enough to make money by my guests, would I lay it out on foreigners who loll in carriages? no—not while so many of our gallant soldiers and sailors have only wooden limbs to stand on! (*Half aside*) I am gone, ma'am, (*Curtseying.*) and now may Darnley get out of the scrape—Sir Paul get out of the house—and she and her brother knock their stupid heads together. [*Exit.*

Lady Sa. I suppose this silly creature has interrupted the charming Mr Darnley, and he has stept into my dressing-room—(*Goes to the door, and finds it fastened.*)—lock'd inside—it must be so—(*Listens*) —I declare I hear him moving; (*She listens again.*) —he sighs!—poor man! (*She speaks loudly.*)—don't be dejected, my dear sir; when I'm married to that old tottering beau, Sir Paul, I'll think of nothing but you. So come, Mr Darnley, (*Enter* MRS DARNLEY) come, my sweet Mr Darnley.

Mrs Darn. Can it be possible?—then all's confirm'd, madam, when I am convinced that my husband—that Mr Darnley has been decoyed into that room.

Lady Sa. (*Spying at her.*) Bless me!—it's Mrs Darnley!—this is a little awkward—however I'll soon talk her out of it. (*Aside.*) Don't be uneasy, my dear —these fashionable intrigues are very harmless, I'll

assure you, and if you had had my free and liberal education—but, poor thing! I suppose you were sent to school for instruction.

Mrs Darn. To school! as certainly, ma'am—

Lady Sa. There it is then: for what could you learn! only to sing well enough to spoil conversation—to play on the harpsichord, so as to give papa, mamma, and the whole family an afternoon's nap—to dance so awkwardly as to be always out of tune and place; and to speak just French enough, to make you forget English; this is a boarding-school education—But I, my dear——

Mrs Darn. Hear me, madam! when I first saw you, I was the happiest of women—I had a husband who loved and honour'd me—who doated on his children, and knew no pleasure but in his family! and now how severe is the reverse! you have robb'd me of that treasure, seduced it from my heart, and I return to a melancholy home, without a friend for my own distresses, or a father for my children!

Lady Sa. And how can I help it!—did'nt I mean to do you both a service by introducing you to the great world?

Mrs Darn. Great world!—there again, madam!—when I enter'd this house, I expected from the exalted rank of its owner to have been surrounded with kindness, elegance, and hospitality!—but I find that high birth doesn't create high breeding; nor am I, because humbly born, less likely to set a polish'd example than yourself—Oh, Darnley! why will you not come forth and save your once loved wife from agonies too great to bear.

Enter MR SAVAGE.

Sav. So, Savage—here's a pretty story buzz'd about!—they say that Darnley, the country 'squire, is lock'd up in your dressing-room! if this is true, you Jezebel——

Lady Sa. Scandalous brute!—but I don't wonder at it, you've had such a low, vulgar education.

Sav. I had an education!—well, that's more than ever you had!—but look'ye, Miss, no time must be lost; for if Sir Paul discovers your intriguing, he'll break off the marriage, and we are ruined—yes; ruined, madam! (*To* MRS DARNLEY.) you and your infamous husband will make your own plots and mar mine—so I'll unkennel him.

Mrs Darn. Hold, sir—indeed he is not to blame—he was betray'd into that room.

Lady Sa. Betray'd!—nay, then I must confess, brother, that Mr Darnley is there; I dare say he conceal'd himself on purpose to expose me to Sir Paul—nay, I am sure of it now.

Sav. (*Looking thro' the key-hole.*) I see him thro' the key-hole—the rascal's in disguise! (*Enter two servants.*) John, call up the club—unloose the hounds—tell the whole house to prepare for quizzing—quizzing, you rogue.——

SIR PAUL, *dressed in* LADY SAVAGE'S *Great Coat, &c. opens the door, endeavours to escape, but meeting* MR SAVAGE, *retires again directly.*

Sav. John, open the back-door, and shew the disguised gentleman out of the house directly—go—and as for you, Mrs Darnley——

DARNLEY *enters, and* MRS DARNLEY, LADY SARAH, *and* SAVAGE, *stand astonished.*

Sav. Confusion!—Darnley!

Mrs Darn. Is he then innocent?—Oh Harry! (*Embracing him.*)

Lady Sa. Amazing! why, who was that wretch in my coat, hat, and tippet?

Darn. No less a gentleman than Sir Paul Perpetual—Clara told me the whole story—he put on that disguise to avoid the snares that were laid for him,

and he has ere this left the house, determined to break off a union, that would have undone me and my family—Lady Sarah, I entreat your pardon; but here (*Taking* MRS DARNLEY *by the hand.*) here is my apology.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I have shewn the disguised gentleman down stairs.

Sav. Go to the devil with you.——

[*Kicks the servant off.*

Lady Sa. Brother!

Sa. Sister!

Lady Sa. We are the fools that are outwitted.

Sav. Yes: we've turn'd out the wrong man—but let's pursue and overtake him instantly; come,—'squire, I insist you leave my house directly; and as to you, Miss—if I catch the young gentleman, I'll have some sport, I'm determined—I'll turn you both loose amongst the hounds below, and the Club shall decide, whether old P. isn't the prettiest-looking female of the two! [*Exit with* LADY SARAH.

Darn. I resolved, Maria, to meet any censure, rather than give a pang to such a heart as yours; but let us be gone——

Mrs Darn. Ay: let us return to our villa, nor ever wander more.

Darn. No—not yet, Maria.

Mrs Darn. Not yet!

Darn. No—I have a plan to execute—Sir George, my best of friends, has invited us both to his aunt's house at Bath, and is now waiting without to conduct us.

Mrs Darn. Do not go! let me entreat you! do not—I have a thousand fears.

Darn. Nay, nay: he will introduce us to friends, who can render us essential service; come—come—

indulge me—the society will be pleasant, and unlike this ill-bred scene—

Mrs Darn. Well! if it must be so—Ah, Harry! I have now pass'd hours in the humble and exalted scenes of life, and I find that good breeding is confined to no rank or situation! it consists in good sense, and good humour; and I believe we may see as large a share of it under the roof of the cottage, as in the splendid mansions of the great! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A superb Room in FLUSH'S *House; handsome Sideboard of Plate—Pictures in elegant Frames—gilded Chairs—two Servants in fine Liveries, putting Silver Coffee-pot, Tea-urn, &c. on the Table for Breakfast, third Servant shewing in* READY.

Enter READY.

Rea. Tell your master, his agent desires to see him.

Ser. Sir, Mr Flush is hardly drest yet.

Rea. Not up!—why it's two o'clock.

Ser. Very likely, sir—my master seldom rises sooner—besides he gave a grand supper last night; all the first people in Bath were present, sir.

Rea. Well! well! tell him Mr Ready is here. (*Servant exit.*) Now isn't it amazing that a man who was only twelve years ago clerk to a lottery-office-keeper in London, should be so rich, and so visited! And how has he done all this? how, but by the modern mystery of money-lending!—by opening a shop

in the city for linens, gauzes, and muslins—by keeping a fine house near Bond-street, and another in Bath. His son manages in London, and I here; while he, by not appearing, is every where noticed and respected.

Flush. (*Without.*) James! Thomas! tell the cook to send a plan of my dinner.

Rea. He's such an epicure! and he, who formerly could scarcely get necessaries, is now not satisfied with luxuries.

FLUSH *enters with two Servants.*

Flush. (*Sits.*) Ha! Ready! how d'ye do, Ready?

Rea. Sir! (*Bowing.*)

Flush. Sit down, Ready—sit down. (READY *sits.*) well! how go on money matters?

Rea. I have alter'd the advertisement as you desired, and inserted it in the Bath and Bristol papers.

Flush. Read it—read it. (*Takes up a pine-apple on the breakfast-table.*) You scoundrels! (*To the servants.*) is this a pine apple for a gentleman? buy a larger; buy one if it costs ten pounds; I can afford it—read, Ready, read.

Rea. (*Reading a newspaper.*) "Money Matters. —The nobility, gentry, ladies of fashion, officers of rank, bankers, &c. may be secretly accommodated with money to any amount, on personal security only, by applying to P. O. Holly-street, Bath—No. 93."

Flush. Excellent! well! does the trap fill? have you caught any birds?

Rea. Plenty; plenty of pigeons already; (*Takes out his pocket-book.*) here, here's a note for five hundred—left by a dashing young parson—I think it's good.

Flush. (*Looking at it.*) It is—treat him well; give him value; I can afford it.

Rea. Value! but in what manner?

Flush. (*Rising.*) Oh! pay him in the old way, Ready; first, give him my draft at a week for thirty guineas, then offer him damaged linen and muslin to the amount of one hundred and twenty, and bid him call again in a fortnight—you have his note all the time you know.

Rea. Certainly, sir; and when he calls———

Flush. Give him a bad bill for one hundred and fifty, and pay him the odd hundred in trifles; such as paste buckles, gilt bracelets, Westphalia hams, painted prints, neats' tongues, and Stilton cheeses—so shake hands, and have done with master Parson.

Rea. But not with the bill, sir.

Flush. No—my bankers discount it, and pay it away; till, passing through different hands, somebody gives value for it at last, and then the glorious work begins—then comes the hero into combat! an attorney is employed! an attorney, my boy! action is brought upon action! declaration filed upon declaration! till the drawer, acceptor, and indorsers all get into the King's Bench—the King's Bench—no—I beg pardon; the high money-lenders, and low attornies, have so fill'd it with their dupes, that there isn't room there—the house overflows! so Newgate, Newgate is the shop!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's your son just arrived rom London.

Flush. Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*

Rea. I'm told, sir, Mr Gingham is quite another man since I saw him.

Flush. Yes, yes, you knew his curst, ingenuous, candid disposition; he learnt it in the country, the dog would speak the truth, and his simplicity so injured our trade, that I threatened to turn him out of doors; but he has reform'd, Ready! the boy has the good sense to tell a lie now, and I've sent for him to witness his blessed reformation.

Rea. Ay, sir, your son always spoke his mind too freely—in short, Mr Gingham was too honest for his profession.

Flush. He was; however, he has given me his word, never to speak what comes uppermost; and he is now, what he ought to be, a regular, solemn, jesuitical—in short, he's a very promising young man.

Enter GINGHAM.

Ging. Sir, your hand—Ready, yours. Well! here I am—quite converted—like father, like son—tell a lie without blushing.

Flush. Here—I told you so—ay, ay, I knew the boy would come to something good at last—So, my dear boy, you have left off telling the truth—speaking your mind?

Ging. Mum! close as the cabinet—keep you in my eye—put on your face, and do it so punctually, you wouldn't know young P. O. from yourself—(*Looking about the room.*) Zounds! what a fine house you've got! how it's furnished! what plate! what pictures!

Flush. The result of trade and honest industry, Frank—yes—it's pretty furniture, isn't it?

Ging. Pretty furniture! it's so handsome, that, except yourself, curse me if I see a shabby bit in the room!—nay, nay, upon my soul, I didn't allude to you; I meant Ready.

Rea. He's at his old tricks, I see—as candid as ever.

Ging. Plague on't! I could sooner bite off my tongue, than stop its speaking what I think! Nay, sir, now pray—

Flush. Well, well, I excuse you this once; I, a shabby bit! however, we shall soon see—How goes on the shop in London?

Ging. The shop!

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Flush. Ay, the shop in the city that you've the care of—the linens—the——

Ging. Oh, ay; now I recollect: why very well upon the whole, I believe, sir—very well—only, between ourselves, I am afraid it won't last; I think we and our tricks shall be found out—you understand—

Flush. Found out! 'sblood, sirrah——

Ging. Softly, sir—softly—don't put yourself in a passion, and lay the blame on me; don't charge me with our ruin; for every body knew my opinion long ago; didn't they, Ready? I told it to a thousand people—Says I, "Swindling will never thrive, and I and my poor father shall get duck'd at last!"

Flush. You did! did you?

Ging. That I did, sir; and I'll prove I said so—The other night I slept at the west end, and two friends—distress'd old officers in the army—brought their notes to be discounted—says I, "Gentlemen, it won't do—you'll get little cash, but a quantity of trumpery nonsense, such as hams, cheeses, prints, linens, and other vegetables!" Said they, "We know that—we know you and your father are two infernal sharpers; but a guinea now is worth ten a month hence—so give us the money."

Flush. Well, and you took their note, didn't you?

Ging. No, I didn't—I gave them the cash, shook the two old soldiers by the hand, and said I was tired of such d——d swindling practices.

Rea. This is sad work, Mr Gingham; you'll never be at the top of your profession.

Ging. The top!—Oh! what, the pillory? no—I leave that to you, Ready.

Flush. Was there ever such a scoundrel?—but we'll hear more. (*Aside.*)—So, you sleep at the west end of the town, do you?

Ging. Always—it's vulgar to be in the city of an evening; besides, I like to walk in Kensington-gar-

dens in the morning—you know Kensington-gardens, father?—the place where there's such a mixture of green leaves and brown powder—of blue violets and yellow shoes; and where there's such a crowd, that, to get air and exercise, you stand a chance of broken bones and suffocation! Well!—there I strut away, my boys——

Flush. You do—do you?—I can hardly keep my hands off the rascal—So then, I suppose, the moment my back was turn'd, you never thought of business.

Ging. Business!—no, never—did I, Ready? I recollected my father play'd the same game before me; that when he was clerk at the lottery-office, at billiards all the morning, and at hazard all the evening—Therefore, says I, where's the difference?—none, but that he had the policy to conceal his tricks, and I the folly to shew mine—heh! I'm right, an't I, Ready?

Flush. You villain!—is this your reformation? not even conceal your own faults, much more mine! Expose my character, neglect my trade, and strut away in Kensington-gardens! I have done with you; from the country you came, and to the country you shall return.—Speak the truth, indeed! Zounds! sirrah, what has truth to do with money-lending? [*Here* READY *exit.*

Enter CLARA SEDLEY.

Cla. Oh, guardy!—I'm just come to Bath with Mr and Mrs Darnley—we are all on a visit at Sir George Gauntlet's, and——

(*Seeing* GINGHAM, *she stops.*

Flush. It's only my son, Clara—a simple foolish young man.

Ging. (*Bowing to her.*) More knave than fool, upon my honour, ma'am.

Cla. The gentleman don't praise himself, I see, Mr Flush.

Ging. No, ma'am—nor do I know any body that will praise me—unless my father, indeed.

Flush. Silence, sir!—Well: but about the rural pair, my dear ward; do you know I have a great regard for Mr and Mrs Darnley?

Cla. Have you? I'm vastly glad of that; for your joint guardian, Sir Paul, is so employed in seeking for his lost child, that he has forgot his promise to assist Darnley; therefore I want you to do him a favour.

Flush. A favour!—he may command me.

Cla. The case is this:—His increase of family has so enlarged his expences, that he has thoughts of returning to the army.—Sir George has promised to procure him a company; but Mrs Darnley, not chusing he should owe his promotion to him, wishes he should purchase. Now, guardy, if you would lend him two hundred pounds.

Flush. Two hundred pounds, child!

Ging. Ay, two hundred pounds, father.

Flush. Who bid you speak, sir?—Why, Clara, in money-matters there is an etiquette.

Cla. True; but this is your friend.

Ging. So it is, ma'am: the man he has a great regard for.

Cla. And when you consider the charms of Mrs Darnley, and the wants of her children——

Ging. He can't refuse, ma'am—indeed he don't intend it—and therefore, as I see he means to grant the favour, I'll save him the trouble of putting his hand in his pocket.—Here, ma'am, (*Taking out bank notes.*) here are two bank notes of a hundred each—they belong to Mr Flush—now they belong to Mr Darnley—(FLUSH *gets in his way, and prevents* CLARA'S *taking them.*)—he begs you'll give them to his

friend—and present his compliments—and say, he'll double the sum.

Flush. Stand off—stand off—or by heavens I'll—

Ging. (*Offering* CLARA *the notes across his father.*) Double the sum, whenever call'd upon, ma'am.

Flush. Hold your tongue, or I'll knock it down your throat, sirrah!—I say, Clara, in the way of business, I've no objection to do Mr Darnley a service; that is, if I can make a profit by it—first, he should send me his note.

Cla. Here it is, sir. (*Giving it to* FLUSH.)

Flush. That's right—now we can proceed—Here, sir—(*Giving the note to* GINGHAM.) take the note to my agent, and tell him to give Mr Darnley thirty pounds—I can afford it.

Ging. This is too bad—take in his own friend, and a man with a family! (*Aside.*) Sir—a word, if you please—I told you, we were all blown upon—now here's an opportunity for retrieving our reputation—lend him the two hundred pounds—prove, for once, we can behave like gentlemen; and, hark'ye—we sha'n't reach the top of our profession. (*Putting up his neckcloth.*)

Flush. This is beyond bearing!—Quit the room directly—'sdeath! leave my house, sir; begone, I disinherit you—I——

Cla. Lord!—why so angry, guardian? I'm sure he is a good young man, and as warm in his heart—

Flush. Warm in his heart!—nonsense!—will he be warm in the funds? no—never—while he is so candid—so——

Cla. Not while he is candid, sir?

Flush. No—do you think I made my fortune by candour or openness? answer me, sir—did I ever get a shilling by speaking the truth?—speak!

Ging. (*In a melancholy voice.*) No, sir, I never said you did—I know the contrary, sir; madam, I'm

of a communicative disposition, I own; but there are many secrets of my father's I never blabb'd.

Flush. Are there, sir?

Ging. Yes, that there are, sir.

Flush. I don't recollect them.

Ging. Don't you? Why, now, did I ever mention, sir, that you got these pictures by suing out execution? That you got that plate, by its being pawn'd to you for half its value; that you intrigue with a female money-lender; and that the last time you were made a bankrupt, you went to get your certificate signed in a new vis-a-vis? did I, or will I ever mention these things?

Flush. Begone, sir—I'll never see you more—Yet, stay—you have papers in your possession; meet me in an hour's time at my agent's, sir—at Mr Ready's.

Ging. Forgive me this once, father; I'll never let the cat out any more.

Flush. No, sir, I never will forgive you—I am engaged, sir, and you know we great men are select in our company.

Ging. Well, if it must be so—farewell, father! the world is all before me, and what trade to follow, Heaven only knows. Good bye, madam—your sex will never befriend me, because I can't keep a secret, you see.

Cla. I will befriend you, sir; for while there is so much deception and hypocrisy in the world, it would indeed be unjust not to approve such frankness and honesty. Guardy, let me intercede for him; I'll answer for his conduct.

Ging. Ay; and if ever I mention ducking or swindling again—There, you see he's fix'd, ma'am.

Cla. At present he is, and therefore leave him; perhaps by the time you meet him at the agent's, I shall have talk'd him into good humour. Adieu:

depend on't, I shan't forget your generous intentions.

Ging. Nor shall I, yours: and if fortune smiles on me, I'll prove that I deserve your kindness—If ever my father pardons—but I see he's more and more angry, so I take my leave. May every blessing attend you—may you meet with a heart as liberal as your own—May your cousins' distresses vanish—may your guardian once more value a son, who can't help speaking the truth for the soul of him. [*Exit.*

Cla. Upon my word he's a charming man! and pardon him you must, guardy, if it's only to please me.

Flush. No—I'm determined.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The dinner's ready.

Flush. Come, Clara, you shall dine with me; I want to talk to you, and if I could see my joint-guardian, Sir Paul——

Cla. I met him at your door—he's only just gone by.

Flush. Just gone by! that's a mistake; for the old beau has been gone by these thirty years: however, come in—come, and eat and drink what you like. Call for Burgundy, Champagne, or Tokay—Ay, call for Tokay at a guinea a pint; I can afford it, my dear ward, I can afford it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Crescent and the surrounding Country.

Enter LADY SARAH SAVAGE, *and* SIR GEORGE GAUNTLET.

Lady Sa. Sir George, I own my weakness; the proud, the haughty Lady Sarah is humbled: Darnley has ensnared my heart, and, one way or other, I must ensure his pity—Heigho! you are his friend, Sir George.

Sir Geo. You see I am; and that he esteems me more than ever, is evident from his bringing Mrs Darnley to my house—did you mind his orders to her?—take an airing, my dear, with Sir George in his phaeton! it will raise your spirits, my love!—— Ha! ha! he absolutely throws her into my arms.

Lady Sa. Yes; but she absolutely contrives to get out of them again.

Sir Geo. She does; and therefore, there is no way but the one I mentioned; we must make Darnley jealous.

Lady Sa. True: I'll tell him that you love his wife.

Sir Geo. Nay, nay, not me—fix on somebody else—we'll soon find an object, and then, by convincing him of her falsehood, he naturally turns his thoughts to another woman; which is you, you know—and she wanting a protector, consequently flies to another man, which is me, you know—we'll add the signor to the confederacy.

Lady Sa. You're a sad wretch—a sad wretch indeed, Sir George, to impose on a friend, who places such confidence—such—I won't hear you—positive-

ly I won't hear you—only observe, if I don't win the cruel Darnley's affection, I'll drive my phaeton down a precipice in reality; I will, or with the bayonet of my fusil, pierce my too tender heart, and expire at his feet.

Enter the honourable MR SAVAGE *hastily.*

Sav. So, Sarah—I and Sir Paul have had such an adventure!—though we quarrell'd last night, we made it up to-day; for I never think alike two hours together—Do you, sister?

Lady Sa. Never: but when I think of you, brother, then I think more than I say, I assure you.

Sav. No; you say more than you think, I assure you—but, would you believe it? the old boy has seen his son—we traced him from the stage coach he came in, to the pump-room, from the pump-room to the billiard-room—there Sir Paul saw him playing with the marker, and when he heard the young man's name, he fainted; actually fainted in my arms.

Lady Sa. What, in a fit! poor old man! well! if you'll believe me, Sir George, I never saw a person in a fit in all my life.

Sav. Long before he recover'd, the young man was gone—the bird was flown—for the standers-by, all blacklegs, began laying bets on Sir Paul's recovery, and those who were against him wouldn't let water be thrown in his face.

Lady Sa. Inhuman wretches!—they ought to have sous'd him to death: but pray, brother, who is this child? where does he come from? what's the story?

Sav. Why—about twenty years ago, Sir Paul's lady quarrell'd with him at Tunbridge, and married a citizen—Four months after the marriage she had a son, which the citizen brought up as his own, and Sir Paul now swears the boy was his—'gad! it will be curious! for the child will have two fathers.

Lady Sa. Curious! not at all—but why should you meddle?

Sav. Because it secures me the two best racers in the stud—Fidget and Fizgig; and what's better, because it still secures us Sir Paul's fortune; for though he won't marry you himself, he intends his son should; and, if I could but once more see the young man—I know he goes by his mother's name—(*Looking out.*) heh! it's him! there he is again!—get out of the way; don't interrupt—

Lady Sa. No—I have too great a regard for Sir Paul's property to interrupt any plan for securing it; besides, Sir George and I have business—come—I say, brother, tell the old gentleman to be careful, and in his eagerness bid him not claim another man's child instead of his own! [*Exit with* SIR GEORGE.

Sav. Where can Sir Paul be loitering? he said he'd follow me—mum! [*Stands aside.*

Enter GINGHAM.

Ging. Oh! what a whirligig world is this! I that was brought up to lend money, must now try to borrow it: but where? who'll trust a wandering linen-draper? who'll trust the notorious young P. O.? however, I've got my equivalent; I can speak my mind now—no longer need I smother my thoughts, and be ready to burst: no longer have an itching on my tongue, and be ready to bite it in two—no, no, I may open now. The sweet lady sends me word my father is inexorable, but hopes she shall soon see me again; heigho! I hope so too; when I think of her, my heart feels such queer sensations—I have it: she has taken lessons of my father, and swindled me out of my affections; but then my poverty—I can never indulge even a hope.—(*Sees* MR SAVAGE.)—Ha! here's the friend of the queer old gentleman, who fainted in the billiard-room.

Sav. (*Advancing pompously.*) Sir, the honourable Henry Savage has the pleasure—the felicity—— What are you——

Ging. The honourable?

Sav. Ay: why didn't you know it?

Ging. No: nor never should if you hadn't told me —ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sav. Ha! ha! ha! you're a droll dog! 'gad! you shall come to my house, and pass a week with me.

Ging. Faith! a year with all my soul! I've nothing to do with myself; I've left off trade; haven't change for sixpence in the world, and so my little right honourable—I'll honour you with my company. [*Shaking him by the hand.*

Sav. Hush! if you want money, don't own it: we great people are close——

Ging. I know it; economical too!—You live cheap.

Sav. What! people of fashion live cheap?

Ging. To be sure; you don't pay; and if that isn't living cheap, the devil's in't!—ha! here's the fainting gentleman again!—who the deuce is he?

Sav. I fancy you'll find him a pretty near relation of yours—at least if you were born at Tunbridge, and your mother's name was Gingham.

Ging. It was; that's the name of her, and of the town.

Sav. Say you so?—(*Enter* SIR PAUL PERPETUAL.) The racers are mine, Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Ay: my whole stud—any thing, every thing! only let me have another peep at my dear boy!—only let me prove to posterity——

Sav. There he is.

Sir Paul. Where?

Sav. There! there is your son! who was born at Tunbridge—whose mother's name was Gingham,

and who is now without a shilling in his pocket, or a friend in the world—joy! joy! old boy! you've got a young P. at last!

Sir Paul. Stand off! let me come at him; come to thy father's arms!

Ging. My father!

Sir Paul. Ay; thy real father: who has a fortune to bestow on thee, and health, youth, and spirits to share in all thy pleasures—The dog has my right eye to a T.

Ging. (*To* MR SAVAGE.) Pray does your friend bite in his fits?

Sav. (*Aside to* GINGHAM.) Hark'ye—it's Sir Paul Perpetual, better known by the name of old P.—he has an immense property.

Ging. Has he?

Sav. Yes; and if it's certain you are his son, he'll give you every farthing of it.

Ging. Oh! if that's the case—if he has an immense property—let me see who dare deny it. Sir, your blessing!—(*Kneeling.*)—I always said I wasn't my father's own child.

Sir Paul. Rise, my boy! my darling! and tell us how the citizen educated you.—The turn of my nose exactly!

Ging. I've done with linens, gauzes, and muslins now!—let the shop and all its swindling go to the bottom—I'm the son of Sir Paul Perpetual, better known by the name of old P. I'm not a tradesman——

Sir Paul. Tradesman! zounds!—my son brought up in a shop! how it freezes my warm blood!—look'ye, my boy—two things I must request of you—never to talk about trade, or mention your former father's name.

Ging. Never—I'll never mention his name, because I despise it; but as to trade, what's bred in the bone, you know, father——

Sir Paul. Well—well—come to Mr Savage's house; there we'll introduce you to your intended wife—Lady Sarah Savage will soon break you of talking about trade or the city—so come along.

Sav. Ay: pray give up the city—the rich rogues have no taste for us men of wit and genius—they estimate every thing by property, and if the great Ben Jonson—nay, if the great Big Ben, were alive, is there one citizen would give the poor dogs a dinner?

Sir Paul. No—you're right there; in the city a man that has no money, has no wit—the smallest bank-note is more entertaining than the wittiest manuscript; and talk of Ben Jonson's name for jokes—damme, Abraham Newland beats him hollow! isn't it true, my boy?

Ging. As true as that you beat any other father hollow—come—henceforth, no money-lending tricks for me. But young P. O. shall stick to gay old P.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Drawing-Room in MR SAVAGE'S *House at Bath.*

Enter SIR GEORGE GAUNTLET *and* SIGNOR CYGNET.

Sir Geo. Bravo! signor, bravissimo!—and so Lady Sarah Savage has actually persuaded Darnley, that his wife loves another man?

Sig. Si—at first he no believe—but Lady Sarah lay it down with such courâge—her oaths were so superbe, and mine so magnifique, that at last he accom-

pany us with tears—pauvre mister Darnley!—Ah, ha! —you no forget my vife's concert?

Sir Geo. And who did you say Mrs Darnley was attached to?

Sig. Attendez—Sir Paul—what you call—old P. —he has found one child—eh bien!—the enfant was at the comedie, and saw Madame Darnley and her cousin maltraité by some qu'on appelle bobbies—villains who fight de duels, and interrupt de music —Vell! de child relieve de ladies, conduct them home—sup, and dough all de time he make love to Mad'moiselle Clara—

Sir Geo. Yet Lady Sarah Savage fixes on him for Mrs Darnley's gallant—excellent! and if this scheme fails, I understand she has another—there is Mr Flush —a sort of money-agent.

Sig. Je connois—je connois—he make a you poor, by lending you cash.

Sir Geo. This Mr Flush has got Darnley's note for two hundred pounds—now he can't pay it; and therefore, if Lady Sarah Savage buys it up———

Sig. Je comprehende—she say, give me my heart, or pay me my money—ah, ha!—I see you will be the first fiddle yourself;—(*Looking out.*) le voici!— here is Mr Flush!

Sir Geo. No—it's Sir Paul and the son you spoke of—good day, signor—and if you see Darnley, tell him I'm out of town.

Sig. I vill!—ecoutez—I no like to meet this Sir Paul—ven he ask me to his house, he always sing himself—toujours—if he has de cold—de sore throat —il chante! and begar, he sing as well with the hoarseness as without—bon-jour, Sir George—bon-jour—(*Going, recollects and turns back.*) Ah, ha!— you no forgot my vife's concert? [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Darnley, jealous of his wife! and she under my own roof!—now, if I can persuade her to retaliate—here's her supposed gallant.

Enter SIR PAUL *and* GINGHAM, *elegantly dressed.*

Ging. I tell you, father, Clara Sedley is the girl of my heart!—your ward is the girl for young P.

Sir Paul. Nonsense!—haven't I made you a gentleman—stuck a sword by your side?—haven't I brought you here to address Lady Sarah Savage?—ha! Sir George!—now mind (*To* GINGHAM.) and conceal your low education—not a word about trade or the warehouse; for I mean to put you into the army, and I've told every body you've been on your travels.—Sir George—my son!

Sir Geo. (*Bowing.*) Sir, I'm very proud of the honour.

Ging. Sir,—I'm very proud of—(*Bowing up to him, and spying at his chitterlin.*)—right India muslin, by all that's—mum!

Sir Geo. You've been a great traveller, sir,—much abroad!

Ging. Abroad!—yes, sir—I was seldom at home—generally at the West End; for, between ourselves, though I was brought up to trade, I always despised the warehouse—always—pshaw!

Sir Paul. (*Taking him aside.*) Zounds!—mind what you're at—consider, if you talk as my son, about linens and the warehouse, they'll take your father for a tradesman; they'll say I'm a haberdasher, knighted on a city address.

Ging. A haberdasher!—that's a good one, a very good one—upon my soul, Sir George, my father isn't such a fool as you take him for—no—that he isn't—are you, father?

LADY SARAH SAVAGE (*without.*)

Lady Sa. When Mr Flush comes, shew him up stairs.

Sir Geo. Here's your intended wife, sir—'gad! I hope it will be a match, for Lady Sarah is so anxious

for a husband, that in the scramble, she might seize me at last—Come, Sir Paul—let's leave the happy pair together.

Sir Paul. Now, remember what I told you—Lady Sarah is the essence of fashion and good breeding; and if you want to polish, and rub off the city-rust, imitate her—copy her elegant manners.

Sir Geo. Ay; she's the rage!—and, if he wants to secure her affections, bid him imitate his father, Sir Paul—copy you, and he must succeed with the women.

Sir Paul. Ay, that he must, Sir George—there's not a girl at Newmarket, not a dancer at the opera, nor a singer at the ancient concert, but adores me—they treat me with the same respect they would a father—they say I'm so quiet—so inoffensive—so harmless.

Ging. Harmless! do they say you're harmless, father?

Sir Paul. Ay, harmless; and under that idea, I've done more mischief than any ten dangerous men in Europe—So, copy her manners, and success to you, my boy! [*Exit with* SIR GEORGE.

Ging. Bravo! these are fine times, Master Gingham—but will they last?—is there no trick play'd, or to be play'd thee?—Sir Paul, I'm told, has a way of disguising himself in women's clothes—surely this isn't another masquerading affair——Ah! here's spouse!—now to imitate her fashionable manners.

Enter LADY SARAH SAVAGE.

Lady Sa. Marry him I will; because, in the first place, there's a scarcity of husbands; and, in the next, being his wife secures Sir Paul's fortune, and makes Darnley for ever in my power—besides, I can draw the youth into all my schemes—hem!

Ging. Hem! (*Imitating her.*) If this is a woman of fashion, the breed is grown pretty bold, I think.

Lady Sa. I must shew him my spirit—terrify him before marriage, in order to tame him after. (*Going towards him, wriggling her head.*) Sir!

Ging. (*Going towards her, wriggling his head.*) Ma'am!

Lady Sa. Give me a chair! (*Staring full in his face.*)

Ging. A chair, ma'am?

Lady Sa. Yes, a chair, sir.

Ging. (*Staring full in her face.*) Essence of breeding!—she's the essence of brass! (*Brings her a chair.*) A chair, ma'am.

Lady Sa. (*Staring vacantly.*) He little knows what a life I shall lead him.

Ging. (*Shews alarm.*) Heh!—a chair, ma'am?—here's a chair, I say. (*Loudly.*)

Lady Sa. Oh, I forgot—I am really so absent—(*Sits down.*) he! he! he! (*Spying in his face.*)

Ging. (*Sitting down.*) Are you really?—he! he! he!—I should like to—(*Mimicking.*) imitate her manners! hang me if I dare—she has set me all in a tremble—pheugh! (*Puffing himself with his hat, and drawing his chair from her.*)

Lady Sa. Look up, my hero! (*Slapping him.*) You can't think how I rejoice at your being design'd for the army. I'm of a military, martial turn myself, and shall serve every campaign with you.

Ging. You serve campaigns!—I wish I was out of the room—pheugh! (*Aside.*)

Lady Sa. I shall make an excellent soldier—a dauntless warrior!—and if you talk of little unfledged fluttering ensigns, look at me—look!—(*Shaking him.*) march!—wheel about!—left!—make ready!—present!—fire!

Ging. (*Looking first at her feet, then at her head.*) It is—it is an impostor!—ugh! (*Whistles.*)

Lady Sa. Sha'n't I make a warlike appearance?

animate one army, and intimidate another! restore the name of Amazon—revive the age of chivalry; and if there are fools that threaten, and cowards that dread an invasion;—oh! how the thought fires me! —(*Rises.*)—give me a few champions like myself, and we'll stand on our white cliffs, and scare away whole nations.

Ging. Damme, it's another man in woman's clothes! Don't agitate yourself—be composed—(*To her, as she walks about.*) What would I give to be snug behind the counter!

Lady Sa. I am no timid helpless woman; I can shoot—I can fence—flourish a sword, or fire off a musket!—penetrate your sword-arm at the first thrust, or lodge a bullet in your forehead at forty yards.

Ging. Keep cool—my hero, keep cool! Oh! it's a clear case—it's a man, and here am I to rub off the rust, by being run through the body! Sit down, my fine fellow! sit down.

Lady Sa. Fine fellow!

Ging. Ay, I see how it is—Sir Paul has adopted me out of joke, and you are to make mince-meat of me for my vanity!

Lady Sa. Why, what is all this! (*Smiling.*) mince-meat!

Ging. He smiles! then the joke's at an end, and they don't mean to hurt me! Give me your hand—you comical dog, give me your hand.

Lady Sa. Comical dog! what do you mean? explain.

Ging. Explain! nay, that's too bad—Do you think I don't know you, my jolly boy?—do you think I can't see you are a gentleman?

Lady Sa. What! I a gentleman?

Ging. Ay, and a brave one too!—why, I suspected you at first sight!—I saw there was nothing fe-

mining about you; and then, when I looked you full in the face, Pooh, says I, this can never be a woman.

Lady Sa. Not a woman!—Have I studied modern fashions—exceeded all the present race of high-spirited women—only to be mistaken for—— Oh Lord! I never wept before in all my life—but this—Oh! I shall faint!—Oh, Oh! (*Sits in a chair, weeping.*)

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. My rascal of a son has gone off with all my papers—Darnley's note among the number—and though Lady Sarah would give twice the value for it, I cannot find him——

Ging. (*Advancing to him.*) Hush!—not so loud, father—he'll flourish a sword—fire off a musket!

Flush. He!—who?—but how came you here, sir? in this disguise, too!

Ging. Phoo!—it isn't me that's disguised. A word—(*Whispers to him.*) There! (*Pointing to* LADY SARAH SAVAGE.)

Flush. What! that lady?

Ging. No, that comical dog——I'm sure of it—— Mum!

Flush. Ha, ha, ha!—You blockhead! why, it's Lady Sarah Savage! She's rather masculine, to be sure; but, Lord help you—she and I are old friends.

Ging. What! you know her, do you?

Flush. Know her!—why, I'll take my oath she's a woman.

Ging. He'll take his oath!—Oh, then, I see my error—She's on the pavé, discarded; and they want to palm her on me.

Flush. Fool!—would you make more blunders? Can't you tell a woman of fashion from a ——?

Ging. No:—There it is, sir—if women of fashion

will talk and dress like women of another description, who the devil can tell one from the other: and if, likewise, they will hunt, shoot, and fence, and prefer masculine assurance to feminine diffidence, is it amazing, that a gentleman should confound the sexes? However, I'm glad it's not a man.

Flush. Come——come——without further enquiry, give me Darnley's note; the one Clara brought; the comical dog there, as you call her, is in love with Darnley, and wants to hold the bill as a rod over his head: I shall only ask her one hundred pounds premium for it.

Ging. (*Taking the note out of his pocket-book.*) Only a hundred premium! heh!

Flush. No; I can afford it: and she, by arresting him, can make her own terms—you understand?

Ging. Perfectly; so I'll shew her the note, and make peace—(*Goes toward* LADY SARAH, *who is still sitting.*)—madam—lady.

Lady Sa. Pshaw! don't come near me, brute.

Ging. I am convinced of my mistake, ma'am—this gentleman will take his oath on the subject, and therefore—in hopes of making amends—here is a note, my lady; a note of Mr Darnley's for two hundred pounds.

Lady Sa. What did you say, sir?

Ging. A note of Mr Darnley's, ma'am.

Lady Sa. (*Looking at it.*) So it is; sign'd with his own dear hand—(*Rises.*)—Well, now I look at you again, sir, I'm quite ashamed of our silly misunderstanding—I am indeed—he! he! perhaps it was my fault—nay—I dare say it was—and so, that's Mr Darnley's note, is it?

Ging. It is; and now I recollect, wasn't the lady I conducted from the play his wife?

Lady Sa. It was—but *entre nous*—what's the price of that foolish bit of paper?

Flush. Only three hundred pounds! one hundred for the premium, and two for the principal.

Lady Sa. Here is the money then.

Ging. (*Putting his hand on hers.*) Softly; keep the principal, because you'll both want it; and as to the note, I'll keep that, lest somebody else should want it! (*Putting it in his pocket.*) you brought me up to the trade, and if I haven't learnt a trick or two, Mr Flush, it's no fault of yours.

Flush. What! would you turn swindler, you rascal?

Lady Sa. Ay, this is a new mode of getting money.

Ging. No—not so very new—is it, Mr Flush?—However, as the wife is the only person that ought to have a power over the husband, I'll e'en go instantly to Mrs Darnley, and give it her.——

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. (*Fiercely.*) What, sir?

Ging. A note for two hundred pounds, sir—have you any objections? never mind the loss of the premium, Mr Flush——you can afford it, you know——adieu!—Mr Bluff, (*To* DARNLEY, *who is frowning.*) your servant—it wouldn't do—you comical dog, it wouldn't do!—(*Shewing* LADY SARAH SAVAGE *the note, and exit.*)

Darn. (*To* LADY SARAH SAVAGE.) 'Sdeath!—this is the very man you told me of.

Lady Sa. Ay, now can you want further proof of his attachment to your wife?—I'll leave it to any body:—isn't it evident, Mr Flush?

Flush. His giving her two hundred pounds is a strong circumstance, to be sure—but then, when I recollect the money is mine, and not his—

Darn. What then, sir?

Flush. Why then, I think, the lady ought to be in love with me, and not him, sir.

Darn. I'll set out for London, and never see her more—yet no—I'll be satisfied—I'll know the worst. —I'll instantly pursue this new-found idol of her heart, and if I catch him in her presence——

Lady Sa. Kill him—for a wretch, who can't distinguish the human species, isn't fit to live—come—I'll go with you.

Flush. So will I—but pray don't kill him, till I've got my papers.

Lady Sa. Nay, don't fret about it, Mr Darnley—you shall return with me to Savage House—come—never think of going to London at this time of year —it's so thin—all the great houses are lock'd up, and there's no making a fashionable party; is there, Mr Flush?

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am—I and my attorney can always collect a fashionable party; and if the great houses are lock'd up, why there are great people in lock-up-houses; so don't be afraid of finding good company, Mr Darnley. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Library in SIR GEORGE GAUNTLET'S *House.*

SIR GEORGE, *and a Servant, meeting.*

Ser. Sir, sir! Mrs Darnley is coming here to look for some books.

Sir Geo. That's fortunate; did you deliver my message to her and her husband?

Ser. I did, sir; I told them you were gone out of town, and would not return till to-morrow.

Sir Geo. Very well! then, in case of accident, leave open the private door that leads behind the library. (*Servant opens a door that leads behind the Library.*) A man of intrigue should always have a place to lay snug in; and where is he so little likely to be discover'd as amongst works of study and reflection? Here she is! mind we're not interrupted. (*Servant exit*—SIR GEORGE *retires towards the Library.*)

Enter MRS DARNLEY.

Mrs Darn. Will Mr Darnley never be convinced of this friend's hypocrisy? he is so credulous, that he even now places more confidence in him than ever: I'm glad Sir George is out of town—I can at least pass another hour in peace, and—(*Going towards the Library,* SIR GEORGE *meets her.*)

Sir Geo. Don't be alarm'd, Mrs Darnley; I'm only a living volume, and if you will peruse my thoughts, you'll read of nothing but yourself—you are engraved here in indelible letters, upon my honour.

Mrs Darn. Sir, I was inform'd—but this is no time for parleying—alone and unprotected! (*Going;* SIR GEORGE *stands in her way.*)

Sir Geo. Nay, you know I have long profess'd a regard for you; long thought you the finest woman on earth; and, as a proof, didn't I offer you my hand, before my friend——

Mrs Darn. Friend! call him by some other name, Sir George, and don't profane such honourable terms.

Sir Geo. Why, isn't he my friend? haven't I so completely gain'd his affections, that he wishes me to win yours? does he not bring you here—to my

house?—leave me tête-a-tête with you? and, in every respect, prove so kind, so obliging——

Mrs Darn. Hold, sir—if he has exposed me to insults, I am the person to accuse him—not you. I know his heart, and I know yours—one has my love—my esteem—the other——

Sir Geo. Has what, my sweet creature?

Mrs Darn. My scorn.

Sir Geo. Nay then—I must tell you, that when I condescend to love a woman, I always insist on making her happy; and therefore, with opportunity on my side, and the whole world to lay the blame on your husband——

Mrs Darn. On him! the world is not so easily deceived: but lest it should, I'll vindicate his fame—I'll proclaim the falsehood of his friend—his perfidy——

Sir Geo. Gently—gently—I see I must take advantage now or never! (*Goes to the door.*)

Mrs Darn. What do you mean, sir?

Sir Geo. First to fasten the door, and then, my angel—(*As he opens it, to fasten it closely,* GINGHAM *enters, and pushes by him.*)

Ging. And then, my angel—to give you two hundred pounds—this note, ma'am, is Mr Darnley's—it accidentally fell into my hands, and I designedly place it in yours—put it up, ma'am—keep it tight in your pocket; for what with one having a rage for disguises—another having a rage for swindling—a third—(*Seeing* SIR GEORGE.)—ha! my judge of good breeding, is it you?

Sir Geo. This blockhead has ruin'd one scheme already, I see.

Ging. I'll tell you a secret, Sir George; you *fashionable* people are very *vulgar*—it is your fine clothes, gay equipages, and superb houses, that are well bred, and not yourselves, egad! now only pull

off that spangled coat—stick yourself behind a counter, and——

Sir Geo. Sir, don't you see I'm busy?

Ging. To be sure I do.

Sir Geo. Why don't you leave the room, then?

Ging. Because I've no where else to go.

Sir Geo. Then I command you: this lady and I are engaged.

Mrs Darn. Engaged, Sir George!——Sir, (*To* GINGHAM.) if you'll conduct me to Mr Darnley, I shall think myself a second time indebted to your gallantry.

Sir Geo. Madam, I insist—(*Crossing* MRS DARNLEY, *and taking her by the hand.*)—retire this instant, sir—retire——

Ging. Oh, I perceive—he detains her for base purposes! Oh fie, fie!—fie for shame, Sir George—is this your good breeding——your hand, ma'am—— (*Trying to pass* SIR GEORGE.)

Sir Geo. 'Sdeath—obey me, or this sword, with which I've so often fought——

Ging. Often fought! what, in earnest?

Sir Geo. Rascal! draw.

Ging. No—I'd rather not.

Sir Geo. What! you don't like to fight?

Ging. No—who the devil does? but you call me rascal, sir—now I've been long in doubt whether I am one or not—but if I was half as clear on the subject as you must be, I'd own it publicly—I'd say, "I, Sir George Gauntlet, am such a rude—ill-bred, —vulgar——"

Sir Geo. Coward!—come on. (*Drawing his sword.*)

Ging. Come on!—Well! why shouldn't I? I may be alarm'd at masculine women, but I don't care that—(*Snapping his fingers.*)—for effeminate men! so, though I never learnt to fence in all my life—

though I don't know whether to hold my sword in my right hand or my left, have at thee!—ha!—ha!—

SIR GEORGE *and* GINGHAM *make two or three passes, when loud knocking at the door interrupts them.*

Sir Geo. Zounds!—if this should be Darnley—(*Looks out.*)—It is! I'm ruin'd—undone!

Ging. Ay, ay, I must take lessons—I'm touch'd, —pink'd—(*Shaking his hand, which is slightly wounded.*)

Sir Geo. If I stir, I meet Darnley—hark'ye, sir, (*Aside to* GINGHAM.) that lady's husband is now on the stairs, and your present wound is only a slight one; but if you hint or speak one word against my honour——

Ging. You'll run me through the body, I suppose —well! as I can't fence—mum!

Sir Geo. I shall not leave the room—I shall be conceal'd, and on the slightest insinuation, by heaven! I'll come forth and cut you into atoms: promise—or you know my way——

Ging. I do—I'll live and fight another day.

SIR GEORGE *goes behind the Library, unperceived by* GINGHAM *or by* MRS DARNLEY.

Ging. I wish I knew the name of Sir George's fencing-master—(MRS DARNLEY *comes to him.*)—My dear ma'am, don't be uneasy—it's only grazed, and if they don't send doctors and apothecaries to me, I shall live to pink him, again and again.

Mrs Darn. Let me bind your hand, with my handkerchief. (DARNLEY *enters behind.*) Indeed—indeed, I owe you much.

Darn. (*Still behind.*) 'Tis now beyond a doubt—Oh woman! woman!

Ging. (*To* MRS DARNLEY.) You haven't got the

rage—no, you are what a woman ought to be; mild, gentle, affectionate—an angel, by all that's sacred.

Darn. How! make love before my face!—(*Advances.*) So, Mrs Darnley——

Mrs Darn. Oh, my dear!—I'm so glad you're come—this gallant, generous young man——

Darn. Generous young man!

Mrs Darn. Has been wounded in my cause, and——

Darn. And you bound up his arm with your handkerchief!—nay, don't deny it, madam—with my own eyes I saw it.—Well, sir! what have you to say, sir? to that handkerchief, sir?

Ging. Say, sir!—why, I say, the handkerchief is as fine cambrick as ever was sold—twelve shillings a yard, sir!—at least I used to sell such for a guinea—a guinea, Mr Bluff——as to any thing else, if you are the lady's husband——

Darn. I am her husband, sir!—who has long loved—long adored her! and now comes here to witness her falsehood and his own dishonour.

Mrs Darn. What does he say?—dishonour!

Darn. Yes, madam,—with him! with this gallant, generous young man! Did he not last night accompany you from the play, and now do I not find you praising each other to my very face? observe me, Maria—as you have found me tender in my affections, so you shall find me severe in my resentment.

Mrs Darn. I know not what he means, but I thought they'd make him hate me—I guilty of falsehood! dishonour to my husband! Oh, Harry! if you believe me so debased, take up that weapon, and pierce me to the heart! in pity do!—I cannot live, and know that you condemn me.

Darn. (*Taking her hand.*) Do you not love him?

Mrs Darn. Whom?

Darn. (*Pointing to* GINGHAM.) Him.

Ging. Me!—love me!—I wish she did, for if I

didn't use her better than you do, I'd cut my jealous head off!—look'ye, great lord and master:—she is more faithful to you, than you deserve—I know it, because, just before you enter'd the room, Sir George Gauntlet, like a vile seducer as he is, was attempting to——(*Here a book falls from the library.*) crau—au—au! (*Checking himself.*) I shall be a dead man before I know it.

Darn. Sir George Gauntlet!—paltry evasions!—he is out of town, and has so often proved himself a friend——

Mrs Darn. Friend!—Oh, Mr Darnley! at last I am compell'd to tell you he is your enemy and mine—it is that very friend who would destroy your domestic peace; who would rob you of a heart that is, and ever shall be, all your own! and that, even now, might have triumph'd o'er a helpless woman, had not his friendly arm been stretch'd to serve me.

Ging. It's true—I'll swear it!—I'll——(*Another book falls.*) crau—au—au!

Darn. I'll not believe it—he is above such arts, and I would have you, madam, not increase your guilt, by daring to abuse my best of friends.

Ging. Best of friends!—upon my soul, you've a rare set of acquaintance then.—Sir! I always had a knack of speaking what comes uppermost, and I say, Sir George wanted to turn me out, in order to lock her in—I say, he gave me this wound, in trying to defend her from his insolence—I say he is now conceal'd in this room!

(*Books fall from the Library, and leave an open space.* GINGHAM *looks round, and sees* SIR GEORGE'S *face frowning at him through the aperture.*)

Ging. No—I don't say he is in the room—I don't, because—because—(*Looking round again.*) it's better to be choak'd than kill'd.

Darn. See how he prevaricates: and therefore,

that my friend may be slander'd and I deceiv'd no longer, 'tis time I should decide—Maria!—It almost kills me to pronounce it——(*Aside.*) we meet no more—— (*Going.*)

Mrs Darn. (*Holding him.*) Stay—spare me but a moment—I cannot, will not, lose him; Harry, think of our love—our children.——

Ging. Sir! sir!—let me ask you two questions—(*Another book falls, and* SIR GEORGE *frowns at him.*) Ay, grin away you——sir, can you fence, and will you fight?

Darn. Perhaps, you'll find I can, sir.

Ging. And if I prove that Sir George hid himself to avoid you, will you stand by, and see a poor fellow cut to atoms?

Darn. No—on the contrary, I shall be so convinced of the truth of your story——

Ging. Say you so? then come out, you black infernal seducer!

(*Runs up to the Library—forces open the front doors, and amidst the falling of all the books,* SIR GEORGE GAUNTLET *is discover'd.*)

Ging. There—there he is! and now come on, if you dare—here's a pair of the best fencers in Europe? (*Snatching up a sword, and placing himself by* DARNLEY.)

Darn. 'Tis all unravell'd—detested hypocrite!

Sir Geo. Ah, Darnley!—how d'ye do?—this is a droll circumstance, isn't it?—but I hope you are convinced—

Darn. Yes, sir, I am convinced.

Ging. We're all convinced, sir.

Darn. That you and Lady Sarah have join'd in a conspiracy to deceive me and betray my wife; that you have meanly put on the mask of friendship, to conceal the blackest artifices, and that if you had

come to my house, and boldly plunder'd me of all my fortune——

Ging. He'd only have been hang'd!—but now he shall be cut to atoms.

Sir Geo. Be cautious in your language, Mr Darnley—you know my disposition.

Darn. I do—I know you well: and henceforth, if you dare, either by action, word, or look; mark me, sir—raise but a blush in her unsullied cheek, I will resent it—I'll inflict a punishment great as your arrogance deserves!

Sir Geo. Arrogance!

Ging. Ay, arrogance!—are you deaf?

Sir Geo. Sir, this requires an explanation; you shall hear from me.

Ging. Pooh!

Darn. Delay not then, for I shall leave your house this moment. (SIR GEORGE *exit.*)—Come, Maria, to you and this gentleman I have a thousand apologies——

Ging. Bless you! I'm amply paid in letting my tongue wag—and as to any thing else, allow me once more to speak my mind to your sweet cousin, Clara.—Come, let's go to her—Oh, you well-bred ruffian!—to be first pink'd, and then nearly choak'd by such a ———; on the whole, though, I never fought better in all my life! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Tavern—Dinner under covers—DARN-
er'd sitting at the Table—Waiter attend-

l Sir George Gauntlet, Mr Darnley is
hat's o'clock?
, sir.
e time draws near—I wonder where my
e? put some wine on the table, and leave

George is below, in close conversation
tleman, who seems anxious to see you,

lis second, I suppose—tell him, I am here
exit.) 'Sdeath!—to what have I reduced
that had every joy this world can give
eful home—a wife that loved, and children
ed me!—I to be now in a tavern, on the
eting with a profess'd duellist; to be about
to commit murder, or else to live dishonour'd and disgraced—Oh, Maria!—when thou shalt hear thy husband is no more, wilt thou forgive me?—wilt thou—but my fate determines hers, and if I fall she is for ever lost!

Re-enter the Waiter.

Wait. The gentleman from Sir George Gauntlet, sir.

Darn. Admit him—now then for the event!

Enter GINGHAM *hastily.*

Ging. I'm so fagg'd—so completely knock'd up:—

(*Sees the dinner.*) ha, ha! what's here!—the very thing to revive me.

Darn. I hope, sir, you haven't been talking to S George.

Ging. Yes, but I have though—you a as second, and if you're shot, it shall b I like best. (*Sitting down.*) Waiter! wa

Wait. (*To* GINGHAM, *who is going to ver of one of the dishes.*) Sir! sir!—Si der'd that dish not to be touch'd till he

Ging. Did he?—then it's the pick'd thi so I'll eat it all up directly, (*Uncover a brace of pistols laying 'midst powder an* —it's quite at his service, and I wish th in his stomach, with all my soul!—(*Givi the waiter, and uncovering another.*) something that I can swallow. (*Begins ea* after hunting every where for Sir Geo him below stairs at last—"So," says I, librarian"—alluding to the book-case y "when are you and this jealous husband," to you, you know—"to fight this fooli (*Drinks a glass of wine.*) Clara! my dear ley!

Darn. Well, sir.

Ging. Says I, "The fact is this; one will be kill'd, the other be hang'd, and the world get rid of two hot-headed fellows;" says he, "Will Darnley make me an apology?" says I, "He might as well."

Darn. You did not!

Ging. Ah, but I did though: "It's very well for fashionable husbands to leave their wives with friends, in hopes of getting divorces and damages; but what right," says I, "has a country 'squire to quit his farm, and trust his wife with baronets, fools, and coxcombs—to plant his own horns?" says I. (*Drinks.*) "Success to trade."

Darn. And how did this end, sir?

Ging. How!—why the other second interfered—said Sir George couldn't fire at you, and advised him to apologize—he hesitated—I put my hand on my sword—reminded him of my fine fencing—he sign'd this paper—I've already shewn it to Mrs Darnley, and so—(*Drinks.*) Here's the child that has two fathers!

Darn. (*Reading the paper.*) 'Tis ample, final satisfaction—wasn't my Maria happy?

Ging. She was—but with women, grief soon follows joy, you know—she says, your uncle, whoever he is, has order'd you to quit Bath, and go abroad—that she is to be left behind, and, as your fortune is exhausted, she fears you must consent—I'm sorry I'm pinch'd too—however—(*Drinks.*) Here's confusion to your stingy old uncle!

Darn. Unfeeling, persecuting man!—separate me from all I love!—I know the motive for this barbarous conduct—he has found a son, on whom he means to lavish all his favours, and while he rolls in luxury, I and my family may starve—may—but he comes.

Enter SIR PAUL PERPETUAL.

Sir Paul. So, Mr Darnley: how dare you intrude into the houses of great people, and thus repeatedly disgrace me?—look'ye, sir—I have made up my mind—you must seek your fortune abroad—I'll pay your expences to the continent; and, lest your family should be a burthen to you, I'll provide for your wife at home.

Darn. Oh, sir! do not part us!

Sir Paul. I will!—I'm resolved! (*Seeing* GINGHAM.) hah!—what do I see?—my boy!—my darling!—how came you here, you rogue?

Ging. Father, you're come in time—just in time, to finish the bottle! (*Filling him a bumper, and putting it in his hand.*) drink! drink the last toast!

Sir Paul. Ay, what is it?

Ging. "Confusion to Darnley's"——

Sir Paul. With all my heart—"Confusion to Darnley's——"

Ging. "Stingy old uncle!"

Sir Paul. (*Spitting out the wine.*) Stingy old uncle!—why that's confusion to myself, you dog!

Ging. What! is it you?—well! hang me if I didn't think it was my father—that is, my other father, the money-lender—Cousin—relation—how are you? (*Shaking* DARNLEY *by the hand.*)

Sir Paul. Nonsense! never mind him——I've brought you your commission—a company in a regiment serving in Ireland.

Ging. Have you? (*To* SIR PAUL.) Who'd have thought my father was your miserly uncle, heh! (*To* DARNLEY.)

Sir Paul. It's three hundred a-year, my boy!—Psha! don't mind him, I tell you, (*Pulling him away from* DARNLEY.) I reserve every thing for you—I always meant to give all I could to my son.

Ging. Did you!—Oh then it comes to the same point; why, perhaps, you'll give me two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. Ah, that I will.

Ging. What! and the commission too!

Sir Paul. Yes, and the commission too! here they are both—and some ten years hence, I'll join the regiment, and serve under you; under my brave son!

Ging. No—under your brave nephew, if you like—I don't understand the exercise, and Darnley does; and therefore, as we're all relations—all in a family, I'll e'en give him the commission—Nay, don't be shy, cousin—it makes no difference, father, does it?

Sir Paul. Death and fire! it does, sir, it makes all the difference, and I swear——

Ging. Softly—you can make me a hero in another way—as I was brought up to trade, pop me into the train-bands—then I can be kill'd in the Ar-

tillery Ground in one day, and be alive in the shop the next! so keep the commission, cousin; keep it—(*Forcing it into* DARNLEY'S *hand.*) and here—here's the money to take you, your wife and children, to Ireland—(*Giving the bank notes.*)—there! now moderate your joy, father; you've done a kind, generous action, to be sure: but why—why in such an ecstacy?

Sir Paul. Ecstacy! agony, you puppy!

Ging. Gently, gently; at the public breakfast I shall sound forth your praises.—Come, cousin—the best of the joke is, I've another father; and though he won't lend you a shilling, I'll make him send you linen enough to shirt your whole regiment.—Farewell, thou liberal man!—look!—Self-gratification has brought tears of joy into his eyes.

[*Exit with* DARNLEY.

Sir Paul. Tears of joy!—if being cheated out of my money makes me cry for pleasure, what shall I do if I get it back again?—was there ever such a fellow?—however, the commission is of no use to Darnley—but then the two hundred pounds, and the ease with which he did it.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A letter from your ward, Sir Paul. It requires an immediate answer.

Sir Paul. (*Reading it.*) "Sir, I am now at the public breakfast, where Lady Sarah Savage actually insisted on my coming. I have discovered a deep plot of Mr Savage's; and, when I tell you I am in danger of being run away with, without my consent, I'm sure you will fly to the relief of your—Affectionate ward, "CLARA SEDLEY."

Sir Paul. I'll come directly—(*Servant exit.*)—So, —so—they have heard of her sudden acquisition of fortune—of the copper mines being discovered on her estate, and now, like true savages, they mean to

paw the property—but I've a husband for her in my eye. She has formed an affection for this liberal son of mine, and the dog can't take *her* for a man in woman's clothes.

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. You knave!—if I catch you—how! has he left the tavern?—Ah, Sir Paul!—pray, sir, have you seen any thing of my son?

Sir Paul. I know nothing of your son, sir.

Flush. He has been distributing my property—giving away my money, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. 'Gad! my son has been doing me the same favour.

Flush. Ay, sir; but my son has swindled me out of two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. That's the exact sum my son has swindled me out of—so let's shake hands, and cry for joy!

Flush. Well, well—I can afford it—but, Sir Paul, there is only one way he can make me retribution—you've heard of our ward's copper mines, and though you have only known me as a private gentleman, and I you as joint guardian, yet I think you will consent to her marrying the man I propose.

Sir Paul. And pray, who may the gentleman be?—not the Honourable Mr Savage, I hope, for he has no property but my two racers.

Flush. No—no—my son—my rogue of a son!—will you agree?

Sir Paul. Why, I would with pleasure, only—

Flush. What, brother-guardian?

Sir Paul. I mean to propose my rogue of a son.

Flush. Your son!—why how came you by a son?—but to the point—my boy has won her heart, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. So has mine too, Mr Flush.

Flush. Yours too!—'Sdeath, Sir Paul—this racing has turn'd your brain.

Sir Paul. Racing!—I've done with it, sir—I hate it—I'm above the turf now.

Flush. Above the turf! I wish you were under it!—do you pretend she loves both our sons?—two men at the same time, sir?

Sir Paul. To be sure—she's not the first woman that has loved twenty at the same time, sir—but, as she can't marry without our joint consent, and is now in great distress at Lady Sarah Savage's public breakfast, let's adjourn there directly.

Flush. With all my heart—I can afford it—Public breakfast!—why this is later than usual—(*Looking at his watch.*)—Nine o'clock at night!

Sir Paul. Ah, these are late hours! but what need we care, Mr Flush;—we that have health, youth, spirits—do you know there is only one house in England that affects my constitution.

Flush. And what house is that?

Sir Paul. (*Whispers him.*) I never was there but twice—the first time there was a motion about relieving poor insolvent debtors, and the house was so empty I got an ague. The next time, somebody moved to remove the hackney-coaches from Bond-Street, and the benches were so cramm'd, that I was thrown into a fever!—So hey for the breakfast.—— Youth's the season made for joy!

Flush. Love is then our duty! &c.

[*Exeunt, singing together.*

SCENE II.

A Garden at MR SAVAGE'S *on Lansdown Hill—A Marquee at the upper Wing, in which is seen a Table full of Fruits, Wine, Meat, Tea-urns, Coffee-pots, &c. A distant View of Bath—Moon rising—Long Flourish of Clarinets.*

Enter LADY SARAH SAVAGE *and a Servant.*

Lady Sa. Call Miss Clara—— (*Servant enters marquee.*)—I have given this party in order to secure this young creature and her fortune; for my brutish brother has so lessen'd our gold, that only her copper can save us from sinking—if her guardians refuse, we are prepared for bolder schemes.

Enter CLARA.

Well, my dear girl, how do you like our breakfast?—breakfast by moon-light! isn't it quite charming—so nouvelle?

Cla. Quite——and in addition to tea and coffee, here are fowls, fruit, and wine; so that you may breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup, all in the same meal—nouvelle!—surely nobody else is so singular.

Lady Sa. I don't know——I never copy——the world's so very ignorant—that, only act unlike other people, and you're pretty sure of being right.—But didn't you like the music—the singing?—

Cla. No; I don't like much these fine singers—it's a long time before you prevail on them to sing, and then when they once begin, faith they never stop. I declare I only saw one person I liked amongst the party.

Lady Sa. And who was that—the dear Signor?

Cla. No—the dear creature, my guardian's son.

Lady Sa. What! that monster? I wonder who invited such a heterogeneous animal, and you to prefer him——

Cla. Even to your brother, ma'am—I know Mr Savage designs me his hand; but, if my guardians will agree—and why they leave me in this scene of danger, when I wrote to Sir Paul——

Lady Sa. Here they are both—I'll go call my brother, and by the time I return, I hope I shall call you sister—adieu!—Gingham, indeed! [*Exit.*

Enter SIR PAUL *and* FLUSH.

Flush. Here she is—here's the girl to answer for herself—now be cool, Sir Paul—compose yourself, and I'll fairly put the question to her—Clara, haven't you fix'd your affections?

Cla. To confess the truth, I have, sir.

Flush. Very well—softly, Sir Paul!—and now, what is the gentleman's name?

Sir Paul. Ay, what is his name, Clary?

Cla. Gingham, sir.

Flush. There! I told you so—it's my son!

Sir Paul. Why there! I told you so—it's my son!

Flush. Your son!—in the first place, I don't believe you have a son; and, in the next, do you pretend that this Gingham——

Sir Paul. Is my boy! my own darling child!—and I'll prove it.

Flush. Well, well, if this is the case, I'll make you a fair proposition; let's call in both our sons, and let the one she prefers be her husband.

Sir Paul. Agreed—and I'll bet you a hundred pounds she chooses mine.

Flush. Done—I'll bet you a hundred she chooses mine.

Ging. (*Within the marquee.*) My life! my love! my Clara!

Flush. Here he comes! (*Rubbing his hands.*)

Sir Paul. Here he comes! (*Rubbing his hands.*)

Ging. (*Within the marquee.*) I cannot live a moment from thee—I—

GINGHAM *enters from the Marquee, and, seeing his two Fathers together, pauses, and starts.*

Flush. Now, Clara—Silence, Sir Paul!—don't you choose him!—him!—for your husband?

Cla. I do, sir.

Flush. Huzza! I've won my bet!

Sir Paul. Here is a father don't know his own child!

Ging. (*Coming between them.*) And here's a child don't know his own father! upon my soul, gentlemen, I cannot tell which of you had the honour of inventing me; but here I am; and if you have more property to distribute—if either of you has another two hundred pounds, I'll dispose of it so neatly, that tears of joy shall trickle down your cheeks!

Flush. (*After looking some time at* SIR PAUL.) Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Mr Flush—We were joint guardians just now, and——

Flush. And now we're joint fathers, it seems.

Sir Paul. This must be the tradesman—a word in private, if you please, sir. (*They enter the marquee.*)

Ging. Lay your heads together; settle it as you please; for while Clara smiles on me, I care not whether I'm son to a haberdasher, or heir to the grand Turk.

Cla. I hope they won't quarrel—I fear Mr Flush will insist——

Ging. He insist!—bless you, he'd sell me for half a crown!

Re-enter FLUSH *and* SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. He's mine! he's mine! the father knows his own child at last—I never suspected Flush was clerk to a Lottery Office, and consequently little thought he was the tradesman who married my Nelly—'gad! I always took him for a gentleman.

Ging. Did you?—that was very good-natured of you——and so you give me up, Mr Flush?

Flush. Yes, I can afford it.—The Tunbridge story is perfectly explain'd, and I have done with you, you rogue—Your wise father here has promised to restore my papers, so now you may speak truth till you're black in the face.

Ging. May I?—then I won't; lest other faces should be of the same complexion—but, gentlemen, since you've found out who I belong to, will you inform me who this lady is to belong to?

Cla. Ay, Mr Flush—I'm sure I shall have your consent—you are a monied man, and have lived with people of rank.

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am, if I had lived with people of rank, I had not been a monied man—the fact is, I touch cash wherever I can, and Sir Paul has bribed me so handsomely, that I have sold my consent—I have sold my ward as well as my son, and for this plain reason—I can afford it.

Sir Paul. Clary, take his hand, my girl. (*Giving her to* GINGHAM.) The dog has an odd way of speaking his mind, but instead of checking him, encourage him; many a man only wants to be told of his errors to correct them, and that is my case——

Ging. Your case, sir?

Sir Paul. Yes, my boy—since you talked of self-gratification bringing tears of pleasure into my eyes, I resolved to try the experiment—I determined to retrench my expences, to sell my hounds, dispose of my stud, and see if I could not lay out my money

on rational and solid pleasures; in bestowing happiness on two as innocent and injured creatures as ever existed!

Enter MR *and* MRS DARNLEY.

Sir Paul. Niece, your hand—Darnley, forgive what's past, and henceforth if I don't prove a friend to you, tell that son of mine to speak his mind to me—tell him to take another two hundred pounds out of my pocket; nay, disperse my whole property—any thing, so you don't drink "Confusion to a stingy old uncle!"

Mrs Darn. Sir, we owe every thing to your son—he has been our pilot through the storms of fashion, and if he now secures to us independence and our cottage——

Sir Paul. Independence and a cottage! 'Slife! you shall have affluence, and a farm as large as Salisbury plain—I'll come and see you every summer; ay, for sixty years to come!—odsheart! they say I'm like an old volcano, burnt out! but it's a mistake—I'm like an Egyptian lamp that flames for ever—A'nt I, my boy?

Ging. Must I speak truth, father?—mum!

Darn. (*To* SIR PAUL.) You have made me the happiest of men, Sir Paul; but you must excuse me when I say, that your son has the first and greatest claim——

Ging. Nay, cousin; if you knew me half as well as I know myself, you would find I have as many faults as any of you.—But come, let's adjourn from this vulgar fashionable scene, and while they drink one toast, we'll give another—

—May manners masculine no more deface
The charms, that constitute each female grace.
To man be bold and daring schemes confin'd;
Woman for softer passions was design'd,
And by meek virtue—to subdue mankind!

[*Exeunt.*

LIFE

A

COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR HARRY TORPID,	*Mr Lewis.*
GABRIEL LACKBRAIN,	*Mr Fawcett.*
PRIMITIVE,	*Mr Munden.*
MARCHMONT,	*Mr Murray.*
CRAFTLY,	*Mr Emery.*
CLIFFORD,	*Mr Farley.*
Waiter,	*Mr Simmons.*
WILLIAM,	*Mr Curties.*
JENKINS,	*Mr Atkins.*
JONATHAN,	*Mr Thompson.*
JAMES	*Mr Abbot.*
Servant,	*Mr Lee.*
MRS BELFORD,	*Miss Chapman.*
ROSA MARCHMONT,	*Miss Murray.*
MRS DECOY,	*Mrs St Ledger.*
BETTY,	*Miss Cox.*

SCENE.—A Sea-port Town, and the Neighbourhood.

LIFE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Outside of CRAFTLY'S *Library; View of the Town, the Sea, &c.*

Enter MARCHMONT, (*with a Manuscript in his hand,*) *and* ROSA.

Rosa. Cheer up, cheer up, my father! surely this should be a day of joy.

March. It should; but 'twill not be; I have out-toil'd my strength.

Rosa. You have. For ten long years, the produce of your pen has been our sole support; and for these six months past, the labour of the brain has been unceasing; night after night has been devoted to that one composition. (*Pointing to the manuscript in* MARCHMONT'S *hand.*) But now the book is finish'd; and yonder lives the gentleman who, by the purchase of it, will recompence you amply. Look, there's the library; will not that revive you, father?

March. It will; for thence will come forth gold; and, oh! my child, you know too well how much we stand in need of it.

Rosa. I do indeed; and, if I dare advise, out of the little profit that produces, store up a part, my father.

March. No; 'tis already all disposed of—all devoted; and to the best of purposes—to make you happy, Rosa; to place you far above the frowns of fortune. There, (*Giving her a newspaper.*) read; read that advertisement; 'tis of my inserting.

Rosa. (*Reading.*) "Wanted, as teacher to a young person of the age of sixteen, a lady who will instruct her in music and drawing, on moderate terms. Apply at the Priory, near Ashdown."—How! this for me, my father!

March. Yes; 'tis for you I have encounter'd such unusual toil. Think not that vanity's my motive: but consider, child, my health's precarious; and when I am gone, what will become of thee?

Rosa. O! cease, sir, cease to talk thus!

March. Nay, we are now prepared: for mistress once of these fine arts, you may ensure a livelihood by instructing others: as tutoress, you may procure an honest, ample income; and your father—yes, my Rosa, death will lose half its terrors at the recollection that my child's provided for.

Rosa. Death!—oh! in pity, sir—I can't exist without you—what, what will money yield me?—remember, when I've lost you, I am bereft of all that's dear to me on earth—I have no mother to—

March. Mother!—have a care!—have I not charged you, on your life, never to breathe that deadly, harrowing word?

Rosa. You have; but the occasion called it forth; and 'tis indeed most hard that I'm to know no more, than that she's in her grave. Oh! let me once again entreat you to impart her history; give me each cir-

cumstance; or, if you will not tell me how she lived, inform me how she died.

March. (*Sternly.*) Well then, she died of a broken heart.

Rosa. What! she was wronged?

March. She was; by a villain, a most abandon'd villain.

Rosa. Oh! may heaven pour down its choicest vengeance—

March. (*Laying hold of her hand.*) Hold! his punishment is equal to his crimes—'tis in his head! his heart!—it gnaws, it maddens, it consumes him! —Fear not, my girl, I—I can answer for his sufferings; hell knows no torments like them.

Rosa. What! you avenged her wtongs?—noble, virtuous man!

March. Virtuous!—death and shame!—Hear me, Rosa; hitherto I have commanded silence on this subject, now I implore it; if you've one spark of pity for your distracted father, never, never name your mother.—Virtuous!—oh! my child! (*Weeps, and lays his head on her neck.*)

Rosa. Well, well, compose yourself: from this hour depend upon my silence.

Enter CRAFTLY *and* JENKINS, *from the Library.*

Craft. Come along, Jenkins; come from the crowd in the library, and I'll tell you such a secret.—Hey! that scribbler Marchmont; what brings him here?

March. Mr Craftly, may I entreat a word with you?—I must inform you, sir, that hitherto I have maintained myself and this unequalled child, by what my publications have produced from men of your profession in the capital.

Craft. Well, sir, and what's this to me?

March. You shall hear, sir. This day I have completed a new work, which, from the nature and locality of the subject, I offer first to you. It is a Sa-

tire on Extortioners; and is intended to expose that selfish, ravenous set, who, pirate-like, plunder each stranger that frequents our coast.

Craft. And you want me to buy it!—ha! ha! ha! —Do you hear him, Jenkins? he supposes I deal in books!

March. Why, don't you keep a library, sir?

Craft. To be sure I do; but there's every thing going forward in it but reading. Look, take a peep at them. One half of the company, you see, are making love, or talking scandal; and the other buying trinkets, or shaking the dice-box. Books indeed! why one would be enough for your frequenters of a watering-place; first, because most of them never read at all; secondly, because I doubt whether many of them can read; and thirdly, because those who do, so soon forget every line of the author, that one volume is a library to them.

March. Nay, sir, but when you reflect on the tendency of the production—

Craft. Psha! hang the tendency: write a panegyric on the glorious art of raffling, and then perhaps I'll talk to you. See! see how the flats bite! —all pulling out their cash, all putting down their names:—that's the manuscript, that's the real productive writing; and I'll bet, I get more by my evening raffles than ever bookseller got by Milton or Shakespeare. Besides, you are alive: if you want your book to sell, you should shoot yourself. An author never lives till he dies. So, to London, —send your works back to London.

March. I will; for there, (thank Heaven!) a library is still the seat of study and of learning, and never yet was prostituted to gaming and chicanery. —Come, Rosa, let us return to the Priory.

Craft. Take care, sir; remember that Priory belongs to my ward Gabriel; that the rent is small, in

consideration of its ruinous state; recollect there are arrears.

March. I know; but he's too liberal—

Craft. He! what has he to do with it? don't I turn him round my finger? So be on your guard, sir; and instead of satirizing extortioners, extol raffling.

March. Never, sir; for though my toil's incessant, and my gains small, I will not profit by corrupting morals; and I would rather welcome beggary or famine, than pen a line to injure virtue, or degrade myself. Come, my child; we've been perhaps too sanguine; but we will not despair.

[*Exit with* ROSA.

Craft. Insolent gazetteer!—but I'll humble him; yes, yes, I've already laid a train for him.—And now for the secret: what new master-stroke do you think this clever little octavo (*Pointing to his head.*) has achieved this morning? Mrs Decoy, a widow of family and fashion, first cousin to a baronet of ten thousand a-year, has consented to marry Gabriel.

Jenk. What, your ward?

Craft Aye: Mr Primitive, his rich uncle in Jamaica, desired me to select a wife for him, and I've done it: the widow has consented, and Gabriel is at this moment paying his first addresses to her.

Jenk. Impossible! a woman of family and expectations marry such a rustic!

Craft. That's it—that's the very reason. She says she is tired of town life, and town lovers; and therefore selects Gabriel for his rural simplicity. But I don't care about the motive; she's to give me twelve hundred pounds for my consent, and a third of what Mr Primitive settles on her into the bargain: now that's what I call a good morning's raffle.

Gab. (*Without.*) "Come, let us dance and sing—"

Craft. He comes; the enamoured swain appears. Now we shall hear how the courtship went on.

Enter GABRIEL, *singing.*

Gab. "While all the village bells shall ring."—It's a match, guardy!—the great lady consents: I'm a great man, you're another, and you shall be another, Jenkins.

Craft. Bravo! excellent!—What, and you like the thoughts of matrimony now?

Gab. Hugely.—I thought at first it would lead to wrangling and quarrelling; but—he! he! he!—I find that's all a mistake; for the moment we are united, that moment we are divided.

Craft. Divided!

Gab. Yes: a husband mustn't sit next to his wife at table, nor hand her out of a room, nor dance with her. In short, he mustn't be seen with her:—"So," says she, "we can't quarrel if we don't meet, you know."—"No," says I; "and, at that rate, if a man wishes never to see a woman, ecod! he can't do better than marry her: so, send for the parson, become Mrs Gabriel Lackbrain, and then, you know, I bid you good-bye for life."

Craft. Well, and what did she say then?

Gab. Why, she laughed, and talked of her accomplishments; reminded me of her finished education, and spoke a good deal of one Meters and one Tasio.

Craft. Psha! it's the same person—Metastasio.—Dolt! blockhead!

Gab. Blockhead! how could I help it? didn't you bring me up among the mountains? And so I told her—says I—"I know nothing of either of these Roman warriors, and I don't see why I should: Latin won't teach me to sow barley, or Greek to fatten a pig."—Says I, "I'm no foreigner; I can write and read my native language; and I wish, with all my soul, your great scholars could say the same."

Craft. You did, did you? then she laughed again, I suppose?

Gab. She did consumedly. But to conclude, she told me, though she preferred the country, I might visit London; and, that her cousin, the rich baronet, would introduce me to all the first circles. This, you may be sure, won my heart; for I had always a buckish turn, you know. So we struck the match; she sent for the clergyman——

Craft. Sent for the clergyman!—We'll go directly, and, by way of settlement, read the letter of Mr Primitive. Odsheart! she's the very woman he'd select; so disgusted with London! so devoted to the country!—Oh! she'll have a thousand charms for him;—and, what's better, she'll have more than twelve hundred for me (*Aside.*)—So, come, you rogue, come and be married.

Gab. Aye, the sooner the merrier, I say: for I do so long to see the baronet, and visit London; and when I get there, dang it, how I'll astonish these cocknies! I know they look upon us countrymen as a parcel of comeys and doeyes, that can only clap our hands upon our hearts and talk of conscience, innocence, and nature; but they sha'n't wrong us in that manner; they sha'n't suppose us so much behindhand; for I'll convince them there's more love-making in our woods than in their squares; more drinking in our alehouses than in their taverns; and for speculating and shaking a dice-box, you can satisfy them about that you know, guardy.—But now for the great lady.—"Come let us dance and sing, &c." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Hotel.

Enter CLIFFORD *and* WAITER.

Clif. You're sure there's no such person just arrived?

Wait. I'm sure there's no lady in the house of that description: but, if such a one should arrive, you may depend on the earliest intelligence from the best of waiters, in the best of hotels, in the best of watering-places.

Clif. That's right; and here's an earnest of my future bounty. (*Giving him money.*) Be wary now, for my existence depends upon recovering her. I came from London in pursuit of her, and she certainly took this very road. But, in the mean time, lay the cloth in the dining-room. (*Opens door in back scene.*) Why, here's company.—(SIR HARRY TORPID *discovered sitting in a chair, with a newspaper in his hand, fast asleep. A table close to him, with wine and glasses on it.*)

Wait. No, sir, the gentleman's just going. He came here about two hours ago, intending to enjoy our sea breezes for a fortnight; but, as usual, he is already tired, and will be off again in a moment.

Clif. Indeed!—Why, 'tis Sir Harry Torpid.

Wait. It is, sir: and, between ourselves, I fancy he is a little tired of himself; for he bribes the post-boys to drive like madmen till he gets to a place; and, when there, behold how it ends! in snoring over a newspaper, whilst the same boys are preparing to drive him equally fast back again.

Clif. Yes, I've known him long; and the cause of all this is, his having nothing to do.—But he wakes; I'll talk to him; leave us. [*Exit Waiter.*

Sir H. Tor. (*Yawning and stretching out his arms.*) Aw! aw!—still in this infernal place! still alone! still—(*Rises.*)—Damme! I'll be off. I'll try Tunbridge again: to be sure I've been there already twice this summer: however, any where but where I am. Here, waiter, a chaise and four again.

Clif. What, Sir Harry, have you forgotten—

Sir H. Tor. What, Jack! Jack Clifford!—my dear fellow, you're just come in time; I was reduced to the last extremity; had taken my after-dinner snooze, read the advertisements twice over; and, except paying the bill and wrangling with the waiter, hadn't a single hope on earth.—But now! sit down and finish the bottle, my boy.

Clif. Why, you're a strange creature, Sir Harry! but yesterday I saw you in Pall Mall.

Sir H. Tor. Yes, and very likely there you may see me again to-morrow. I'm sick to death of these sea-port towns. One goes to the libraries, the card-rooms, and the tea-rooms; and nothing interests, nobody seems alive.—Upon my soul, Jack, if these sea cormorants didn't continually compel me to put my hands in my pockets, I shouldn't know that I was alive myself. But you, what is your pursuit here?

Clif. The most tormenting one in the world—love, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Tor. Love! Oh, how I envy you! what would I give to be in love!

Clif. Don't, don't think of it; it has made me miserable.

Sir H. Tor. So much the better; that's what I want; and if I could but work myself into a most unhappy passion—no matter with whom—were she ever so ugly or ill-tempered, it would still answer my purpose.

Clif. What! would a scolding wife answer your purpose?

Sir H. Tor. To be sure: instead of sitting alone

in a coffee-room, picking my teeth, or yawning over a newspaper, think of having a fine, active, cheerful companion, who will scowl at me, snarl at me, and set my whole soul in a delicious *ferment*!—*then*, Jack, after an hour of delightful quarrelling, what say you to the reconciliation, to the kissing and making up again?—And, to complete the charming fire-side, call to mind half a dozen little Sir Harries; think of their noise, their nursing, their expence.—Oh! all this must produce agitation; and, were I as miserable as you are, I should be the happiest dog in England.

Clif. Psha! you know not what you talk of. Do you call it happiness to lose the object you are attached to?

Sir H. Tor. Lose her!

Clif. Yes, that is my case. My aunt, Mrs Clifford, lately brought with her from Switzerland, a lady of the name of Belford. At first sight I loved her; but, on declaring my affection, she treated me with scorn: however, I persisted, and, aided by my aunt's entreaties, hoped for success; when suddenly she left the house, and fled I know not whither.

Sir H. Tor. What, and you pursued her?

Clif. Yes; but hitherto in vain: cursed chance! I can gain no tidings of her.

Sir H. Tor. All the better again: the pursuit, my boy, the pursuit is every thing; and I only wish somebody would run away from me.

Clif. 'Sdeath! this trifling is ridiculous; were I as weary of myself, would I not seek out some employment?

Sir H. Tor. I have—I have tried every thing—devoted half my life, and nearly all my fortune, to racing, hunting, drinking, gaming, volunteering—in short, at the age of thirty, I've so outlived every enjoyment that, if I can't contrive to fall desperately in love, that I may run after somebody—to be sure,

there's one other prospect—my creditors grow so pressing, that probably I shall have to run away from somebody; and then, you know, I'm comfortable; for, next to love, certainly debt is most likely to keep a man in hot water.

Enter WILLIAM.

Clif. Well, sir, have you been more fortunate than your master? have you any news of the run-away?

Will. Yes, sir; a lady, answering Mrs Belford's description, was seen this morning at a farm-house about eight miles off.

Clif. Indeed?—my hopes revive, and she shall answer for her haughty conduct. Come, shew me the way.

Sir H. Tor. What, will you leave me alone, Jack?

Clif. You! why I thought you were going to Tunbridge.

Sir H. Tor. Yes—but I'd rather go with you. It will be luxury to the solitude of a post-chaise; and, besides, who knows but this is the very woman I'm to fall in love with?

Clif. Have a care, sir—cross me in my passion, and——

Sir H. Tor. You'll blow my brains out?—There I defy you; for, if I thought I had any, I should have done them that honour many years ago. But, come now, a friend may be useful—you may want his advice, his assistance.

Clif. Well, I don't like to part with you, so allons.

Sir H. Tor. Allons—and now I start fair again.—But hold, hold—all right and honourable, I hope?—One had better do nothing than do badly; and, to fight against time, a man must sleep of nights—aye, and of days too:—so remember, Jack, you found me sleeping—and don't, by drawing me into a bad action, deprive me of the best friend I have in the world. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room at MRS DECOY'S.

Enter MRS DECOY *and* BETTY.

Mrs. Dec. Ha! ha! the day's our own;—they're snared, they're caught; and your ruined mistress will once more roll in wealth and splendour.

Bet. She will, madam—and all owing to your coming to this town on a matrimonial speculation.

Mrs Dec. Matrimonial speculation indeed, Betty! —Yes, when a run of luck had reduced me to the last shilling, didn't I tell you I would go to a watering-place, and save myself by catching a golden calf?—And I've succeeded; and how?—simply, by telling Mr Craftly I was heiress to a rich baronet, devoted to retirement, and would give him twelve hundred pounds, and a third of what's settled on me, merely for his trouble in consenting.

Bet. I know. But are you sure of your husband's wealth?

Mrs Dec. Oh, there you may trust me. His uncle, now in Jamaica, lately changed his name to Primitive, for a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; and, in consequence of his daughter's death, adopted his nephew Gabriel, and appointed Mr Craftly his guardian—and a rare guardian he is! While he is nightly picking up a few pounds at his library, here have I, at one throw, raffled myself into a provision for life.

Bet. You have, ma'am; and I'm sure Mr Gabriel's a lucky man.

Mrs Dec. That's more than I know: he's but the husband of necessity: my cousin, my dear Sir Har-

ry Torpid is the object of my choice.—But silence! here are the two Gabies: I must support my character. [*Exit* BETTY.

Enter CRAFTLY *and* GABRIEL.

Craft. (*Bowing, all respect, &c.*) Madam, my ward has told me of your condescension; and though you laughed at him about Meters and Tasio——

Gab. Laughed at me! Lord help you! why Mrs Decoy isn't singular there; and, if it wouldn't make her jealous, I could tell her that all the women do the same:—yes, other young bucks may boast that the dear creatures smile upon them; but, ecod! I never look them in the face that they aren't in an absolute roar, he! he!

Craft. True; Gaby's an eternal source of good-humour. And now, if you've nothing further to propose——

Mrs Dec. Nothing, sir—only, to prevent the possibility of any misunderstanding, I hope Mr Gabriel has no objections to separate servants, separate incomes,—in short, a separate establishment?

Gab. None at all, ma'am: if you wish it, I'll sign articles of separation first, and marry you afterwards —I will, with all my heart and soul—that is, if guardy approves, for I always obey him.

Craft. Good boy! and this marriage is a reward for your obedience. But now to read Mr Primitive's letter, in lieu of settlement. Listen, for 'tis most important.—(*Reads.*) "Dear cousin Craftly, although I disapprove of early marriages, (having in the person of my unfortunate daughter seen the fatal effects of them,) yet, as I intend shortly to return to England, I beg you will select for Gabriel a wife of a quiet, retired disposition; and if, after residing with them at the Cottage one twelvemonth, I approve of their conduct, I hereby pledge myself to settle on

them two thousand a year during my life, and the bulk of my fortune after my decease."

Gab. Bravo, nunky! dang it, we shall be up to our chins in clover, ma'am.

Craft. Stop—here's an awful proviso.—(*Reads.*) "But if, on the contrary, I find them unworthy my esteem, I shall not only revoke this promise, but consider myself at liberty to adopt whoever I think proper. PAUL PRIMITIVE."

Gab. That's awful!, rot it, it's main hard if we cant keep worthy for a twelvemonth. Besides, who else is he to adopt?

Craft. Who! why, the child of this unfortunate daughter he speaks of. Though he deserted her in consequence of her marrying Marchmont, he was still doatingly fond of her—and if Rosa should throw herself in her grandfather's way——

Mrs Dec. True—the sight of her might revive sensations——

Craft. Never fear—I've been aware of all that—and Marchmont and his daughter shall be kept out of the way. There are arrears of rent—and neither of them shall see Mr Primitive.—Mum!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the clergyman is this moment arrived.

Mrs Dec. The clergyman! Lord! I'm so embarrassed:—aren't you, Mr Gabriel?

Gab. Why, I do feel somewhat flurried, but it's because I'm not used to it; if I was like you, I should not mind it. Lord bless you, I shall be quite bold and comfortable the next time I marry. But come, first for the ceremony, then for the Cottage.

Mrs Dec. Ay, then for the Cottage—and when we get there, I hope Mr Craftly will recollect that we shall want several new and additional articles of furniture.

Craft. I know; and, as it will give me a consequence in the town, I beg you'll so far indulge me, that whatever either of you want, I may bespeak of my own tradesmen in my own name.

Gab. Icod, we'll indulge you—and to begin, bespeak us a set of high horses and low carriages.

Mrs Dec. Ay—a dashing curricle, and a gay sociable.

Gab. No, not that; because, if we've a separate establishment, any thing sociable will knock all up, you know. No, if we must travel together, we'll have such a carriage as Mr and Mrs Jar have—a wide postchaise, with a fine thick partition between us; that's the way to prevent wrangling. But now for it—now for the clergyman—and then, Gaby, receive the reward of thy youth, thy beauty, and thy accomplished manners. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Outside of the Priory—distant View of the Sea—Garden-Chair.

Enter CLIFFORD *and* SIR HARRY TORPID, *hastily.*

Clif. Well, but I insist—listen—hear me, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Tor. I tell you I'm not Sir Harry—I'm another person—new born—just come into the world; and, till this moment, never was alive.

Clif. Nay, but what has occasioned it? is it because you've found the object I'm in search of?

Sir H. Tor. No—'tis because I've found the object I'm in search of—the thing I've been looking for all my life—a woman—a lovely, agitating, tormenting woman. My dear fellow, give me joy; I'm as miserable as yourself.

Clif. Psha! I almost wish you were.

Sir H. Tor. Why I am—I tell you I am. But you shall hear whence my good fortune arose. After we had searched in vain for your runaway, I went to Craftly's library; and, as usual, was sitting in that listless, lifeless state, when yawning fill'd each pause the tooth-pick left; when (lucky chance!) I was awakened from my torpor by the voice of a distressed female: I looked up, and saw the most divine, fascinating, attracting little angel! tears were starting from her eyes; and, with supplicating hands, she was entreating that rascal Craftly not to send her father to prison.

Clif. What! and you became interested for her?

Sir H. Tor. Yes: how could I help it? She told him, he was a poor author—wrote for his bread—and if he arrested him for the rent he owed, in his present infirm state, he must perish. At this, my heart, which had hitherto been a sleeping partner, began bounding about like a tennis ball; and at the same moment, before she could raise her handkerchief to her eyes, one of her tears fell on my hand: I looked at it, and soon saw another—it was my own! the first I had ever shed. I hailed the sight; and only cursed my unlucky stars, I had never before known the luxury of weeping.

Clif. Why, heyday! this is indeed a transformation!—And did you speak to her?

Sir H. Tor. I did—and to that savage Craftly—but he was inexorable. On which, I fairly told her, I had nothing to do—my time was entirely on my

hands; and if she'd give me leave, I'd horse-whip him through the world. To this she objected; and not daring to offer her money—and indeed the sum I had in this little gentleman, (*Producing a pocket-book.*) being too insignificant to be useful—she went away hopeless and disconsolate. I instantly enquired all about her; and there she lives; and here I'll live; and let her treat me with indifference, I shall still be grateful.

Clif. What! if she don't return your passion?

Sir H. Tor. To be sure. She has made me a most unhappy, agitated being; and that's conferring an obligation I never can repay.

Clif. Psha! I'll leave you to indulge your folly. And now, mark the difference between us: I have resources within myself; and if I fail in obtaining the object I'm in search of, I shall fly to solitude for consolation.

Sir H. Tor. Don't, Jack, don't think of it; I've tried it.

Clif. You tried solitude!

Sir H. Tor. Yes; it won't do at all. For once, when I found nothing else would answer, I went alone to a remote part of the Isle of Wight, hired a sort of hermitage, let my beard grow, and determined to dig my own grave, and howl if any body came near me. Well, I couldn't dress my meat, or make my bed, you know; so I was obliged to hire a kind of a laundress; and though she was both old and ugly, so tired was I of myself, that the sound of her feet was music to me, the sight of her face transporting to me, and her conversation—Oh! I used to listen to her infernal nonsense with such rapture! —Ah! Jack, Jack, you may talk of Petrarch and other anchorets living alone; but it's all an imposition; they never got on without a Laura, or some other snug thing, in their hermitages, you may depend on't.

Clif. Well, you're incurable; so adieu. When I want you, I shall know where to find you.

Sir H. Tor. You will; for here I sit for life. (*Sitting in garden-chair.*) [*Exit* CLIFFORD. And, thank Heaven! now I can sit still a little; for hitherto I have been so confoundedly fidgetty, that, except when sleeping, I could never bring myself to an anchor for two minutes together.—Gad! I wonder whether she's got home: I suppose not; for I made so much haste from the library— (*Rises, and gets behind a tree.*) No, she comes! the lovely, agonizing angel comes!

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. My poor father! how shall I tell him that the interview has failed; that the unfeeling man rejects my supplications, and the reward of all his labours is a prison? Alas! I dread to impart it.

Sir H. Tor. (*Advancing, and bowing.*) Then let me do it for you, ma'am.

Rosa. The gentleman who was so kind to me at the library!

Sir H. Tor. Yes, ma'am; and who from this hour begs to be employed by you; who will go to London for letters for you, to India for muslins for you, to the north pole for furs for you.

Rosa. Sir, you're very good; but I cannot think of troubling—

Sir H. Tor. I like trouble, ma'am; and if your father want assistance, if he want an amanuensis—to be sure I can't give him thoughts or jokes—but I'll copy for him till I'm as black in the face as his own ink, ma'am.

Rosa. Sir, this kindness from a stranger, from one on whom we have no claim—

Sir H. Tor. You have the strongest claim; you gave me life, ma'am; you found me in a state of apathy, inanity; but now! think of my enviable si-

[redacted] or coffee-rooms, club-rooms, and [redacted] I shall live in the open air, kneel all night under your window, and rend the sky with my despair and rapture!

Rosa. How! what mean you?

Sir H. Tor. Mean! that, doating as I do, I shall love every thing around you, reverence the woods that shade you, worship the winds that blow upon you, and idolize the little lap-dog that barks at you.

Rosa. Sir, I don't exactly understand you:—but my father expects me—good day.

Sir H. Tor. What! you cast me from you?—Well, no matter, you've done my business, and I'm equally obliged to you.

Rosa. Sir, the obligation is on my part: the interest you have shewn for a most unhappy parent deserves my warmest gratitude; and though, from our different situations, it is too probable we may never meet again, yet be assured, sir, I shall often think of him, who, in the hour of affliction, mingled his tears with mine. Farewell, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Tor. (*Taking out his handkerchief, and weeping.*) Farewell! Farewell!—I'm choaked with grief, and yet never was so happy in all my life.—But what shall I do? how employ myself to serve her?—Suppose I try to pay her father's debts?—Well, no bad beginning. But how? I've only these few notes, (*Taking out a small pocket-book.*) and if I offer them, it may perhaps offend—Distress—suppose—I have it—she's returning, she's coming this way; I'll drop it purposely that she may find it. My friend, (*To the pocket-book.*) I filled you to lay out in pleasure; half's already gone in taverns and in travelling, and you've procured me not one atom; but if the other half snatches a needy author from a prison, you will have done your duty nobly—yes, that will indeed give pleasure. But she comes:

(*Drops the book.*) I'll to the wood[illegible] to sighs and tears, and happiness unequ[illegible]

Re-enter ROSA.

Rosa. Not there! my father not in the Priory! —where, where can he have gone? Surely they haven't already—(*Treads on pocket-book.*)—What's this?—a pocket-book, and open, and bank notes!— Heavens! how came it here?—Oh! no doubt it belongs to the stranger; he has lost it; dropt it by accident; and perhaps already feels distress from wanting it. Where shall I find him? for, after what has passed, it would be gratifying to make even this small return. Ha! he comes!—no, 'tis my father— and in such haste! and looking so disordered!—

Enter MARCHMONT, *hastily.*

Speak, speak, sir!—what has happened?

March. So—I have out-run—escaped them—Oh! (*Faint and overcome.*)

Rosa. Merciful powers! how pale, how wan you look!

March. I have cause; for, even now, waiting in yonder path for your return, two men approached, and seized me. They said I was their prisoner, and for rent due from the Priory; and, what is most perplexing and mysterious, they offered instant freedom, provided I would sail with you to some far-distant land. This staggered and enraged me; I struggled with them, and, in the conflict, I escaped. But oh! my child, my feeble frame, already worn with labour and with sorrow—your hand, your hand, sweet girl.

Rosa. (*Leading him towards the chair.*) Oh! is there no way to satisfy these most unfeeling men? the debt is but a trifle.

March. No; but, poor and friendless as I am, 'tis

more than—soft!—assist me—I can go no further. (*Falls into the garden-chair.*)

Rosa. And must I see you perish!—Oh, my father! live, for my sake live! Consider now our hopes are vanished, and I left alone, no friend, no mother—Oh! pardon, pardon! I forgot, I forgot.

March. (*Wildly.*) No mother, said you?—and why, why, at this moment, is she not here to succour and console you?—But she's revenged; for could she see me thus reduced, thus on the eve of being torn from the sole pledge of our affection—

Rosa. (*Flying into his arms.*) You shall not; we will fall together.—(*Turns from him.*) Heavens! when money could restore him, is there no mode? —no—Ha! what have I here? (*Looking at the pocket-book, which has been all the time in her hand.*) Enough; more than sufficient for the purpose.—Blessed sight! I—I can save him. (*Going hastily towards* MARCHMONT.)—And yet—(*Pauses, and recollects.*)—what am I doing? this money is another's; and I must not—Oh! no, I dare not touch it.

March. Hark! they are coming!—Rosa, raise me; help, help me to avoid them. (*She tries to raise him; he falls back in the chair.*)—No, it will not be; I am their victim.

Rosa. (*Kneeling.*) Oh! Thou who watchest over trembling innocence! instruct, direct me.—There is a parent perishing from sickness and distress; here is the remedy to save him. Am I, his child, to see him suffer on; or am I, by dishonest means, to snatch him from the grave?—(MARCHMONT *sighs; she flies to him.*) My father, speak—speak to me, my father!

March. I do, I do.—(*Takes her hand.*) Ha! what agitates you? what makes you tremble thus?

Rosa. Guilt, father, guilt. I have the power to preserve you—look, here is the money—but it is not mine, father, it is not mine.

March. Not yours!

Rosa. No; I found it—nay, worse, I know whom it belongs to. Pity me—spare me—I could with joy lay down my life to serve you; but I cannot—no, not e'en to save a father, can I descend to actions robber-like and base.

March. What! this is your resolution? (*Rises.*)

Rosa. It is: and do not blame me, sir; I act but from the lesson you have taught me. You bade me die rather than live dishonoured; and I've to thank you for the precept; for, though the sure result be fatal to us both, something within assures me I am right, and that the father will applaud the child who welcomes death in preference to dishonour.

March. (*Runs and embraces her.*) Come to my arms—you have revived, restored me! Now I can meet imprisonment, or death; my daughter's virtue will atone for all.

Rosa. You can forgive me then?

March. More—I can worship you! and since returning strength invigorates my frame, let us not sink beneath misfortune.—

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID, *behind.*

No; though the agent is our foe, the principal may still befriend us. What say you, Rosa, shall we go instantly and apply to Mr Lackbrain?

Rosa. Most willingly: but, alas! he's guided by his guardian.

March. True; but he oft has served me; I am his debtor for more than rent. Come, come, let us not despond.—(*As they are going,* SIR HARRY *advances.*)

Sir H. Tor. Sir, I beg pardon; I hope I don't intrude; but, as you seem somewhat fatigued and unwell, suppose you let me apply to this Mr What's-his-name: upon my soul, I've nothing better to do.

March. Sir!

Rosa. It is the gentleman who dropt the pocket-book, and I'm most happy to restore it. Sir, on my return I found this—

Sir H. Tor. It's not mine, ma'am; by all that's serious, it's not mine.

Rosa. Nay, I'm convinced that it is yours; and I request—

March. And so do I, sir; my daughter must not profit by any such accident.

Sir H. Tor. Well, as you please, sir:—but it's of no use to me; it gives me no pleasure; and therefore I shall only drop it again, you may depend on it.

March. That concerns not me, sir.—Come, my child, you see how you've restored me. And thus it ever is; let honour triumph; and, like the morning sun, it will dispel the mists of sorrow and despair.

[*Exit with* ROSA.

Sir H. Tor. So! as proud as Lucifer, I see that.—But I'll lay him under an obligation, I'm determined I will—if I set his house on fire, only to put it out again.—Who can he be?—Where can he come from?—I know my old flame, Mrs Decoy, is in the town; and I'll go enquire of her directly.—And here the chace begins; yes, now I perceive why every thing was tedious and uninteresting—I never hunted out the unfortunate—there is the secret. Let a man make virtue his pursuit, and he'll find life a very pleasant sport, I promise him.

Exit.

SCENE II.

An Apartment at MRS DECOY'S.

Enter GABRIEL, *dressed in white.*

Gab. Ha! ha! ha! what a rare jolly thing matrimony is!—If I had known it had been half so comical, to be sure I wouldn't have had a slice of it many years ago.—And then, to get such a wife! Oh, I'm the luckiest fellow!—I must remember I'm married though; for my guardian has so hurried me into it, and I've so seldom seen my spouse, that, after a glass or two at dinner, I didn't recollect her—no, icod! and I trod on the toe of another man's wife instead of my own.—I must also mind on another account; no longer, Gaby, must you be a gay deceiver; no more with killing glances murder every heart.

Enter MRS GABRIEL LACKBRAIN, (*late* MRS DECOY.)

Mrs Lack. Come, my adorable! the curricle's waiting; and as the Cottage must be our place of residence, the sooner we get there the better. But you must invite the baronet; positively Sir Harry is the friend of all others to pass the honey-moon with us.

Gab. No doubt; and if so great a man will condescend—I tell you what—suppose you get pen and ink, and write to him directly?

Mrs Lack. I get pen and ink! I write! do you imagine a person of my accomplished education ever devotes a moment to writing?

Gab. Nan!

Mrs Lack. No, sir; that is your department; and whilst you are keeping accounts, managing the house, and looking after the servants, I shall be employed in more important matters—in dancing, singing, playing—in short, in gratifying my husband's vanity, by making myself adored by all mankind.

Gab. What! so when I want my dinner, you'll be making yourself adored by all mankind! upon my word!—However, you know best; and if you are so accomplished that you can't write a letter, why I must do it for you. So come to the Cottage, and then—

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. From Mr Craftly, sir; he says it is of the utmost consequence.

Gab. Indeed! (*Opens it, and reads.*)—"Dear Gabriel, Marchmont having escaped from the bailiffs, and being now in search of you to entreat lenity, it is absolutely necessary you should see him, and confirm what I have done: therefore let Mrs Gabriel go alone to the Cottage, and you may follow in a few hours; for, before Mr Primitive arrives, both Marchmont and his daughter must be disposed of. P. S. I have ordered all the new furniture you and your wife desired."—Go alone! what! part already?

Mrs Lack. Nay, you never disobey your guardian, you know; and 'tis but for a few hours. So, shew me to the curricle, sir. (*To the Servant.*)—And don't now, pray don't hurry yourself.—Heigho! I'll support your absence as well as I can.

Gab. And so will I yours.—Heigho! (*In imitation.*)—Don't be uneasy, I won't be long.

Mrs Lack. Adieu!

Gab. Adieu! (*Again in imitation, and kissing her hand.*) [*Exeunt* MRS LACKBRAIN *and Servant.*

Gab. Oh! Gaby, Gaby, if marriage be a lottery,

for certain you've drawn the thirty thousand pound prize. Dang it! how all the neighbouring squires will burst with envy, to know that the "country put," as they please to call me, is heir to a baronet of ten thousand a-year! and to hear him call me cousin, dear cousin!—Oh, how I will strut, and cut them!—I'll speak to nobody but the mayor, and to him only, because he has a chance of being knighted.

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID.

Sir H. Tor. Not here either! why they certainly told me this was her house.

Gab. (*Strutting, and not seeing him.*) Room, room, for Sir Harry's cousin. (*Coming against* SIR HARRY.)

Sir H. Tor. I beg pardon; but pray does Mrs Decoy live in this house?

Gab. (*Pompously.*) Decoy! there's no such person.

Sir H. Tor. No!

Gab. No.—Ask for Mrs Lackbrain—Mrs Gaby Lackbrain.

Sir H. Tor. Ha! ha! ha!

Gab. Why, what do you grin at? have you any objection, sir?

Sir H. Tor. None, none on earth; I am very glad to hear it. I knew she came down here on a fortune-hunting scheme; but I little thought any body would be fool enough to be taken in by her.

Gab. Taken in! why, do you know who you're talking of? do you know she's cousin to a baronet?

Sir H. Tor. I do.

Gab. That he means to leave her ten thousand a-year? that he's soon coming to visit her? and what with hard drinking, keeping him up all night, and making him ride break-neck fox-chaces, it's main

hard if they don't bury him in a fortnight; and then, you know, Mr Gaby touches every shilling.

Sir H. Tor. No, he don't.

Gab. Why?

Sir H. Tor. Because there's no shilling to touch, ha! ha!—The baronet's as poor as she is; and Mr Gaby may bury him; but, egad! he must pay for the funeral.

Gab. Impossible! Odratten! who told you this?

Sir H. Tor. Himself; and, what's better, now he tells you so. Sir Harry Torpid, in person, informs you, that the late Mrs Decoy's over head and ears in debt; and that whoever is her husband, instead of possessing ten thousand a-year, he'll be soon peeping through the iron bars of the county gaol.

Gab. (*Half crying.*) County ga—ol!

Sir H. Tor. Yes, 'tis too true. But where is he? where is the poor devil? Before he's caged, I should like to have a peep at him.

Gab. Sir—Sir Harry—I—I am he. (*Crying.*)

Sir H. Tor. You!

Gab. (*Crying louder.*) Yes, I'm Gaby! I'm the poor devil that's to peep through the iron bars Rot it! only think now; she talked of her family and fortune; said she'd introduce me to fashionable life, and promised to make a buck of me.

Sir H. Tor. Well, and she will make a buck of you. But don't take it so to heart—don't cry so; there's a little dear—I dare say you won't be arrested these two hours.

Gab. It's all my guardian's fault, all owing to his precious octavo.—And see, here he is. (*Looking out.*) Odrabit you! how I should like to be even with you.

Sir H. Tor. So he is—and as I live, the poor author and his daughter with him!—Why, what brings him here?

Gab. Why, Mr Marchmont owes me for rent, and money lent, about two hundred pounds; and so, by

my guardian's orders, he's also to peep through the iron bars.—Zounds! if I wasn't afraid—but there it is, sir—he rules me with a rod of iron; and, at the age of twenty-four, here am I, a full-grown baby in leading-strings.

Sir H. Tor. Psha! rouse, exert yourself; and if you wish to be revenged, liberate this poor gentleman, release him from the debt he owes you, and you'll not only be even with your guardian, but feel what I never felt till this morning, the pleasure of being in good-humour with yourself.

Gab. I've a great mind—but will you stand by me?

Sir H. Tor. That I will, and, moreover, go with you to your wife, and accommodate and arrange—

Gab. Say you so? then I'll work myself up, and pay you off old scores, you old—

Craft. (*Without.*) Gabriel! where are you, Gabriel?

Gab. There, it's all over; his voice plumps me down like a thunderbolt.

Sir H. Tor. Nonsense! I'll be at your elbow. Come, come, I saw wine in the next room; a glass or two may rouse, inspire—come, this way, this way.

[*Exeunt at door in flat.*

Enter CRAFTLY, MARCHMONT, *and* ROSA.

March. What, what can be the motive for this persecution?

Craft. No matter, sir; you know the terms: instantly go abroad with your daughter, or hope not to escape a second time.

March. Abroad! what can a foreign country yield me?—Without friends, without money, and dependent on the labour of the brain, how can I support myself?

Rosa. Aye; consider, sir, to leave the Priory would be parting with the only friend we have; the

garden we have reared with our own hands, the trees we have planted to shade us in old age.

Craft. Psha! stuff! decide instantly, or the bailiffs that are now in the house—

Rosa. Oh, for mercy!—look at him, behold his pallid countenance, his languid form—is that an object of resentment?—(CRAFTLY *turns from her.*)—Nay then, I will appeal for pity to another, the principal shall answer me.

[SIR HARRY *and* GABRIEL *appear at the door, in flat.*—SIR HARRY *has a bottle of wine in his hand, and is filling a glass for* GABRIEL.

Sir H. Tor. Bravo! capital! another glass, and you'll do wonders.—(GABRIEL *drinks it off.*)

Craft. Ay, ay, ask Gabriel; he'll give you an answer, I warrant.

Rosa. (*To* GABRIEL, *who has now come forward with* SIR HARRY.) Oh! on my knees let me entreat you, sir, have compassion on a most unhappy parent; and if you are not so far ruled by that unfeeling man—

Sir H. Tor. (*The bottle and glass still in his hand.*) He ruled! pooh! he's his own master now—aren't you, Gabriel?

Gab. (*Who has hold of* SIR HARRY'S *arm.*)—Yes, I'm no longer a full-grown baby, or in leading-strings, or—(*Leaves* SIR HARRY *and advances,* CRAFTLY *comes up to him and frowns.*)—Yes, I am though.—(*Returns to* SIR HARRY.)—Another bumper, or it's all over again.—(SIR HARRY *fills,* GABRIEL *drinks.*)

Craft. (*Following* GABRIEL.) What do you mean, sir? dare you for a moment dispute my authority?

Sir H. Tor. (*To* GABRIEL, *who finishes the glass.*)—And now, instead of sending Mr Marchmont abroad, or to prison, he bids me say, that he not only releases him from the debt he owes him; but as to his guardian and his authority—Oh! damme, he don't care that for him. (*Snapping his fingers.*)

Gab. (*Snapping his.*) No, I don't care that for you, old octavo.—(CRAFTLY *advancing in a menacing attitude,* GABRIEL *runs behind* SIR HARRY, *and speaks over his shoulder.*)—I don't; I tell you I don't; and Mr Marchmont is free; and now you're raffled in your turn.

Craft. Hear me, hear me, I command. Instantly call up the bailiffs that are below stairs, and order them to seize him, or by heaven—

Sir H. Tor. Bailiffs below stairs!—Come along, friend Gabriel: you lay hold of Mr Marchmont's arm, and conduct him through the myrmidons, and I'll take care of the lady: and, dy'e hear, bring the bottle along with you; and, once arrived at the Priory, we'll drink success to the sons of genius, and confusion to those who oppress them.

Gab. With all my heart. Here goes. (*Fills a glass, and drinks.*) Success to myself, and confusion to those who oppress me.

Craft. Death and fire! I'll go directly to Mrs Lackbrain; I'll—

Enter JENKINS.

Jenk. I'm sorry to be the bearer of unwelcome news; but several tradesmen are below, who have sent in large lots of furniture to the Cottage, and they insist on receiving their money directly.

Craft. Ay! I'm glad of that; now comes my triumph. Pay, husband, pay for your wife's furniture.

Jenk. No, sir: they say Mrs Lackbrain is considerably in debt; that she came down here on a matrimonial speculation; and therefore, as you ordered in the furniture in your own name, they look to you, and you alone, for payment.

Gab. (*Spitting out wine he had been drinking.*) Icod! he'll peep through the iron bars before me, ha! ha!

Sir H. Tor. Yes, and he may call up the bailiffs to arrest himself now, ha! ha! ha!—But lead on, and don't despond, friend Gabriel.

Gab. Not I: if I've got one troublesome companion by the bargain, I'm sure he has got a couple; and a man may by accident get rid of a wife, but the devil himself can't shake off John Doe and Richard Roe; icod! they'll stick to you. And so, thank ye kindly for the furniture, guardy.—And now, brother genius, now for freedom and the Priory. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Outside of Hotel and View of the Town.

Enter CRAFTLY *and* JONATHAN.

Craft. Arrived! my cousin Primitive now in the hotel! Why, zounds! we didn't expect him home these six weeks.

Jon. No, sir; but the fleet sailing sooner than was intended, and the wind being peculiarly favourable——

Craft. Well, but how is he? and how are you, Jonathan? I'm heartily sorry—that is, glad—that is—Death and fire! that he should arrive when one's so perplex'd and embarrassed!

Jon. My master is all joy and expectation, sir—

so anxious to behold the new-married couple, and the cottage, and the farm—he has talked of nothing else all the voyage—but you'll excuse me, sir, I have a message to Mr Clifford.

Craft. Clifford! why, what has your master to do with Clifford?

Jon. Why, sir, his father, who resides in Jamaica, has appointed Mr Primitive his guardian—the young gentleman is already apprized of the circumstance by letter, and I'm now going to request an interview—but see—there is my master, after an absence of thirty years! you behold him come home to share his fortune with the young couple.

Craft. So I do. (*Exit* JONATHAN.) And as I mean to touch a third of his fortune, I must keep him in the dark about the young couple—yes, much as I detest, I must not expose them—for, as the joke goes, if we don't hang together, by Heavens we shall hang separately.

Enter PRIMITIVE *from the Hotel.*

Welcome, my dear cousin—once more welcome to your native town! Why, you made haste to get here. You did not stay long in London.

Prim. London! plague on the place, it's worse than ever.—In point of heat, Jamaica's cool to it—in point of noise, a hurricane is silence to it—and for company and conversation, certainly the crew of the ship I came in runs it very hard indeed, cousin.

Craft. Ha! ha! ha! still devoted to a country life, I see.

Prim. Oh, yes—I think of nothing else—for there's the seat of purity and peace; and now for it, coz—now for the darling theme—Gabriel's married, I find.

Craft. Yes, he's married. (*Sighs aside.*)

Prim. And to a woman of your chusing—to a sweet innocent soul, that's as much attached to rural life as her husband is.

Craft. Yes, as much as he is.

Prim. And they're now at the cottage—and I am come in time for the honey-moon.—Oh, my dear cousin, this is all your doing!—you gave him a country education—you taught him to manage the farm I purchased—and now if I can but get rid of my old malady—if I can but forget my poor, poor daughter!—

Craft. What! grieve for her, when she has been dead these twelve years? and consider, you scarcely recollect her, for she was but a child—only eight years old, when you sent her from Jamaica to a London boarding school.

Prim. That's it—sending her to London was the cause of all—There Marchmont saw her, eloped with her! Oh! if I had but brought her up in the country! But come—I'll do my best—only, in the midst of my happiness, if now and then you see a tear trickle down my cheek, you'll know it is for my lost, my wronged Louisa.

Enter JONATHAN *and* CLIFFORD.

Jon. Here's Mr Clifford, sir.

Prim. Well, sir, have you read your good father's letter?

Clif. I have, sir, and I find my income is not only to pass through your hands, but, in case of my neglecting my studies, you have the power to with-hold it altogether.

Prim. Even so, sir—your father has heard a bad account of you; he has been informed, that, instead of studying law in your chambers, you are always idling and raking. And here—here's a proof of it—what brings you to this gay, dissipated place, sir?

Clif. My physicians prescribed it, sir.

Prim. Your physicians, sir?

Clif. Yes, sir,—fatigue from study, and the bad air of London, produced such a pain in my chest.

Prim. Pain in—Well, come, that's not unlikely; for by the advertisements in the newspapers, the bad air of London affects every body's health. Faith, there is nothing going forward but lumbagos, nervosities, catarrhs, and imbecilities.

Craft. Psha, that's all an imposition—a trick of the quack doctors.

Prim. Nay, don't tell me, cousin; for, passing through the west end of the town, every young man I met was debilitated, or short-sighted, or ricketty, or had a defect in his voice. Poor fellows, you can't think how sincerely I pitied them! I did indeed; and, if I had not reserved all my fortune for Gabriel, I'd build an hospital for the benefit of the infirm and decayed beaux of Bond-street.—But come, the more I talk on't, the more I sigh for the Cottage—so we'll just go visit a few old friends and relations, return and rest in the hotel, and betimes in the morning set off, and surprise the innocent, the Arcadian couple.

Craft. So we will; and as to the settlement, cousin—

Prim. Oh! if they behave as I expect—I sha'n't wait till the year's out—and d'ye hear, Mr Clifford, do nothing dishonourable, and I shall neither controul you in your pleasures, nor your expences; and, if you delight in rural scenery and innocent mirth, come and pass a few weeks at the Cottage—I'll warrant 'twill cure your pain in the chest.—Now, cousin! odsheart! I'm so pleased and so gratified, that, if it were not for some secret gnawings about my poor daughter—but s'life! why do I think of her? as you say, she was but a child when I last saw her, and she's gone, and I'm the happiest (*Half crying,*) merriest old fellow living.

[*Exit with* JONATHAN *and* CRAFTLY.

Clif. 'Sdeath! what can my father mean by making me dependent on the caprice of an old dotard!

—However, I see I can easily dupe him, and in the end, I shall not only get my own income, but part of his into the bargain: and now once more for the object of my search, the disdainful Mrs Belford—zounds! shall I never recover her?

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Joy, sir! she's found—the runaway's found!—not half an hour ago I saw her enter the Priory.

Clif. What, Mrs Belford?

Will. Yes, sir; she's gone there as a teacher of music and drawing to Mr Marchmont's daughter,—and, knowing he was a strange character, and might prevent your gaining possession of her, I have already seen him, and secured him in our interest.

Clif. That's well, then she's for ever mine; but now—how did you contrive to deceive Marchmont?

Will. Why, sir, I met him on the road, and told him a person of very suspicious character was now with his daughter—and if he'd wait on you, you'd give him information and advice; and see, here he is, sir.

Enter MARCHMONT *hastily.*

March. Mr Clifford, am I to believe—

Clif. 'Tis too true, sir; the person now with your daughter may not only corrupt her young and inexperienced mind, but absolutely decoy her from your protection.

March. Astonishing! who is she?

Clif. To speak the truth, a lady who has eloped from a most affectionate husband; and as she is a distant relation of mine, I'm pursuing her to restore her to her family.

March. And being lost to herself—she would reduce all others to her level—Oh! she is the agent of some villain! and now I recollect—the pocket-book

my daughter found, no doubt was dropped by her, to aid their dark intentions.

Clif. Pocket-book! ha! that must have been Sir Harry's—I'll work on this, and turn it to account, (*aside.*) Now you mention it—I saw in her possession a pocket-book of curious workmanship;—silver'd—blue.

March. The same—the same—Oh! that is ample confirmation; and this is the result of my too sanguine folly; for, on a false and most precarious prospect, I advertised for a teacher for my child; and now, she who has nursed me, toil'd for me—nay, whose very thoughts have saved me hours of labour, she's to be corrupted and taken from me! Come, let us lose no time in hastening to her—

Clif. No, but I hope you will not trust her story—we've been too long acquainted, I presume—

March. We have, and you've no motive for deceiving me—No—no—she is employed by some seducer—and I would rather trust my daughter with an host of men, than with one woman of suspicious fame. But she's in danger, and let me fly to save her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Gothic Apartment in the Priory.

Enter ROSA *and Mrs* BELFORD—*Mrs B. in a Hat and Veil.*

Rosa. Oh! you do not know how deeply you have interested me. Pray proceed with your story—you lately came from Switzerland, you say?

Mrs Bel. I did: under the protection of a most kind and liberal lady—but on my arrival, being per-

secuted by the artful addresses of her nephew; and she, innocently becoming his advocate, I was compelled to leave her.

Rosa. And have you no other friend?

Mrs Bel. None, none on earth; and am reduced to such an abject state of poverty, that, reading your advertisement for a teacher in music, I thought I would apply for the situation, as the last hope of saving me from want.

Rosa. And I'm so glad you read it! My father will soon return, and then I hope he will persuade you to live with us for ever.—He is most tender and affectionate; but, as he tells me, I want a female monitor, for, alas! I never had a mother to instruct me.

Mrs Bel. No!—

Rosa. No! she died when I was yet an infant; poor woman! I often shed tears to her memory. I'd give the world were she alive—

Mrs Bel. Would you? good girl! I have been—nay, perhaps, am still, a mother; and could I even hope my child e'er thought or talked of me as you do—but no more of this—let us to the theme on which we meet—and, before I venture to instruct you, give me a specimen of my scholar's talents.

Rosa. Most willingly: I'll sing my favourite ballad.

SONG.

Sweetly in Life's jocund morning,
Beam'd on me a father's smile;
Joy with livelier charms adorning,
Cheering grave instruction's toil.
Cruel memory, too severely,
Tells me those blest hours are gone,
Which with him I prized so dearly,
He has frown'd, and they are flown!

Love, which drew these sorrows on me,
Love alone can yield relief;
The pitying power that has undone me,
Pours the balm that heals my grief.
What though memory so severely
Tells me that my joys are gone;
Let but him I love so dearly
Smile, and all my cares are flown.

Mrs Bel. Merciful powers!——Who taught you this?

Rosa. My father.

Mrs Bel. Your father!—speak—his name?

Rosa. Marchmont.

Mrs Bel. And you!—Oh, yes: I see it now—'tis she!—'tis she herself! (*Weeps, and kisses* ROSA'S *hand violently.*)

Rosa. Bless me, what agitates you?

Mrs Bel. Nothing! pardon me—it is your likeness to your mother that distracts me!—then these words---they were your mother's, Rosa.

Rosa. Did you know her? Oh! speak of her---inform me quick, tell me every thing about her---I would walk barefoot through the world, and think each pang that wrung my weary feet were joy, were ecstacy, could I but learn some tidings of my mother!

Mrs Bel. What! has your father never told you?

Rosa. Never: the subject is forbidden me; and if, perchance, I name her, he shews such anger and such secret horror!—

Mrs Bel. Oh! If I dared to reveal—but no, still—I must still be mute. (*Aside.*)

March. (*Without.*) Rosa! Rosa Marchmont!

Mrs Bel. (*Trembling*) Heavens! that voice. (*Aside.*)

Rosa. It is my father.

Mrs Bel. I know---I recollect the sound---and like the knell of death it strikes upon my heart! what

can I do? where go? I'll fly---and---alas! my limbs will not support me.

Rosa. Nay, stay. Why---why be afraid to see him?

Mrs Bel. True; why should innocence descend to fear---and yet 'tis most awful to encounter---(*Trembling, and looking towards the door.*) Ha! he comes---hide, hide me from his sight! (*Pulls down her veil, and gets behind* ROSA.)

Enter MARCHMONT *and* CLIFFORD.

March. Look! look where she stands, infusing poison into the breast of innocence!

Clif. Ay, that's she; and, if you value your own or your daughter's honour, part them this instant.

March. Rosa, shame on you, girl, to countenance and be corrupted by a stranger.

Mrs Bel. Corrupted! I corrupt her! (*Aside.*)

March. (*To* MRS BELFORD, *who is still behind* ROSA, *with her veil down.*) Mark me, madam—You see before you one who, though oppressed by fortune, scorns to infringe the laws of hospitality, and willingly would share his last sad pittance with the poor:—but when he's told by him whom he respects, that you have stolen to his house, to spoil and rob him of his only treasure, he must and will be answered. I am above condemning you unheard, therefore explain—(MRS BELFORD *shews great agitation.*) What! not a word? (*Pauses.*) Again I do entreat you---still silent! Nay, then we part---this is no fit asylum for you.

Mrs Bel. Oh, mercy! mercy! [*Exit.*

Clif. I'll follow her, and take this opportunity to bear her quietly to her home.

March. Be it so,—but observe me, Clifford—as I have done my duty, you do yours:—though guilty, she is still an object of compassion; and therefore,

rather pity than reproach her. (*Exit* CLIFFORD.) My daughter! (*Resting his head on her shoulder.*)

Rosa. My father! what have you done?

March. What I ought to do—saved my Rosa from disgrace;—and yet I know not why—poor woman! I feel as if I'd acted harshly towards her.

Rosa. And well you may, sir; for, if I dare impart it, she was my mother's friend.

March. How?

Rosa. She knew her, loved her, and expressed such admiration——

March. Peace, I command you:—vile impostress! this was an artifice so base, that I no longer pity, but despise her. Nay: not a word—Attend me to my study.—She your mother's friend! Oh, she was all innocence and truth! And at this moment I see her in those eyes—that form—that—but what am I conversing on? where wandering?—to my study—lead to my study. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Hotel.

Enter PRIMITIVE, JONATHAN, *and Waiter.*

Prim. There, there—this room will do, waiter, this room will do.

Wait. But I tell you, sir, it is bespoken—and the hotel is so cramm'd with company, I can't offer you another.

Prim. Call the landlord then—he'll find room for an old acquaintance, I warrant.

Wait. Sir, my master's not at home—just gone to the sailing match, in his own yacht, with Miss Laura Maria and Miss Anna Matilda.

Prim. Miss Laura Maria and Miss Anna Matilda! and pray who the deuce are they?

Wait. My master's own daughters, sir—as accomplished young ladies as any in the county,—just come down from Rantipole-house Academy, near London, sir.—But, sir, this room belongs to Mr Clifford.

Prim. Mr Clifford—Oh, then you may go—he is my most intimate friend, and I'll answer for the consequences. (*Exit Waiter.*) Why, Jonathan, this town is Londonized, quite turned upside down;—when I left England, this hotel was an alehouse, and the landlord here a post-boy—and now he goes to sailing matches in his own yacht—sends his daughters to Rantipole-house, and calls them Miss Laura Maria and Miss Anna Matilda! mercy on me! mercy on me!

Jon. Strange alterations, indeed, sir:—but about your cousins. After so long an absence, I warrant they were all glad to see you.

Prim. Why, there again we are all metamorphosed, Jonathan. I found the alderman, who is now in his sixtieth year, learning to dance; and on my expressing my astonishment, he told me the dancing master owed him thirty pounds for soap and candles—and the debt being a bad one, his wife insisted he should take it out in lessons—and there he was—sa, sa, (*Mimicking*) ha! ha!

Jon. Ha! ha!

Prim. Then young Shiftly, whom I left a plodding lawyer, is now a snug apothecary:—he says physic is by far the finest trade going; for the women, blessings on them! wear such thin dresses, that, what with friendly showers and propitious east winds, the whole medical tribe get cloathed by their nakedness! And I'm sure he speaks truth; for, when we landed, dont you remember, I was ashamed to look about me? Says I, "Fie, Jonathan, don't you

see the ladies are all in their bathing dresses, and if you peep at them, you'll"——But, however, 'tis a cursed delicate subject; and, upon my soul, shocks my modesty only to talk on it.—Oh! would I were safely perched at the fire-side of the cottage.

Jon. Aye, that will make you amends—there you will witness no folly nor dissipation.—And what say you, sir? Suppose I go and prepare for the morning?

Prim. Do, Jonathan—and, d'ye hear, be stirring as early as five—but don't trouble yourself to call me. Joy and expectation will keep me awake—(*Exit* JONATHAN.) Yes, there I shall sit down content for life, and with the two unsophisticated cottagers, looking up to me as a father—Father! Psha! I can't bear the word—it reminds me of my poor dead—s'life! I can't bear that word either—Plague on't, why did she die? What right had she to leave me, who never wrong'd her—didn't I tho'? Because she married the man of her heart, didn't I, like an old worldly savage, desert, abandon—I'll tell you what—dont you talk of the vices of mankind, Mr Primitive; by Heaven, you're as great a profligate as any of them. (*Stamping of feet is heard without.*) Heh! what's that noise? (*Looks out.*) As I live, a man bearing a woman in his arms! another cousin, I suppose.—I'll observe. (*Retires up stage.*)

Enter CLIFFORD *with* MRS BELFORD.

Clif. There—rest there awhile. (*Placing her in a chair.*) Nay, nay—resistance is in vain, the landlord and all his servants are at my disposal; (*Locks door, and puts the key into his pocket*) and in the morning we'll take a pleasant sail to Lisbon.

Mrs Bel. Oh! for mercy! you know not whom you force me from!

Clif. Nay, nay, 'tis all for your advantage—but as 'tis necessary to make instant preparations for our voyage, I must to my chamber, and get money and

other articles—now don't be uneasy, 'tis all for your happiness, I assure you. [*Exit.*

Prim. (*Advances, not seen by* MRS BELFORD.) So, this is one way of curing the pain in the chest!

Mrs Bel. Heavens! but a few short minutes past I was in sight of all that's dear to me on earth—of Rosa, and—yes, I am weak enough to own it—of Rosa and her father. Where am I now?—imprisoned by a villain! on the point of being forced to a foreign country! without hope, without friends!

Prim. No, not without friends—you see one before you.

Mrs Bel. Away—you're a confederate with this vile seducer.

Prim. I a confederate! I a seducer! Bless you, only look at these wrinkles; (*Pointing to his face.*) and if that does not satisfy you, feel if a seducer ever possessed this, a heart that beats and sympathizes for the distresses of a woman.

Mrs Bel. It does.—And now I look again, I think, oh, yes! I'm sure, you will not add to my afflictions.

Prim. No—and to prove it, without asking, or knowing who this Rosa is, I'll instantly conduct you to her.

Mrs Bel. No, not to her—for kingdoms not to her.

Prim. Why? has she too been unkind to you?

Mrs Bel. No, she never could—but her father! he who should protect me with his life—he banished me his house—he—Oh! my brain cannot support the recollection! But I will shew him—Yes, if I deign to think of him again, 'twill be with scorn—with fixed determined scorn.

Prim. That's right, I applaud your spirit—let him and Clifford cut each other's throats, and do you go with me.—Harkye! are you fond of retirement? do you love a pastoral life?

Mrs Bel. Oh, yes! that is what I sigh for—retirement's all that's left me.

Prim. Say you so—then I'll conduct you to such an Arcadian scene! You must know, my nephew and niece have a cottage about four miles off, and I'm going to live with them, and you shall be of the party—and we'll plant, sow, and feed the pigs and poultry together—and then—for society! to be sure, our live stock can't be so witty as the pleasant Mr Clifford and his friend. However, there is this consolation—sheep can't betray us, nor cows tell lies of us—so, come, let us be gone (*Trying to open the door, finds it locked.*) S'life! I forgot we are prisoners here.

Mrs Bel. We are—and so surrounded by enemies, that tho' you have the wish, alas! you've not the power to serve me; and look, here he comes again.

Re-enter CLIFFORD.

Clif. My mind is alter'd.—There may be danger in remaining here to-night—therefore we'll to the ship directly—and for old Primitive——

Prim. Well, sir—and what of old Primitive? Your servant, Mr Studious—I'm glad your pain in the chest is better.

Clif. (*Much confused.*) Better—sir! I don't understand—I assure you, at this moment I don't feel very well, sir.

Prim. No? How should you, sir? I never heard that ill treating a woman was for the good of a man's health—but, come, sir—favour me with the key of that room.

Clif. Certainly, sir.—You may depart when you please: but for this lady (*Taking hold of her.*) she must stay with me.

Prim. Must, sir!

Clif. Aye, must, sir: we never part again.

Prim. So, you'd detain her? (CLIFFORD *nods assent.*) Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you—What is your income?

Clif. My income, sir?

Prim. Aye—Have you any thing in houses, lands, or the funds? or, simply nothing more than what your father allows you?

Clif. Nothing, sir.

Prim. Then I give you joy—persist in your gentlemanly intentions, and your father will disinherit you; or, if that will not content you, I will annihilate you. Yes, sir, tho' I never betrayed innocence —I know too well what it is to desert it! And the goadings I feel at this instant for having abandoned my own child——I'll tell you what—rather than undergo the agony of forsaking another female, I'd march up to the mouth of a cannon, be shot at by a whole regiment, or, what's more, submit to be hanged, for ridding the world of the decayed, the honourable Mr Clifford.

Mrs Bel. Nay, consider, sir, we are in his power.

Prim. Psha! what should I be afraid of! Tho' older than he is by forty years—I'm still the youngest of the two. My stamina is not undermined by dissipation—I've got no pain in the chest—and, if exchanging shots isn't the modern mode of fighting, I'll go a step lower, and condescend to box him.—Yes, I will; I'll box him.

Clif. Well, sir, I acknowledge my dependence; and if you will but listen——

Prim. Not a word, sir—first open the door—and next, in person, conduct us safely out of this house. Nay, no demurring—do it: I insist.

Clif. And if I do, I hope——

Prim. Sir, I shall make no promises. (CLIFFORD *opens door and exit.*) Come, madam—in my time gallantry was a very different sort of business. Tho' we were cowardly enough to avoid the dangers of seduction, we were still bold enough, and I hope ever will be, to protect innocence and punish villainy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A small Room in the Cottage, folding Doors thrown open in the back Scene, and variegated Lamps hung round them; also, Festoons of Flowers—a short Dance—Voices are heard singing,

"Come, come, one and all,
"Attend to my call,
"And revel in pleasures that never can cloy;
"Come see rural felicity,
"Which love and innocence ever enjoy."

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID *from Ball Room.*

Sir H. Tor. This retirement! this pastoral life!—Gad, instead of being inside of my friend Gabriel's cottage, one might fancy one's-self in the purlieus of Covent Garden; for, not an hour ago, talking with Mrs Lackbrain at the paddock gate, I suddenly received a blow on my head, which I as suddenly returned, and, I fancy, laid my adversary low!; but it being quite dark, and the lady wishing to be gone, I haven't the honour of knowing to whom I am indebted.—However, it was a glorious bang! it roused me! 'tis life! agitation! And whoever the gentleman is, I've to thank him for bringing me into a fine whirligig state.

Enter BETTY.

Ha! Betty, what brings you here?

Bet. My mistress, sir, desired me to give you this note the moment I found you alone.

Sir H. Tor. Indeed! (*Taking letter, opening it, and reading.*) "Dear coz, I haven't yet been able to find out who the savage was that interrupted our little *tête a tête* at the paddock gate: but, if you wish to renew the conversation relative to providing for Marchmont, meet me in my dressing-room in half an hour, and I'll do all in my power to serve him.

LYDIA LACKBRAIN."

So, more cottage diversion! However, if, without injuring my honour, I can restore Marchmont and the lovely Rosa to independence, my time cannot be passed better.—Tell your mistress I'll be punctual!

Bet. Yes, sir.

Sir H. Tor. And for this affair at the paddock gate, bid her hush it up, if she can. As I could not distinguish my antagonist, I hope he wont know me—for fighting to a man in love is—but, go, for here's my friend Gabriel. [*Exit* BETTY.

Enter GABRIEL, *half drunk from Ball Room.*

Gab. Oh! my dear, dear friend—you're the very man I have been looking for.—Come—come with me this moment.

Sir H. Tor. With you! Where?

Gab. Where! Why, in search of the most obstropulous, infernal—Dang it, would you believe it, cousin baronet, Mrs Gaby's faithless; and now, in the very middle of our honey-moon—I do actually think that real downright *nem. con.* is going forward.

Sir H. Tor. Fie! impossible!

Gab. Harkee! You know Miss Sally Sasafras, the apothecary's heart-breaking daughter—who, if possible, kills more people than her father:—well, I had pierced her to the soul with one of my murdering glances—and, after putting on her hat and cloak, had persuaded her to walk with me, when, as the

devil would would have it, I overheard my wife whispering with a man—Ay, and though it was too dark to see him, ecod, I felt him. For, thinks I, if you'll plant lumps on my head, I'd better plant bumps on yours; so I gave him such a douce——

Sir H. Tor. (*Eagerly.*) My dear fellow, where—where did this happen?

Gab. Where! Why, at the paddock gate, now, not an hour ago. (SIR HARRY *looks confused.*) Good soul! I knew you'd feel for me consumedly.

Sir H. Tor. I do!—and for myself too consumedly. (*Aside.*)

Gab. I said he would take on as much as if the case were his own:—but don't you, now,—don't be down-hearted.—You'll see that I'll serve him just as I served Jemmy Swagger.

Sir H. Tor. And, pray, how did you serve Jemmy Swagger?

Gab. Why, I behaved very ill to Jemmy Swagger, and he sent me a challenge—so I took my friend with me—this young gentleman (*Pulling his stick from under his coat;*) and so I thumpt him till he ask'd pardon: and in like manner I'll serve this paddock hero, and you shall be by all the time. Ha! ha! you like fun—you like life, you know.

Sir H. Tor. Yes! but I don't like death, you know—give it up, for your own sake—These sort of rencontres always get into the public prints. People just catch the names of the parties, huddle the innocent with the guilty, and coolly remark, a blackguard business, and a damned set of scoundrels altogether—give it up therefore.

Gab. No, I wont—you have been very kind to me, and I'll break his bones, if it is only to amuse you, cousin.—(*Loud knocking at the door.*)—What's that?—(*More knocking.*)—Again! and so early in the morning!

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Oh, sir, my mistress is terrified out of her senses! Mr Craftly is below, telling her that Mr Primitive is unexpectedly arrived from Jamaica, and will be here in half an hour.

Gab. My uncle here in half an hour! Od dang it —I'm sorry to disappoint you—but you see I must postpone the operation.

Sir H. Tor. My dear sir, don't mention it; if you postpone it for ever, it will be no disappointment to me, I promise you. Adieu! Now for the dressing-room, and, having served Marchmont, then for the Priory! Gad, this is bustle! this is life, while it lasts, or the devil's in it! [*Exit.*

Gab. My uncle so near—so—

Enter CRAFTLY *and* MRS LACKBRAIN.

Mrs Lack. So, so! here's a pretty business—Mr Primitive not half a mile off, and you're in a fine state to receive him—with a head full of wine at this time in the morning.

Gab. And what are you? with a house full of dancers and whisperers at this time in the morning.

Craft. Psha! wrangling won't help us. I fancy we are none of us over fond of each other.—Indeed, for my part, I candidly acknowledge, I'd rather do you both a mischief than a—service.

Mrs Lack. I am sure you're very kind, sir!

Craft. But as the old pigeon is arrived, we must combine to pluck him; and, first, we must undermine this favourite he has brought with him.

Mrs Lack. What favourite?

Craft. Why, a lady he met with last night at the hotel. He has already conceived a great regard for her; but, as he acknowledges he knows nothing of her, and Clifford assures me she is a woman of sus-

picious character, you'll give hints on her introduction.

Mrs Lack. Never fear, leave me alone—I'll say I know her.

Gab. That's enough—if she says she is one of her acquaintances, 'tis all over with her—or, if that fails, I'll say she is one of mine.

Craft. Good! and now, while Mrs Lackbrain disposes of the company, and puts on a more plain and appropriate dress, you and I will go and receive the old gentleman.—And remember, from this hour, you are plain simple cottagers—and, hard and irksome as it is, you must henceforth appear a fond, loving couple.

Mrs Lack. (*Sighing.*) 'Tis very irksome! but we must do it: but, go, go, and impose on your credulous uncle.

Gab. I'll do what my head will let me, for at this moment there's more dancing in it than in your ball-room. However, if there's any danger, guardy here will lend me his little octavo; and, now I think on't, we must take pains on his account, because he paid for all this pretty furniture, you know. Ha! ha! ha!—

Craft. Psha! nonsense—come along and try, try to disguise your situation.

Gab. Pooh! don't my situation disguise me? Besides, what are you afraid of—remember the sons of genius. Didn't I, by drinking a few generous bumpers, make a fool of him who has made a fool of thousands?—but now for it—now let me recollect—I am a fond, steady—u—u—h! (*Hiccuping.*) That's it, I'm the exact thing already. (*Exit with* CRAFTLY,—MRS LACKBRAIN *at folding doors.*)

SCENE II.

Outside of a Cottage, ... romantic Vale surrounded by Mountains.

Enter PRIMITIVE *and* MRS BELFORD.

Prim. Huzza, there! there it is, the end of all my hopes and all my wishes! Delightful, innocent, romantic sight!

Mrs Bel. This is, indeed, a spot more lovely than e'en my fancy pictured.

Prim. Oh! 'tis Arcadia! Paradise! And, to make my joys unbearable, think that Nature does not alone confine herself to the outside; no, she also dwells within. And the young cottagers—the dear, the darling pair! but represent the spot around them.

Mrs Bel. No doubt: for here is no temptation to be guilty. (*Singing in cottage—"Come, come one and all,"* &c.) Listen, what singing's that?

Prim. Dont you know? It is the ploughman as he trudges to his morning's work, carolling his simple ditty! Sweet fascinating sound! (*Music in cottage.*) And, hark again! Do you hear that music?

Mrs Bel. I do—to me it sounded like a flute.

Prim. Flute! bless you—it is the shepherd's pipe—it is the music of Arcadia! Oh! if this lasts, I sha'n't live to see the inside.

Enter JAMES *from the Cottage.*

Heh! who comes here? One of the servants—mum! He won't know me, so I'll be cunning, and sift him—now mind—Good morning, sir.

James. The same to you, sir.

Prim. I wish to speak with Mr or Mrs Lackbrain;

but 'tis too early; I suppose they are neither of them out of bed yet.

James. Yes, sir, they are both up.

Prim. Up! what, at five in the morning?

James. Yes; and, what's more extraordinary, they are up every morning at the same hour.

Prim. There now; in London, who ever hears of such early rising? One question more, if you please,—Pray where may you be going?

James. Why, if you must know, sir, I am going to leave these cards of invitation at some great houses about twelve miles off. (*Produces them.*)

Prim. Cards of invitation! I dont like that; it smacks of the squares----the city----the----give me leave---(*Takes one, and reads.*) "Mrs Gabriel Lackbrain at home every evening this week." You may go---I'm satisfied!---never---never was such an instance of domestic and connubial happiness!----at home every evening! Come, let us enter and behold. [*Exit* JAMES.

Enter CRAFTLY *and* GABRIEL, *still drunk.*

Craft. (*Speaking as he enters.*) This way, Gabriel---this way---

Gab. Softly; the air makes me worse---your arm; lend me your arm---(*Lays hold of* CRAFTLY'S *arm.*)

Prim. There he is! there's the true, genuine, and unadulterated child of nature—Come to thy uncle's arms. (GABRIEL *is afraid to leave* CRAFTLY'S *arm.*) S'life, what are you afraid of, Gabriel? come to thy uncle's arms, I say! (GABRIEL *leaves* CRAFTLY'S *arm, but, finding he can't support himself, staggers, and reels back to* CRAFTLY.) Look! now, look at that rural embarrassment! don't be ashamed, boy; it is worth all the ease and impudence of town-bred puppies.

Gab. I'm quite overcome, I assure you, uncle.

Prim. Delightful diffidence! you rogue, I've heard

of your pranks, of your early rising every morning, and of your being at home every evening; and if I hadn't, your countenance would have betrayed you: —Look at that flush of health! (GABRIEL *smiles.*) —look at that rosy hue! (GABRIEL *bursts out laughing.*)——ha, ha! there again! now that's the true broad laugh of innocence and nature.

Gab. (*Aside to* CRAFTLY.) I say, guardy, there's no fear of his finding me out; for, ecod! he's as drunk as Chloe.

Prim. But come, where is your other half? If she prove as uncorrupted as yourself, I sha'n't wait till the year's out; no—I'll sign the settlement tomorrow.

Enter MRS LACKBRAIN, *in a plain Chip-Hat, Cloak, &c.*

Craft. That's well, that's a neat cottage dress.

Gab. Ah! here she is, uncle, here's the sweet source of connubial joy.

Mrs Lack. Dear Gabriel!

Gab. Divine Lydia! (*Taking her hand and kissing it.*)

Prim. Fond pair! the golden age is returned. and I see—(*Taking out his handkerchief, and half crying.*)—I see they were born to make me the happiest of middle-aged gentlemen.—But now for it; now for the inside.—Odsheart! I forgot though—I must particularly recommend this lady to the attention of you both; she is an object of compassion; (*Taking* MRS BELFORD *by the hand.*) and, as such, I'm sure must be welcome. (GABRIEL *and* MRS LACKBRAIN *both draw back.*)—Why, what d'ye stare at?—She deserves it, believe me, she deserves it.

Mrs Lack. No doubt: but pray, sir; have you known the lady long?

Prim. Till yesterday I never saw her.

Mrs Lack. So I thought:—but this is not a pro-

per place for explanation; pray walk in, and we'll talk further.—This way, ma'am, this way.

Prim. Aye, this way.—And now, as the song says,

Henceforth I'll lead a village life,
In cottage most obscure-a;
For, with this loving man and wife,
My joys are quite secure-a.

[*Exeunt* PRIMITIVE, MRS BELFORD, *and* MRS LACKBRAIN.]

Craft. Well, Gabriel, what do you think?

Gab. Think! that he beats me hollow:—I'm only a child of nature; but, damme, he's a natural. And now, if spouse undermines the stranger—

Craft. Aye; once get her out of the house, and Clifford will instantly take her abroad. You see that vessel yonder—he's waiting for me to bring him information.

Gab. Indeed!

Craft. Yes; and Marchmont and his daughter are for ever cut out of their chance. So now all's safe; and while I go to Clifford, do you send for a lawyer to prepare the settlement; and then we'll say the golden age is returned.

Gab. We will; and I'll go send for a lawyer directly.—[*Exit* CRAFTLY.]—But now, first for my padlock gentleman: by this time I hope my servants have found him out, and—dang it! nothing shall make me forget my promise to cousin baronet;—and then, let nunky once sign the settlement, and I'll also say, as the song says,—

The scene is changed, 'tis alter'd quite,
No more I'm simple Gaby;
I'll learn to dance, to sing, and fight,
And ogle every lady. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A small room in the Cottage; a Door in the Flat, a Chair placed near it.

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID, *from Door in Flat.*

Sir H. Tor. 'Sdeath! this will never do: I have been alone in that dressing-room these two hours; and though I'm in love, I still can't support solitude;—no, I shall certainly relapse, if somebody don't come and rattle me into an agreeable state of vexation. I feel all the symptoms, the doze, the stupor, the numbness.—Egad! I almost long for my friend Gabriel, and his lumps and bumps; any thing in preference to this dying style of living.—Ha! a reprieve! I see the thing of all others likely to produce agitation—a petticoat! and, no doubt, Mrs Gabriel. I'll return to the dressing-room.—[*Re-enters.*]

Enter PRIMITIVE *and* MRS BELFORD.

Prim. Now do, for my sake, pray, pray justify yourself.

Mrs Bel. Sir, I have told you I am slandered.

Prim. Well, but consider, what Mrs Gabriel says is peffectly true; I know nothing of your history, she does; and if I should defile this innocent abode, by introducing to it a person of suspicious character——

Mrs Bel. Suspicious!

Prim. Pardon me; these were my niece's words, not mine: and when she added, her husband's constancy might be corrupted——

Mrs Bel. Corrupted! and by me!—Sir, I can

only answer, I am innocent; and if this be doubted, let me be gone. I know, by losing you, I've lost my best, my only friend: but if you think I'd be indebted for my safety to those who say I would disgrace my benefactor, and mar connubial and domestic love, you know but little of me. I cannot guess the motive for their cruelty; nor should I, by accusing others, vindicate myself; but let me tell you, sir, slander is a rank and poisonous weed, and never yet took root in pure unsullied ground.

Prim. Well then, why dont you explain yourself? —Plague on't! why not tell me your name, your family, your history?—Come now, do, do be good-natured.

Mrs Bel. Alas! I dare not.

Prim. Dare not!

Mrs Bel. No; my pride won't suffer me; and my story would but expose one, whom, spite of all my wrongs, I still am weak enough to——(*Pulls out her handkerchief, and weeps.*)—Ask me no more—pity me, and let me be gone.

Prim. (*Half crying.*) 'Tis all over—I see 'tis all over.—Farewell.

Mrs Bel. Farewell! and, for the service you have rendered me, my gratitude shall only die with me. —(*Going, she returns, and kisses his hand.*)—Oh! I did hope you would have proved a father to me.

Prim. Did you? (*Weeps.*) My poor daughter hoped the same—but I deserted her. Go; since you wont communicate, I entreat you go: for pity's sake, dont let us be bidding farewell all night.—— (*Takes out a purse, and puts it in her hand.*) There, you know where to apply when you want more; you understand me? whilst I have a guinea, you shall never want a part of it.

Mrs Bel. Bless you! bless you, sir!—But I forgot; I have left some drawings and manuscripts in the next room; may I venture to return for them?

Prim. You may; but, if you see me when you come back, dont speak to me; we've had enough of leave-taking—damn it! another farewell would choak me.—[*Exit* MRS BELFORD.]—Poor soul! I hope 'tis no crime to pity her.—And, spite of the chaste society of the Cottage, I've a great mind to call her back, and—no, no, I mustn't risk defiling so spotless and immaculate a scene.—Heigho! I'll sit down and compose myself.—(*Looks round.*)—Ay, ay, in that chair I may rest, unseen by her, while she passes.—(*Pointing to the chair near the flat.*)—Yes, here I may be quiet.—(*Sits in it.*)—And if I can but sleep and forget her—Poor soul! she hoped I might have proved a father to her.—Poor soul!—(*Falls back and dozes.*)

(SIR HARRY *opens door, which is exactly behind the chair, but dont push it far enough to hit the chair.*)

Sir H. Tor. (*Peeping out.*) No Mrs Gabriel yet!—Surely I heard somebody—soft, I'll peep further. (*Pushes the door further open, and hits against the back of the chair.*)—Not a soul. Damme! I'll bear it no longer.—(*Bangs open the door, and it hits violently against chair.*—PRIMITIVE *jumps out, and, unseen by* SIR HARRY, *gets behind the door to watch.*)—Rather than be left alone, and endure this tedium, this inanity, I'll plunge into any society.—(*As he is going*)—

Enter MRS LACKBRAIN, *hastily.*

Mrs Lack. O, my dear Sir Harry! I've run myself out of breath; and I'm so frightened, and so faint—so—I shall be able to speak in a moment—there.

Sir H. Tor. What's the matter?

Mrs Lack. Why, Gabriel was the person at the paddock-gate; knows I've an assignation in that dressing-room: he's coming here to search; and if

you're discovered, he'll find out that you were his assailant, and instantly fight you.

(PRIMITIVE *watching all the time.*)

Sir H. Tor. Well, let him: damme! employment is the very thing I wanted.

Mrs Lack. Nay, think of my reputation—my hopes with Mr Primitive.—And, look! see what a tremendous cudgel he wields over his head.

Sir H. Tor. Gad! so he does; and that may produce more employment than is necessary: and since I am unarmed, and your reputation is in danger, I tell you what—I was before going; and if you'll promise to befriend Marchmont, I'll fly so fast, that time itself sha'n't overtake me. [*Exit.*

GABRIEL, *singing, and shaking Cudgel.*

Mrs Lack. So, sir, you think I've a lover here? but it's all a falsehood, sir: and I should like to know if this is a return for securing Mr Primitive's fortune, by my scandalizing this Mrs Belford?

Prim. (*Looking over door.*) Scandalize her!

Gab. You secured! why, 'twas I—'twas the sweet child of nature that——

Mrs Lack. Don't tell me, sir; I say it was my doing.

Gab. And I say it was mine: wasn't it my servant that made him believe cards of invitation signs of domestic comfort? being up all night, a proof of early rising? And didn't I convince old Hurlo-Thumbo that reeling was rural awkwardness; and the flush of claret, the rosy hue of health?—But enough of old Hurlo-Thumbo.

Prim. Hurlo-Thumbo!

Gab. Now for the dressing-room.

Mrs Lack. O, pray do, sir, pray search the dressing-room.

Gab. I will; and Jemmy Swagger shall be no-

thing to it.—But first I'll lock the door, and then go bring cousin baronet to see me perform such an operation.—(*Locks the door, leaving* PRIMITIVE *standing up in the chair; who taps him on the head.* —GABRIEL *turns round, and they meet face to face.*)

Enter MRS BELFORD.

Prim. Your servant, rural innocence!—your most obedient, connubial love!

Gab. What! is it you, uncle?

Prim. Yes, it's old Hurlo-Thumbo.—For you, wronged, injured lady, (*To* MRS BELFORD.) without prying further into your history, henceforth accept those favours I designed for them; henceforth let me be a father to you.—And, d'ye hear, sir? (*To* GABRIEL.) if you expect to profit by my future bounty, retire—retire, and repent.

Gab. Well, we'll go, uncle.—And I begin to think I shall repent; for I'm still so much a child of nature as to feel sorry for my behaviour to that lady: I am indeed; for though my education has made me a fool, I think I'm not quite a knave:—though my head is wrong, my heart is right; and I dare say, when we're all sober, we shall still be friends.

[*Exeunt* GABRIEL *and* MRS LACKBRAIN.

Prim. Psha! away with you!—Odsheart! town manners are to me unbearable, even in their proper sphere: but brought into the country; introduced into the calm, sequestered vale!—Though I hope and trust the case is singular; and that the English cottage is, and ever will be, the seat of peace, industry, and virtue. [*Exit with* MRS BELFORD.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Inside of CRAFTLY'S *Library, filled with Toys, Jewellery, &c., as Libraries are at Watering-Places. —A Raffling-Table in the Centre.*

Enter SIR HARRY, *from Door in Flat.*

Sir H. Tor. So—'tis as poor Rosa expected. Craftly has the appointment of the new steward, and her father is again at his mercy. What's to be done? There is no way but to expose him to Mr Primitive. Gad, I'll try hard for it---I dont mind trouble. That, (*Snapping his fingers.*) for content, and the placid streams of life; give me love, and a little agreeable hot water.

Enter PRIMITIVE *and* MRS BELFORD.

Mrs Bel. Alas! that is his situation---a distressed author. By his pen he earns a scanty pittance for himself and daughter; and for her sake I thus presume to recommend him to the stewardship.

Sir H. Tor. (*Advancing to* PRIMITIVE.) And I presume to back that recommendation. The gentleman at the Priory is a worthy man.

Prim. Why, that's true---and I certainly am much indebted to you for bumping me out of that chair; and I can't bear to deny my dear adopted any thing. But you should consider, my worthy friend, Craftly is the only person who, from his experience, can select a proper steward for me; and, therefore, he

must have the nomination.---Nay, I am peremptory, sir.---And now (*To* MRS BELFORD.) let me congratulate you on your arrival, from the dens of Arcadia, at the seat of learning and rationality.

Sir H. Tor. Learning and rationality!

Prim. To be sure, sir. What with the works of deceased authors, and the society of living ones, I know no place more amusing and instructing than the house of a respectable bookseller---and such a one is Craftly! But let me look about me. (*Puts on his spectacles.*) I'm told he has made great improvements since I went abroad. Bless me, what a noble room! And here, (*Going towards the counters.*) what's here? Children's riding-horses, cricket-bats, powder, pomatum, candlesticks, and teapots! Psha! we've made a mistake. Come along---this is a toy-shop---this can't be a library.

Sir H. Tor. Not a library! ha! ha! that's good! ---What! I suppose you thought Craftly dealt in books?

Prim. To be sure. What else should he deal in?

Sir H. Tor. What? why, in raffling.

Prim. Now, what the devil is raffling?

Sir H. Tor. Ha! ha! ha! he dont know what raffling is! (*Goes up to the table.*) Look, look at this gaming-table. Behold this dice-box. Here! here's the seat of learning and rationality! (*Throws dice.*)

Prim. Heaven defend me! And you call this raffling, do you?

Sir H. Tor. Yes; and trifling and insignificant as the sport may appear, I know no species of gaming more fatal or pernicious. Mrs Lackbrain is at once an instance. She told me herself, that when only nine years old, Mr Craftly persuaded her mother to let pretty Miss throw for a pocket-book.——She grasped the dice-box in her little hand, and being successful, her passion for play became so uncontroul-

able, that she was never easy till she lost every shilling of her fortune.

Prim. I wont believe a word on't---he is too honourable---too prudent.

Sir H. Tor. Wont you? then bet me a hundred pounds, and he shall confess it to your face.

Prim. I bet!---I commit the very crime---!

Sir H. Tor. Nay, then humour me so far as to say 'tis a bet. See! here he comes---and, to secure his confession, say you have betted that raffling is a more productive trade than bookselling. Come now ---do---do indulge me.

Prim. Well, in order to convince you of your error, I will humour you.

Enter CRAFTLY.

Cousin, I rejoice to see you; but, before I say a word on other subjects, you must decide a wager between me and this gentleman. Ha! ha! What do you think? I have laid a hundred pounds that you get more money by raffling than bookselling.

Craft. Indeed! and has he taken the bet?

Sir H. Tor. I have---and be cautious---a hundred pounds is an object to a poor baronet; and remember, I am on the side of bookselling.

Prim. And I on raffling; and I'm most anxious to win.

Sir H. Tor. And so am I.

Craft. You are, are you? Then, in addition to gratifying the old gentleman, I'll work you for the furniture, (*Aside.*) Joy, cousin! the wager's yours! I know no more of books than he or any other man of fashion does. So, I say, (*Aside to* SIR HARRY.) who'll peep through the iron bars first now?

Sir H. Tor. Psha! I'll have stronger demonstration---Prove it---prove it, sir.

Prim. Aye, prove it, sir.

Craft. (*Elbowing* PRIMITIVE, *and winking.*) Don't

be afraid----I'll satisfy him. (*Takes out a paper.*) Look here now---here are twelve names to raffle for that silver tea-cadee, at half-a-guinea a piece.

Sir H. Tor. Well, where's your profit? It costs you six guineas.

Craft. No, it dont----it only costs me three----so there, you see. (*Elbowing* PRIMITIVE *again.*)---'Tis two to one in our favour already; ha! ha!

(PRIMITIVE *tries to laugh with him, but cannot.*)

Sir H. Tor. Ay: but another thing----All the names are not paid for.

Craft. I know----Mr Wilkins isn't paid for----and why? Because I'm Mr Wilkins.

Prim. You Mr Wilkins?

Craft. To be sure. The highest throw, you see, wins the prize; and the filling a raffle is the work of time.---Then one comes---throws "thirty-five," and goes to town----another "forty," and follows----another "forty-five," and he goes too. Very well! Then, I'm to inform them by letter who's the winner---then, of course, you know, I'm the winner; for I throw "forty-seven," and write word, Mr Wilkins has won the tea-cadee. There----now----now are you satisfied? or will you hear more, simpleton? ha! ha! ha! (*Laughing, and still elbowing* PRIMITIVE.)

Sir H. Tor. No---I'm quite satisfied---aren't you, Mr Primitive?

Prim. Quite----I never was more satisfied in all my life; ha! ha! ha! And, as I dont wish to be raffled out of my property, take notice, that, instead of accepting a person of your nomination, I appoint the gentleman at the Priory sole steward to all my estates.

Craft. Hem! appoint him steward?

Sir H. Tor. Ay; would you have him appoint Mr Wilkins?

Prim. Yes; would you have me appoint Mr Wilkins?

Sir H. Tor. I say, who'll peep through the iron bars first now?

Prim. But come---let us go instantly, and acquaint your friend with his appointment.

Craft. Nay, cousin, but hear me, upon my word I meant no harm---I thought all was fair in gaming.

Prim. More shame for you—and, thank Heaven, I'm too old-fashioned to countenance such practices! so, preferring the distressed author to the raffling bookseller, I take my leave of you and Mr Wilkins for ever. [*Exit with* MRS BELFORD.

Sir H. Tor. And pray, sir, make my best respects to Mrs Wilkins; and take my advice, improve young minds by the sale of good moral publications, instead of corrupting them in the worst manner—by initiating them into all the horrors of the gaming-table.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Wood.

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. Where, where can my fath[illegible]r-ed? I tremble every moment for his safety---for alas! we are again in the power of the persecutor; and already, perhaps, he has fallen a victim to his malice---and yet there is one hope; the kind, the generous Sir Harry Torpid promised he would see Mr Primitive.

Enter SIR HARRY TORPID.

Sir H. Tor. And he has seen him, and it's all sett-

led---no more fagging, copying, and composing now: ---No---instead of daughter to a poor poet, you are heiress to a gentleman of three hundred a year.

Rosa. Nay, no tantalizing---But tell me, who is the new steward?

Sir H. Tor. Who? Why your father! Aye, things are as they ought to be. Mr Marchmont is steward to Mr Primitive's estates, and Craftly and his dice-boxes will be sent to the round-house---But dont suppose you have to thank me---Here comes your benefactress.

Enter MRS BELFORD.

Rosa. Heavens! to her!---The very person I so longed to see.---Welcome, welcome!

Mrs Bel. (*Taking her hand and kissing it.*) Do I again behold you?---Pardon me; but I have thought of nothing else since first I saw you.

Sir H. Tor. No more have I---that's my case exactly---and for the service you have rendered---

Mrs Bel. What I have done has been for your sake, Rosa. We are compelled by strong and cruel circumstances (ay, Heaven has so decreed it) to live for ever separate.---And, had I left you in distress---but now the dread of poverty is past---and that thought, perhaps, will cheer me in my hours of absence---perhaps may make the loss of you supportable.

Rosa. The loss of me!---what, now, when you've so served, and so attached me, will you leave me?

Mrs Bel. Ay, for ever.---Ask me not why, sweet girl! tempt me not to unfold a history that will plant thorns in your breast, and expose---no, never, never can the mystery be solved.

Rosa. Nay, but we will not separate.---And, look! yonder's my father; I'll call him to thank you, (*Going.*)

Mrs Bel. (*Holding her.*) Not for your life! not for your life!

Rosa. Nay, do not deny me; let me administer relief to one who stands so much in need of it.

Mrs Bel. Mark! what picture's that he so intently gazes on?

Rosa. I know not: but 'tis connected with his secret grief; for oft, when he conceived himself unseen, I have observed him press it to his lips, till he dissolved in tears.---And look again!---see now how he devours it with his kisses!

Mrs Bel. Maddening sight!---I know too well who it resembles.---Oh, villain! villain!

Rosa. Villain!

Mrs Bel. Yes; I have too long spared him; too long in pity smother'd the dark tale.---But now 'tis open enmity---avowed defiance---and he shall feel an injured woman's vengeance.

Sir H. Tor. How!

Rosa. Amazement!

Mrs Bel. Instantly conduct me to him; and tell him, she who conferred an accidental service, entreats no recompence but this: tell him, last night I whiled away my hours in composition of an artless tale; and, as an author of superior fame, I come to him for censure or for praise.—(*Producing the manuscript.*) Give it---'twill interest—'twill instruct—oh! yes, 'twill strike him to the heart.

Sir H. Tor. Gad! I'm frightened out of my senses. I hope you'll let me join the party; for, upon my soul! there's no staying alone under such mysterious circumstances.

Mrs Bel. No, sir; these meetings must be private.---Come, Rosa.---Poor girl! I tremble for you: I see I have alarmed you; and on your account I could again be silent and discreet: but the picture ---you saw him press it to his lips---you saw him hide

it in his breast---that rouses---fires me!---while I have strength and life, conduct me to him.

[*Exit with* ROSA.

Sir H. Tor. And what is to become of me?---Whilst I have life and strength, I'll conduct myself to Mr Primitive, and we'll return and overhear all that passes. And now I ought to be on the pinnacle of happiness, for I am so choaked with agitation---but, however, I see a man may have too much of a good thing. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Priory; painted Windows; a Gothic Table, and Three Chairs.

Enter MARCHMONT *and* ROSA.—(ROSA *has the manuscript in her hand.*)

March. Astonishing!---Raised to prosperity by one I so neglected, and ask no recompence but the revision of a manuscript!—'Slife, 'tis incredible: and remember, Rosa, we have already had reason to suspect her; and therefore, till I know the motive for her generosity, I shall not condescend to profit by it.

Rosa. What! wont you see her? will you again dismiss her?

March. Unthinking girl! why, wherefore should she serve me?---You are yourself, perhaps, the bribe: and shall I owe preferment to my daughter's shame?—No, she shall not enter.---And yet, if, after all, her motive should be good; if, to the only one who has stept forth to serve me, I prove suspicious and ungrateful---that must not be——give me the manuscript, and conduct her in.

Rosa. Here, here it is, sir, (*Giving it.*)---And recollect, these are but the heads, the outlines of the book; and you are to decide whether the materials are sufficient to ground a work upon.---And now look, sir, (*Goes to the wing, and leads on* MRS BELFORD, *with her veil down,*) here is our benefactress.

March. Madam, after what past when last I saw you, I scarce know how to address you.---Pray be seated.—

ROSA *draws a chair;* MRS BELFORD *sits.*

I'm told you have conferred an everlasting favour on me; and, as a recompense, you only ask what is most flattering to an author's pride.---I shall not trouble you with thanks, but will proceed.---(*Seats himself;* ROSA *sits by* MRS BELFORD.---*Reads.*) "Sketch of a Romance, to be called Henry and Eliza.---Eliza, against the consent of a parent, as fond as affluent, married Henry.---Two years soon passed in harmony and joy, and Heaven blessed them with a pledge of mutual love.---The third began with *poverty* and *sorrow;* and, to preserve her child and husband from distress, Eliza appealed to the feelings of her enraged father; who, in compassion to her sufferings, supplied her with a remittance, as the last token of parental love."---(*Pauses and weeps.*)

Rosa. (*Rises.*) Go on, sir: I feel as much interested as yourself: pray go on.

March. (*Reading.*) "Henry, though possessed of honour and of talent, could not resist temptation: and, allured to the gaming-table, by the arts of a female seducer, lost the remittance, sacrificed the sole maintenance of his family, and left Eliza to the mercy of his creditors."—(*Rises and goes forward.*)---"The house, and poor remains of their effects, were taken from her; and, when she sought the husband of her heart, he was not to be found.---Lost in the vortex of dissipation, he had forgot the wife he once

adored; and, revelling in luxury and guilt, thought not that Eliza was destitute and forsaken."——Oh, horror! horror!—(*Drops the book.*)—Speak! who are you? whence came you?

[MARCHMONT, *whilst reading the above, is much agitated, pauses often, and trembles violently.* MRS BELFORD *also is much agitated; apparently gazing intently on* MARCHMONT, *half rising from her chair, &c.* ROSA *observes them both with astonishment, and occasionally bursts into tears.*]

Rosa. (*Taking up the book, and presenting it to* MARCHMONT.) Proceed; for pity's sake, proceed—nay, you must, you shall.

March. Oh! I cannot.

Rosa. (*Reads.*) "Eliza, thus reduced, thus deserted both by parent and husband, no longer could maintain the only comfort that was left her.—Distress soon tore her from her child: she placed it under the protection of a relation of its father; and, to support herself, she changed her name; and, in a state of menial service, went to Switzerland.—There, woe-worn and forlorn, robbed of all hope, a prey to anguish and despair"—

March. Distraction! madness!—I know the rest—(*Snatching the book from* ROSA, *and advancing towards Mrs B.*)—she died—died of a broken heart.

Mrs Bel. (*Who has before risen from her seat, throws up her veil.*) No, she lives.—Behold me, Marchmont, after an absence of twelve cheerless years—behold that once loved wife, who would have begged, starved, perished with you.—(MARCHMONT *staggers, and faints in a chair.*)

Rosa. My mother! (*Runs and embraces her.*)

Mrs Bel. The story of my death was but an artifice to save me from inquiry; and now I came, incensed with wrongs, to goad you to the soul with my reproaches; but the remembrance of our former

love, that altered look, that worn, exhausted frame—Poor Marchmont! I may avoid, but I cannot upbraid him.—Farewell!—(*Going*, ROSA *holds her.*)

March. O my torn heart!—(*In turning in the chair, the picture is discovered hanging from his neck.*)

Rosa. Look, look, my mother!—Is he not now an object of compassion?

Mrs Bel. He is.—But see! he wears a basilisk to strike me dead—the picture, Rosa.

Rosa. Nay, but for my sake, mother: though as a husband guilty, he has been the best of fathers: and since this hated object is the bar, I will remove —(*Takes the picture.*)—How!—that look—those eyes—merciful powers! it is the portrait of my mother!

Mrs Bel. Can it—(*Trembling, and looking at it*)—yes, mine is the picture he devours with kisses—mine the resemblance that he bathes with tears!

[MARCHMONT, *suddenly recovering, and pulling* ROSA *forward. without seeing* MRS MARCHMONT.]

March. (*Rises.*) She's gone!—fly—follow—call her back; tell her, I am not so guilty as she thinks me; for, as I hope for happiness to come, my heart was ever only hers: and though involved in blackest dissipation, my truth and constancy were yet untainted: tell her besides—

Rosa. Look, father!

March. Ah! do I once more—my child, fall prostrate at her feet; entreat, implore forgiveness.—(*They both kneel.*)—My wife!

Rosa. My mother! can you pronounce a pardon?

Mrs March. I would, but tears prevent me.—(*Gets between them, and embraces them both.*)—Merciful heaven! receive a suppliant's thanks; for thus encircled by my child and husband, what now is wanting?

Enter PRIMITIVE *and* SIR HARRY TORPID.

Prim. What? why a father—and here he is.—That father who deserted you—who adopted you—who—hang it! why dont you speak, Sir Harry? you see my tongue sticks to my mouth.

Sir H. Tor. Who took the name of Primitive for an estate of two hundred thousand pounds—who will share it with you; raise you from poverty and sorrow, to joy and affluence, to—damn it! I copy your example; my tongue sticks to my mouth too.

Mrs March. Heavens! in my benefactor do I behold a parent?

Prim. You do; and but for the cursed circumstance of changing names, we should have known each other long ago.—But now I hold you to my heart.—You also, my little grand-daughter—zooks! I must give you a kiss for your likeness to your mother, (*Kisses her.*)

Sir H. Tor. So must I, (*Kisses her.*)—I beg pardon, but I always copy Mr Primitive.

Prim. For you, Mr Marchmont, I was once coming forward to throttle you; but, when I recollected I deserved the same punishment, I pitied and forgave you. Henceforth I'll be a friend to you, a father to your wife, a grandfather to your daughter, and what's more, with your leave, I'll be a grandfather to Sir Harry.

Sir H. Tor. Ay, do; pray let me be one of the family: I've long had a predilection for matrimony; and, from what we've just witnessed, I'm sure it will produce agitation in abundance.

March. Then, sir, if I'm to be consulted, I can only say, you saved me once from ruin, and I know no man that so well deserves my daughter.

Prim. So he did me; and I know no man that so well deserves my grand-daughter.—And now, what does she say?

Rosa. That to deserve him, who has so served you and my dearest father, will be the future study of my life.

Sir H. Tor. (*Taking her hand and kissing it.*) Then, thus I seal the bargain—and now, I only beg one thing—after marriage don't let us be too happy—you must now and then differ with me to keep me alive, for there is only one place in which I dread a difference,—and that is here.

You who can save, or kill us with a breath,
Stamp our existence, dont put Life to death;
Impatient now, we wait your dread commands;
So let us live, for *Life* is in your hands.

[*Exeunt.*

HOW TO GROW RICH;

A

COMEDY,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PAVE,	*Mr Lewis.*
SMALLTRADE,	*Mr Emery.*
SIR THOMAS ROUNDHEAD,	*Mr Munden.*
LATITAT,	*Mr Fawcett.*
HIPPY,	*Mr Townsend.*
WARFORD,	*Mr Pope.*
SIR CHARLES DAZZLE,	*Mr Betterton.*
PLAINLY,	*Mr Powell.*
NAB,	*Mr Farley.*
FORMAL,	*Mr Thompson.*
Servant,	*Mr Rees.*
SIR CHARLES'S *Servant*,	*Mr Ledger.*
SIR THOMAS'S *Servant*,	*Mr Simmons.*
SMALLTRADE'S *Servant*,	*Mr Blurton.*
LADY HENRIETTA,	*Mrs Glover.*
ROSA,	*Miss Murray.*
MISS DAZZLE,	*Miss Chapman.*

SCENE.—A Sea-port Town in England.

HOW TO GROW RICH.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in SMALLTRADE'S *Banking House—Doors open in the Hall, and Clerks seen writing.*

Enter WARFORD *and* PLAINLY.

Plain. NAY, do not think me curious or impertinent, Mr Warford---I have lived so long with you and your uncle, that I cannot see you unhappy without enquiring the cause.

War. My uncle is himself the cause---his weakness and credulity will undo us all.

Plain. Excuse me, sir; but I'm afraid the young lady now on a visit at our banking house---the charming Lady Henrietta!---has she not made a very deep impression?

War. To confess the truth, she has; and though, from my inferior situation in life, I can never aspire to the gaining of her affections, she may still have to thank me for saving her from ruin.

Plain. From ruin, sir!

War. Ay; she is now on the very brink of it—When her father, Lord Orville, went abroad for his health, he gave her a fortune of eight thousand pounds, and left her to the care of her uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—At his country seat, Mr Smalltrade met with her, and, being banker to her father, he thought it his duty to invite her to his house.

Plain. And she had no sooner enter'd it, than she became acquainted with Sir Charles and Miss Dazzle—I suspect their infamous designs.

War. Yes, Plainly:—when Miss Dazzle has robb'd her of her fortune at the gaming-table, Sir Charles is to attempt to deprive her of her honour—but if I don't shame and expose them!—Oh! think of the heartfelt satisfaction, in saving such a woman as Lady Henrietta! 'Tis true, most of her fortune is already lost, and Sir Thomas is so offended at her conduct, that (wanting an heir to his estate) he has adopted his god-daughter, Rosa.

Plain. 'Sdeath! I wish Sir Charles and his sister were driven back to London—They are a disgrace to this our fashionable sea-bathing town.

War. What most I fear is, lest my uncle should join their confederacy—I know it is their plan to lure him into partnership, and he is so anxious to increase his fortune, that, under the idea of growing rich, he may be deluded into any scheme. (SMALLTRADE *appears at the doors, reading a ledger.*) Here he is—Be secret and discreet, Plainly, and perhaps, the next time we converse, I may be proud to tell you, I have saved an innocent lady from treachery and ruin! [*Exit.*

Small. (*Coming forward.*) "Smalltrade debtor to Sir Harry Hockley, two thousand pounds in specie—Creditor two hundred in paper."—Ah! that's very well! I don't know how it is—My little nice bank is not the thing it was—People of real property have

become country bankers now, and play'd the devil with us petty, dashing traders. (*Knocking at door.*) Plainly, see who's there.

Plain. Give me leave, sir, (*Taking ledger, &c.*) [*Exit.*

Small. There's nothing like a snug country bank —ready money received—paper notes paid—and though I make fifteen per cent. and pay their drafts in my own bills, what of that? A five guinea note is so convenient for carriage or posting—lays so close in a letter, or slips so neatly in the sleeve of a coat —Oh! it's of great use to the country, and a vast benefit to myself.

Re-enter PLAINLY, *followed by a Servant.*

Serv. Is this your country bank, as you call it?

Plain. It is.

Serv. I want change for this draft of Sir Harry Hockley's.

Plain. Very well—How much is it for?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Small. What?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Small. Mercy on me! You've set me all in a tremble! Draw on a country bank for a hundred pounds!—Why, does your master suppose himself drawing on the bank of Amsterdam?

Plain. True, sir; and, if you recollect, we had a large run upon us yesterday.

Small. So we had—a very large run! Sir Thomas Roundhead drew in one draft, for the enormous sum of twenty-five pounds; and here's your master draws for a hundred.—Talk of a country bank! the bank of England couldn't stand this.

Serv. I can't tell, sir—Sir Harry said he had ten times the money in your hands.

Small. So he has, and what then? Doesn't he place money in my hands, that it may be safe? and if he

is to draw it out in large sums, that is, if he is to get it when he wants it, where would be the use of a banker? Plainly, pay the draft in my own notes; and, d'ye mind, let them be all at thirty and forty days' sight—Young man, go with my clerk. [*Exeunt* PLAINLY *and Servant.*) 'Tis near the time my accomplished cousin, Miss Dazzle, is to wait upon me—She writes me word she has to communicate a new mode of growing rich—Dear! how I long to hear it! It's my way always to catch at every thing—Here she is.

Enter MISS DAZZLE.

Miss Daz. Good morning, Mr Smalltrade—I'm sorry we hadn't the pleasure of seeing you at our gala last night.

Small. Pray be seated, cousin. (*They sit.*) Ah! I'm told it was the most grand, expensive entertainment.

Miss Daz. Expensive! your pardon, sir—It didn't cost me and my brother a shilling.

Small. No!

Miss Daz. No—and what will surprise you more, it is our sumptuous house, our brilliant rooms, and extravagant entertainments, that pay all our expences—In short, Mr Smalltrade, we've found out a new mode of growing rich.

Small. Have you? (*Rubbing his hands.*) That's what I want to hear about.

Miss Daz. And that's what I came to impart to you—In a word, sir, we keep a bank.

Small. Do you? Well, that's one way.

Miss Daz. Yes, such a bank! so opposite to yours! We know nothing of notes, checks, clerks, or currency—We don't rise early in the morning to settle our accounts, or shut up before evening, to prevent our customers from settling theirs—No, all our business is done in the dark, my dear cousin.

Small. In the dark! so is mine too, my dear cousin.

Miss Daz. Then, while you are satisfied with a hundred pounds profit in a week, we are not content with a thousand in a night; and if ever we stop payment, which fortune avert! we have nothing to surrender, but mahogany tables, wax-lights, cards, and dice-boxes.

Small. (*Rising.*) I understand—you keep a Faro-table—Oh! take me!—take me as groom-porter, and I'll make my fortune, if it's only by picking up the droppings.

Miss Daz. There's the point—if you would but consent to become a partner with myself and my brother, our profits would be trebled.

Small. Would they? That's nice!

Miss Daz. The case is this—Occasionally, though it seldom happens, we want ready money to carry on the campaign.

Small. Ready money! Ah! there's the devil—I've nothing but paper.

Miss Daz. Nonsense! Your notes can be changed into cash, and Sir Charles and I will pay the discount.

Small. What! pay the discount out of your own pockets, and give me a third of the profits besides?

Miss Daz. Certainly.

Small. Then I'll be a partner, and—Yet, hold, hold—I'd better not determine too hastily. (*Aside.*) Miss Dazzle, here's my visitor, Lady Henrietta, so, as we're disturbed you see, I'll wait on you in an hour, and talk further.

Miss Daz. By that time Sir Charles will arrive from London—Good day.

Small. Adieu! Zounds! I always had a turn for gaiety, and I don't think I need fear being imposed upon; for I've so long managed a trading bank, that I must understand a gambling one!—I say, cousin,

not a word to her, about the new mode of growing rich—Good day ! [*Exit.*

Miss Daz. So, the old gentleman is caught in the snare; and, aided by his bank, what will not ours atchieve? Lady Henrietta, who has refused my brother's hand and title, will now be his on other terms; and Warford, who is our enemy, will be involved in his uncle's ruin.

Enter WARFORD *and* LADY HENRIETTA.

Lady Hen. Why so grave, Mr Warford? You really can be very pleasant if you please; but those gloomy looks!—I declare you are quite an alter'd man; isn't he, Miss Dazzle?

Miss Daz. Every thing changes, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Hen. Why, that's very true;—now, to look at the alterations in this town since last summer—Friends have become enemies, and enemies, friends—You shall hear—The other night, I went to Lady Changewell's, where I used to meet all my old acquaintance—To my astonishment, I didn't see a soul I knew.

Miss Daz. Really!

Lady Hen. No—an entire new set of faces—So, I asked her ladyship after her friend, the little Colonel—She said, "they didn't speak now." "Where is your companion and favourite, Lady Brilliant," said I—"Oh! the creature is in debt," said she, "and wants me to lend her money."—"And where is your dear, darling, loving husband," said I.—"My dear, darling, loving husband lives with an Italian Countess," says she—"We're divorced, and I am to be married to-morrow to my old bitter enemy, Sir Francis Fickle—I now think him a most delightful, charming fellow, and believe he's the only real friend I ever had, ha! ha! ha!"

Miss Daz. Excellent!

Lady Hen. Yes—it's seldom a friendship lasts above a year—Is it, Mr Warford?

War. I hope there are instances, madam.

Lady Hen. So do I, sir—but I am afraid they are so rare—Heigho! if I don't mind, I shall catch your spleen, and be as grave and sentimental as yourself.

War. And why not, madam? Why be ashamed of sentiment? 'Tis true, it is the mode to ridicule and laugh at it; but I doubt, if fashion, and all its fopperies, can find a pleasure to supply its loss.

Lady Hen. Vastly well! Didn't I tell you, Miss Dazzle, he could be very pleasant? You really have talents, Mr Warford; but the worst of them is, they go more to instruction than amusement.

War. Then I am satisfied, Lady Henrietta; and, if I could convince you, that happiness is not to be found, either in the fever of dissipation, or the delusions of a gaming table—

Lady Hen. Fie! don't abuse gaming,—the thing I doat on—

War. Excuse me, madam;—but, if I might advise, you had better never play again.

Lady Hen. Oh! monstrous! Why, you tyrant, would you shut me from the world, and cloister me in an old castle? If you did, I'd still game—I would, if I betted on the ivy, and took odds on the ravens and rooks—Wouldn't you, Miss Dazzle?

Miss Daz. Me! I'd keep a rookery on purpose.

Lady Hen. Ay, that you would—But come—I'm going to meet my uncle, Sir Thomas, at the library—would you believe it? He, too, is so offended at my turning gamester, that he has forbid me his house, and adopted his little god daughter for his heiress;—but—let's walk.

Miss Daz. With pleasure——we shall see you at Faro in the evening.

Lady Hen. Oh certainly—Nay, how you frown.

now, Mr Warford. Come, I'll make a bargain with you—if I lose a thousand pounds to-night, I'll promise never to game again—never! because, having nothing left to lose, I must e'en make a virtue of necessity, and reform, in spite of myself—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Outside of SIR CHARLES DAZZLE'S *House—View of the Sea.*

Enter SIR CHARLES, (*followed by a Servant with a Portmanteau.*)

Sir Char. So, once more I'm escaped from the fever of London, and got safe back to my favourite sea-port—Take the things in.

[*Exit Servant into house.*

I suppose my sister has so plucked the pigeons in my absence, that there's scarcely a feather left in the town.

Enter MISS DAZZLE.

Miss Daz. Welcome from London, brother——I have just left the idol of your heart, the charming Henrietta!—As usual, the banker's nephew was attending her.

Sir Char. Ay, ay; it's all pretty plain——but I won't be scandalous.

Miss Daz. Well, if she's his to-day, she'll be yours to-morrow—I have seen Mr Smalltrade—he talks of becoming a partner; and if you play your cards well, Lady Henrietta will be completely in your power.

Sir Char. Yes; for when I've won all her money

—I can be generous enough to become her protector! (*Aside.*) Well, sister, we shall ruin them all; and now-a-days, you know, you can't do your friend a greater service.

Miss Daz. What! than to ruin him?

Sir Char. To be sure—Where is the ruined man that doesn't spend twice the income of the richest citizen in London? Don't many of them have executions in their house in the morning, and give galas at night? An't the very bailiffs turned into servants, and don't they still stake five thousand on a card? Nay, I know a man that has done it all his life.

Miss Daz. Do you? who?

Sir Char. Myself!—I never had a shilling, and I've always lived like a Nabob—And how have I done all this? How, but by hospitality! By entertaining my friends elegantly at one table, and genteelly picking their pockets at another.

Miss Daz. Very true; and when we've ruined the banker, his nephew, and his visitor, they'll think themselves much obliged to us—But mind and humour Smalltrade; for, without ready money, we can't go on—Who's here?

Sir Char. (*Looking out.*) Where?—Oh! it's a hanger-on of mine—a mere jackall, who dangles after me in hopes of preferment—I brought him from London, thinking he might be useful.

Miss Daz. What, is it Pavè?

Sir Char. The same—The dog has a good heart; —great good humour, and is descended from a respectable family; but, in running after people of rank and high company, he has so reduced his fortune, that he now depends on me to get him promoted.

Miss Daz. Ay; I've heard of him—introduce him to a lord, or promise him an appointment, and he'll do any thing to serve you.

Sir Char. Aye; so great is his furor, that an in-

terview with a prince, or an audience of a minister, would turn his brain—but, I believe, were he once provided for, he would neither betray his benefactor nor disgrace his country.

Enter PAVE. (*A long roll of paper sticking out of his pocket.*)

Pav. (*Running up to* SIR CHARLES.) Sir Charles! —hark ye. (*Whispers.*)

Sir Char. Lord Orville coming home! What then?

Pav. Then, Lord Orville is your acquaintance, and I am your friend, and—you understand—I'm always ready.

Sir Char. Pray, sister, have you any interest? If you have, this gentleman, Mr Pavé—

Miss Daz. I should be very happy; but I fancy there is nothing more difficult than to get a place.

Pav. Yes, there is, ma'am,—to deserve it! And that I deserve it, is evident from my long list of promises—(*Takes out roll of paper.*) here it is, ma'am. —My four first promises depend on Lord Orville, you see—my next is from you, baronet.

Miss Daz. Pray, Mr Pavè, do you find that, when these great people make you promises, they always keep their words?

Pav. Oh! Sir Charles will answer you that question, ma'am—Heh!—Mum! Baronet!

Sir Char. Nay, Pavè, you know the other day I referred you to a man in power.

Pav. You did;—and he referred me to another, who kindly sent me to a third, that politely hurried me to a fourth, till at last I got kicked down stairs by a person who said he knew none of us—You see the scheme is this, ma'am—Nobody will speak first in your favour, but all promise to second any body who will, because, judging by themselves, they know nobody'll speak at all.

Miss Daz. Well, if I was you, Mr Pavè, I'd try

some more public mode of getting preferred—For instance now, suppose you advertised.

Pav. Don't mention it—I did advertise once, and what do you think happened? A gentleman waited upon me, calling himself Lord Sulwin—superb equipage—elegant appearance—free in his promises—secure in his interest—I bowed, smiled, gave his lordship a thousand guineas—and he proved to be an attorney! a money-lending rascal! and I've never seen or heard of him since!

Sir Char. An attorney! ha, ha, ha! Should you know him again?

Pav. Know him! I shall never forget him, because he did the thing so genteelly, as he expressed it—Oh! if I catch him!—

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Small. How d'ye do, Sir Charles? Cousin, a word —(*Taking* MISS DAZZLE *aside.*) Well, I've made up my mind—I'll enter into your scheme—I'm determined to grow rich.

Miss Daz. Ay, I thought you'd see your interest, Mr Smalltrade.

Small. I do—I see we shall make fools of them all—At night I'll come and be a looker-on; and now, if you'll step into the house, we'll arrange articles of partnership.

Miss Daz. With all my heart—Come, sir.

Small. A third of the profits, remember; and, hark ye, as your visitors are so fashionable, I suppose I must make an appearance—look like a gentleman! I can do it, I assure you—but then, how to understand the technicals—to talk like the rest of you—Oh! evil communication will corrupt my good manners—So, come along.

Miss Daz. Brother, will you follow? Mr Pavè, we shall see you in the evening.

[*Exit into house with* SMALLTRADE.

Pav. (*Stopping* SIR CHARLES, *who is following.*) Gad! this must be some great man—Baronet, who is that little fellow?

Sir Char. A man of very great power—If you'll remind me, I'll introduce you at night.

Pav. Introduce me! Oh! don't trouble yourself, —I can do that myself.

Sir Char. I believe it—Mind you are useful now —recollect I brought you down to assist in all our schemes—Speak highly of your patron.

Pav. Ay, and of myself too, Sir Charles: for, in this unthinking age, say you're a clever fellow, and every body believes it—They remember they heard you praised, and forgot where—I know my duty—Success to you, my ever dear, kind patron! [*Exit* SIR CHARLES.] Dirty, shuffling rascal! I've been his dangler these five years, and never got any thing but promises—Oh! if Lord Orville, or even that great little man, would befriend me!—I'll get a new patron—I will! Sir Charles's contemptible tricks are beneath a man of my consequence—I'll about it instantly; and though necessity may make me dependent, it shall never make me mean; for if I can't be promoted so as to be of service to my country, hang me if I'll be promoted at all. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An elegant Saloon at SIR CHARLES'S----*One door leading to Faro-Room---the other to Supper-Room.*

Flourish of Clarinets.

Enter WARFORD *and Servant.*

War. Tell Mr Smalltrade I desire to speak with him.

Serv. Mr Smalltrade is engaged, sir---looking on at the gaming-table.

War. Tell him his nephew is come, according to his orders. [*Exit Servant in Faro-Room.* 'Sdeath! 'tis as I suspected---he has sent for me to bring articles of partnership between himself and these impostors---What is to be done? He is convinced he shall make his fortune by the undertaking; and so great is his credulity, that, till he is completely ruined, he will not detect the imposition---Can I believe it? Yonder he comes. (*Stands aside.*)

Flourish of Clarinets.

Enter from Faro-Room, SMALLTRADE, *full dressed, handing in* MISS DAZZLE.

Miss Daz. Well, Mr Smalltrade, how do you like Faro? Don't you see it's the way to get money?

Small. I do----I see my fortune's made. (*Turns about.*) Heh! What do you think? Shan't I do? Don't I look like one of us? (*Struts about.*)

Miss Daz. You do indeed.

Small. I've learnt all your cant words too—I'm not a greenhorn or a flat—I'm an old rook and a black-legs!—Just like you and your brother.

Miss Daz. Well, but Mr Smalltrade!—the music—gaming—the company——altogether, isn't it a most enchanting amusement?

Small. It is indeed——and Faro's a monstrous pretty game. Cousin, do you know I'd a great mind to have had a touch myself.

Miss Daz. How! you play, sir?

Small. I don't know how it was—I felt an odd, ticklish sensation—a sort of itching at the end of my fingers, and presently I caught myself putting a guinea on a card.

Miss Daz. Well, but you took it up again?

Small. No, I didn't—I let it lay, and somebody else took it up for me.

Miss Daz. What, you lost it?

Small. I did—I lost my guinea! Oh! it's a sweet game! I don't wonder at the money rolling in—But where's the supper?

Miss Daz. Yonder.

Small. So it is.—What a feast for the senses! Eyes, ears, taste, feeling, all gratified!—But hold, hold—By the law of the land, don't we come under the vagrant act? Mayn't a justice of the peace send you, I, and all the noble host of Faro, to be whipt at the cart's tail?

Miss Daz. You forget—Gold makes justice blind.

Small. True—that's another way of growing rich—But where's Warford? I wish Warford would bring the articles.

Miss Daz. There he is, sir—I'll leave you to talk to him—for in the next room, they can do no more without me than I can without them. Adieu! call me when you want me. [*Exit.*

WARFORD *advances.*

Small. Well, sir, what do you stare at? Does the splendour of my dress surprise you, or are you angry because I want to grow rich? Where are the articles, sir?

War. They are not yet finished, sir.

Small. Look ye, sir—you think this bank isn't so good as mine; but I'd have you know they have ten times our customers. People will game, sir.

War. Will they, sir?

Small. Yes; there's a curst, ticklish sensation, makes a man game whether he will or not; then, when I give turtle and venison at home, I'm obliged to pay for it myself; but here egad! they make other people pay for it: and a couple of lemons, squeezed into a quart of water, will fetch twenty guineas a tumbler!—But, George, now, isn't this a most delicious scene? The supper! Look at the supper, you dog! Doesn't the very smell make you happy?

War. Sir, I am sorry to see you so imposed upon.

Small. Imposed upon!

War. Yes, sir—If you have any feeling for yourself, regard for me, or affection for Lady Henrietta, who is placed under your protection, you will refuse to countenance such infamous designs—They will draw you into the partnership, rob you of your fortune, and laugh at you for your folly.

Small. Indeed!

War. Yes, sir; and without your assistance they must fall to the ground; for, though they make large sums every night, they contrive to spend 'em every day.

Small. Oh! then they do make large sums, do they?

War. Certainly—But how is it done? By perverting the laws of hospitality—by annihilating the bonds of society, and, under the specious mask of rank and

character, perpetrating crimes that common sharpers are excluded from.

Small. What's that to you or me? If the money's made, it's quite enough to satisfy my conscience! So, go, sir—finish the articles of partnership, and bring them instantly.

War. Oh, sir, consider—Even now perhaps Lady Henrietta is falling a victim to their artifices, and if you join the confederacy, all—all will be undone!

Small. Go, sir—no reply—I must and will be obeyed. (*Exit* WARFORD.) Senseless flat! While I can fill my stomach in one room, and my pockets in the other, what do I care for him or Henrietta? But now to take a peep, just to see who's losing. (*Looks in Faro-Room.*)

Enter PAVE.

Pav. Really, this is a most shocking business—I'm told they've drawn in their relation, a silly country banker—Sir Charles brought me down to be useful, but no prospect of advantage to myself shall ever induce me to take part in a bad administration.—Ha! yonder's that little great man—Now, if I can but coax him into my list of promises!—Sir, your most obedient.

Small. Sir, your most devoted.

Pav. I see, sir, you're a friend of my patron, Sir Charles—And, next to being a man of rank ones self, I know nothing like living amongst them—Where does your interest lay, sir?

Small. My interest! Who the deuce is this?

Pav. I wish I knew his title. (*Aside.*) Pray be seated, sir. (*They sit.*) Now, sir, (*Taking out his roll of promises.*) look at that list of promises! Many of your noble friends, you see, sir—but nothing done! nothing!

Small. Many of my noble friends! Oh! what, you

want promotion, do you?—My dear sir, I've no influence.

Pav. Excuse me, sir—I know better—Do you think I can't tell a great man when I see him? (SMALLTRADE *looks pleased.*) Besides, when was it that such manners, such an appearance, and such a style of dress, couldn't command every thing. (SMALLTRADE *looks more pleased.*) My dear sir, you remind me of the old court, you do indeed—Of an old bedchamber lord.

Small. (*Greatly pleased.*) Bedchamber lord! Ay; I'm very upright. (*Holds up his head.*)

Pav. Perhaps you are diffident, sir—never applied?

Small. Why, that's very true—I never did ask a man in power, a favour, never—I've a great mind to try.

Pav. Do—make the experiment, and, by way of sounding, get a small snug appointment for me, before you ask a grand one for yourself.

Small. I will—I'll get a little one for you, and a great one for myself—Was there ever such a delicious scene? How riches do pour in upon me!

Pav. Riches! Why, did the scheme never strike you before?

Small. Never—And I'm amazed I could be such a greenhorn. (*Rises.*) Oh! I'll go and ask Sir Charles directly.

Pav. Ask Sir Charles! Pooh! he's only one hope himself.

Small. One hope! What's that?

Pav. Why, don't you know? As we're alone, I'll tell you—There's a country banker—They've drawn in the old greenhorn to be a partner!

Small. What!

Pav. He'll stop payment of course, and as he's not a man of character—only a little sneaking, shuffling shopman—Formy part I'm glad on't,—an't you, sir?

Small. Indeed I am not, sir.—So he's to be a bankrupt, is he?

Pav. Certainly—I shall, perhaps, be one of his creditors—But, between you and I, I sha'n't sign his certificate.

Small. You won't sign his certificate!

Pav. No—what business has a tradesman to turn black-legs? To be sure he won't sneak into the Gazette, like a tailor or a tallow-chandler, for a paltry hundred or so; No—he'll preserve his dignity; fall like a gentleman for thirty or forty thousand pounds—You take the joke, don't you?

Small. No, dam'me if I do! And they mean to ruin him, do they?

Pav. Ruin him! Oh! it's all settled! Sir Charles told me he saw him lose a guinea just now—"Poor devil," says he, "he little thinks how near it is his last." Ha, ha, ha! (*Walks up the stage.*)

Re-enter WARFORD (*with the Articles.*)

War. According to your commands, sir, I have brought you the articles.

Small. Have you? then thus I tear them. (*Taking and tearing them.*) George, I ask your pardon—I'm so ashamed, yet so gratified, that, though that impudent dog has insulted me, I can't help liking him for having open'd my eyes.

Pav. (*Coming down stage.*) Well!—have you thought—Oh, mum—applying to a friend!—That's right—stick close to every body.

Small. Did you ever hear such a fellow? But come, let's return home, and, instead of this new-fangled mode of getting money, we'll grow rich the old way—by honesty and industry, my boy.

War. Stay, sir—think that Lady Henrietta is still in danger, and sure you will not leave the house till she is released.

Small. What can I do, George? Neither you nor I can persuade her; and, unless her father, Lord Orville, were here——

Pav. Lord Orville! That's the man! He can settle us all—Oh! I wish I knew how to oblige him.

War. Do you, sir? Then, his daughter, Lady Henrietta, is now at the gaming-table, and if you will but save her as you have this gentleman, I'll answer for it, her father will reward you.

Pav. Reward me! my dear sir, when a lady's in distress, do you think I care who or what her father is? Lord Orville's daughter! Whugh! Here's an opportunity! Oh! I'll go find her out directly.

War. Be cautious, sir—for, if Sir Charles discovers your intentions——

Pav. What then, sir? Do you suppose I'm influenced by any but people of merit and distinction? Such as Lord Orville, and your elegant friend, my graceful bedchamber lord, who, I know, will not forget the snug appointment—Where shall I conduct the lady?

Small. We'll wait below—And, d'ye hear—tell Miss Dazzle not to forget to fleece the country banker.

Pav. I will—and shew Sir Charles I'm a man of real consequence. Adieu! wait here a moment, and you'll see the little tradesman come out howling! But it won't do—I sha'n't sign his certificate! Ha, ha, ha!

Small. By this time he's lost his last guinea, ha, ha, ha! (*Exit* PAVE.) Come, George, let's go wait below, and depend on't, that fellow will extricate Henrietta—What an odd dog! He seems so anxious for preferment, that I've a great mind to turn away my under clerk on purpose to give him a place.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment at SIR CHARLES'S.

SIR CHARLES *and* LADY HENRIETTA, *discovered at Cards.*

Sir Char. Point—sixty.
Lady Hen. Good.
Sir Char. Sixieme major.
Lady Hen. Good.
Sir Char. Quatorze.
Lady Hen. Good—(*Rises.*) I'll play no more—Never was such a series of ill luck—Well, Sir Charles, what have I lost?
Sir Char. Oh, a trifle! Never think of it, Lady Henrietta.
Lady Hen. Nay, you may as well seal my doom at once—Come!
Sir Char. Well, if you insist—Here are your notes for money lent at Faro, one thousand pounds, and what I have now won is five hundred, making in the whole fifteen hundred pounds.
Lady Hen. A very pleasant trifle! But don't imagine I can't pay you, sir, don't——
Sir Char. Nay, allow me to relieve you at once—Take back the notes, forget the debt, and think me amply paid, if but a smile the return.
Lady Hen. No, Sir Charles—I cannot consen to be so obliged—'Tis true, my imprudence has involved me beyond all hope of being extricated, and my father is abroad, and my uncle won't protect me!—yet, sir!——
Sir Char. Lady Henrietta, I know your situation, and feel for you—therefore let me entreat you to ac

cept the notes; and, when you want a protector, you know where to find one.

Lady Hen. A protector, sir!—

Sir Char. Be not alarm'd—you know my intentions are honourable; and, since you have no other friend to protect you——

Lady Hen Sir, I deserve this, amply deserve it—I might have known, when a woman turns gamester, her fortune is the least she loses. The society vilifies her feelings—the fatigue ruins her health and understanding, and, when she has nothing left to stake, her pride is insulted, and even her honour made a sport of!

Sir Char. How you mistake me! Because I profess to be your friend, you suppose me your enemy.—My sister is in the next room waiting to receive you—You will not leave my house?

Lady Hen. Am I made a prisoner then? Heavens! how have I sunk myself!

Sir Char. Pray be composed—I will place you under my sister's care—She shall decide whether I deserve your affections—Come, come, be calm—(*Taking her hand.*) Consider, where would you go?

Lady Hen. Any where, so I leave your house—Don't imagine I have no friends, sir.

Sir Char. I am your friend, and feel your interest too much to part with you—Nay, you must, you shall be persuaded—(*Holds and detains her.*)

Enter PAVE.

Pav. So, heaven be praised, I have found you at last, phugh! (*Puffing himself.*)

Sir Char. What brings you here?

Pav. To be useful—Ma'am, your most obedient—What! at your old tricks, my boy? (*Smacks* SIR CHARLES *on the back, and points to cards.*)

Sir Char. Hush! don't you see I'm busy!

Pav. Mum! don't expose yourself—Lady Henrietta, I rejoice—Oh! what a likeness of her father!

Sir Char. 'Sdeath! What do you mean, sir?

Pavè. Mean! that we were born to protect women, not insult them, and while I wear a sword, they shall never want a champion!—I tell you what, sir—your behaviour has been lately very offensive, and if the lady will give me leave, I'll conduct her to a little great man who is waiting to receive her.

Lady Hen. As I live it's Mr Smalltrade! Yonder I see him.

Sir Char. Come here, sir—Answer me, is this your gratitude?

Pav. Gratitude! Now, observe, ma'am—I have been his dangler these five years—I've waited whole hours in the streets, only to catch a smile from him—dined at his side-table, and got nothing to eat but scraps and offals—talk'd of his gallantries, confirm'd his gasconades, and laugh'd at his jokes, though he knows he never cut one in his life—But now, come, my sweet lady.

Sir Char. Lady Henrietta, will you trust yourself with that reptile?

Lady Hen. With any body rather than Sir Charles Dazzle.

Pav. You hear, baronet, you hear! the reptile's not so contemptible—And, to shew my condescension—hark ye—I'll speak to Lord Orville for you—make out a list of promises—put his lordship at the head, and in the course of five years, if he don't provide for you, I will! *I* will, if it's only to shew you that one man of rank can be more useful than another, you see—Come, madam.

Sir Char. Confusion! am I outwitted? made a laughing-stock of?

Enter Miss Dazzle.

Miss Daz. So, Sir Charles, have you seen that blockhead, Pavè?

Sir Char. Blockhead! villain.

Miss Daz. He has undone all my schemes on the banker.

Sir Char. And mine on Lady Henrietta.

Miss Daz. You brought him to be useful, didn't you?

Sir Char. I did; and he has completely answered my expectations! Well, sister, if ruin is the road to happiness, we are the merriest couple—Lady Henrietta shall not escape, however—William!

Enter a Servant.

Go to Mr Latitat's—tell him to come to me directly.

Miss Daz. To your attorney's, brother?

Sir Char. Yes; I'll leave her to the law now—In the mean time, let's to Mr Smalltrade—There's a vacancy in the borough, and if I can secure his interest and gain the election, I'll sell my tables, leave off hospitality, reform, and live like a gentleman!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment at SMALLTRADE'S.

LADY HENRIETTA *discovered sitting at a Toilette.*

Lady Hen. So, the day of reckoning is at last arrived, and here I sit, forgotten by my father, ne-

glected by my uncle Sir Thomas, and unpitied by every body—Even Mr Pavè has avoided me—finding Lord Orville was offended with me, he retired, saying he would give me no further trouble—Alas! how, how have I involved myself?

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Lord, ma'am, I'm frighten'd out of my senses—What do you think Sir Charles has done?

Lady Hen. What, Betty?

Bet. He has employ'd a gentleman, who, he says, will get the money from you directly—An attorney, ma'am.

Lady Hen. An attorney!

Bet. Yes, your ladyship—Sir Charles insists he lent you a thousand pounds.

Lady Hen. So he did, Betty—He lent it first, and won it afterwards—Have you seen Mr Warford?

Bet. I have, ma'am, and—(*Hesitating.*)

Lady Hen. And what, Betty?

Bet. When I told him your distress, my lady, and said you would thank him to lend you a hundred pounds to convey you abroad, he made no reply.

Lady Hen. No!

Bet. No, ma'am—but left the room instantly.

Lady Hen. This wounds me more than all! that Warford should desert me! Yet why do I upbraid him! He warn'd me of my danger, and now, too justly, shuns me for my folly.

Bet. Lord, don't fret about it, my lady—who knows but this lawyer may prove a very gentleman-like man—Talk of old friends—give me a new acquaintance, I say! (*Loud knocking.*) Here he is, ma'am! here's the attorney—(*Looks out.*) Upon my word! what an elegant equipage! see, ma'am! a handsome phaeton, and two servants on horseback.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Ma'am, here's a gentleman in a phaeton, who says his name is Latitat.

Lady Hen. Shew him in. [*Exeunt* BETTY *and Servant.*] Really this must be a strange kind of an attorney; but in these days, nothing surprises!

Enter LATITAT *in an elegant Morning Dress.*

Lat. Let my carriage wait—Ma'am, your most obedient.

Lady Hen. Pray be seated, sir—(*They sit.*) I'm told, sir, you have some law business.

Lat. I have, ma'am—but no hurry about that—I always do the thing genteelly—Pray, ma'am, were you at the last grand meeting of archers?

Lady Hen. No, sir, I was not.

Lat. That's unlucky—I got the verdict—that is, I won the prize—hit the bull's eye—carried off the bugle-horn—here it is—(*Puts his hand in wrong pocket, and takes out papers.*) No—that's a bill in Chancery—Here, ma'am—(*Pulls out bugle-horn.*) received it from the lady patroness—kiss'd her hand—proclaim'd victor—march'd in procession—colours flying—music playing—clients huzzaing! Did the thing genteelly, ma'am!

Lady Hen. Indeed, sir, you were very fortunate.

Lat. Oh, I'm a nice fellow, ma'am!—Then at cricket—last grand match—got sixty notches—the Peer run out—the Baron stumpt, and the General knock'd down his own wicket—I was long-stop—famous at a long-stop, ma'am—cricket or law! ball or debtor! let neither slip through my fingers! heh, ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Hen. So it seems—But, pray, sir, how can you follow the law amidst such a confusion of professions?

Lat. Law and confusion are the same thing, ma'am.

—Then I write my own songs, draw my own pleadings, ride my own races—To be sure I never won one in my life—but then I always rode like a gentleman! Heh, ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Hen. Certainly—but now, may we talk about my business?

Lat. Don't alarm yourself—that's all settled—my friend will be here presently—he'll shew you every accommodation.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A gentleman in a curricle, ma'am.

Lat. In a curricle! Oh! that's my friend—Shew him in. (*Exit Servant.*) Now here! here's another proof of my talents! When I came to this town, ma'am, little Nab hadn't a shilling! I learnt him the practice—Now he lives in style, drives his carriage, and will lend you a thousand pounds.

Lady Hen. Will he, sir? I'm very much obliged to him.

Enter NAB, (*smartly dress'd.*)

Nab. (*Speaks as he enters.*) Put clothes on the horses, and raise the top of the curricle, that the lady mayn't catch cold.

Lat. Mr Nab, Lady Henrietta—Lady Henrietta, Mr Nab—There! make your bow—(NAB *bows affectedly.*) And now shake hands.

Lady Hen. Shake hands, sir!

Lat. Yes—Let him do the thing genteelly—(NAB *gently touches her hand.*) There! the business is settled! You're arrested at the suit of Sir Charles Dazzle, and little Nab will drive you away in his curricle.

Lady Hen. Arrested!

Lat. Lord, don't be uneasy—his house is a palace—full of the best furniture, the best wines; and, I give you my honour, the best company! You'll

find some very fashionable people there—some of your intimate friends—heh, Nab?

Nab. Yes, ma'am; and I entertain my company so superbly, that when they leave my house, it's always in good humour, I assure you—Besides, we can make up a Faro bank—every thing in style.

Lady Hen. This it is to be deluded into the vortex of dissipation—May it be a lesson to my sex, and prove how short the distance is from the gay associates of high life to the low companions of my present hour—But since it must be so—since I have no friend to succour or protect me, I must, perforce, submit—Come, sirs, conduct me.

Enter WARFORD.

War. Where are you going, gentlemen?

Lat. To take the lady an airing, sir—Will you join the party?

Lady Hen. Mr Warford, I little expected to see you here—The gentleman who reproved me in prosperity, is at least consistent in shunning me in adversity.

War. What is your demand, sir? (*To* LATITAT.)

Lat. Nab, shew the writ.

Nab. The debt and costs are one thousand and twenty pounds.

War. Here is the money then. (*Gives* LATITAT *bank notes.*)

Lat. The what!

War. There are bank notes for the sum.

Lat. (*Counting them.*) So there are—Why, this is doing the thing genteelly, Nab!

Nab. Amazing!

War. What do you stare at, sir?

Lat. Excuse us, sir, we are a little surprised to be sure; for, when my friend and I do shake hands with people of fashion, we generally pass some time with them.

War. No matter, sir, the debt is discharged, so begone.

Lat. Begone!

War. Yes; leave the room instantly.

Lat. Leave the room! Is this language to a gentleman?

War. Gentleman! away! 'tis such pettifoggers as you that disgrace the profession—that live on the miseries of the unfortunate, and, in a land of freedom, mutilate laws that are the guardians of liberty—Harkye, sir, were I a barrister or judge——

Lat. Barrister or judge! Pooh! they can't do the thing so genteelly as we can.

Nab. No! I'll give a dinner with any judge in England.

Lat. I'd rather be an attorney than chief justice.

Nab. And I a bailiff than high chancellor.

War. Very likely: but I insist——

Lat. Certainly——we're going, sir——Good day, ma'am——We live in hopes! Here! where's my phaeton and servants?

Nab. Call up my curricle and followers!—Good day, ma'am!

Lat. If any future accident should happen either to you or that gentleman, we shall be always happy to give you an airing. Come along, Nab—Barrister or judge! Pooh!—(*Looks at notes.*) Oh what a pleasure it is to do the thing genteelly!

[*Exit with* NAB.

War. Now, Lady Henrietta, I hope your fears are at an end.

Lady Hen. No, Mr Warford, they are rather increased; for if I am to be relieved at another's expence——To whom, sir, am I thus indebted?

War. You'll know hereafter—at present be satisfied with being told, that the instant I heard of your distress, I flew to your uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—he forgave you all that had passed,

found a friend that advanced the money, and now waits with open arms to receive you.

Lady Hen. Is he my benefactor? Does the old lord of the manor for once forget his game to relieve a gamester?

War. I found him in close conversation with his god-daughter Rosa, whose father is parson of the parish.

Lady Hen. Mr Medium?

War. The same—The late minister being dead, Sir Thomas had just got the living for Mr Medium, and was in such high joy, that he begged I'd bring you instantly—He said he was just going to sit as magistrate, but by the time he got there, the justice business would be over.

Lady Hen. And if he has no poacher to try for snaring his game, we will find him in the same good humour you left him—Come, Mr Warford—Oh! you are indeed a friend; and, had I earlier listened to your kind advice—but it's all over—The recollection of these two genteel men so terrifies me, that, if I game again, I hope I shall be compelled to take an airing with the one, and shake hands with the other. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An old Hall, hung with Stags' Horns, Family Pictures, &c.

Clerk discovered sitting at a Table—A Chair above it.

Two Constables—A young Woman, a young Man, and HIPPY, *discovered.*

Clerk. Stand back—stand back—his worship the justice approaches.

Enter SIR THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.

Sir Tho. Od, I'm so happy! Old Medium has got the living, and I've given Rosa a holiday—I know she can't kill a bird; so I've put a gun in her hand, and sent her out with the gamekeeper, to beat the outskirts, and drive the game in—Well, Formal, (*To Clerk.*) what complaints? (*Ascends his chair.*) Any thing about the manor?

Clerk. Please your worship, (*Woman advances.*) this poor woman is deserted by her husband, and left on the parish—The man is a footman, and has been detected in open nem. con. with an old widow.

Sir Th. Don't talk to me about nem. con.—— Haven't I told you not to let my delicacy be shocked with any improper charges? Take her away—Any body else?

Clerk. Please your worship, (*Man advances.*) this poor man is a labourer, and has five children to maintain——but he has been so beaten and bruised by 'Squire Sturdy, that he can't work for his family.

Sir Tho. Serve him right—why didn't he get out of his way, when he knew the 'squire was so fond of boxing; that he must have practice to keep his hand in—Dismiss him—Any thing more?

Clerk. Nothing of any consequence, your worship, —only young Hippy, the miller's son, here—an honest, industrious young man—was found by the gamekeeper with a hare under his arm.

Sir Tho. With what?

Clerk. With a hare, on your manor.

Sir Tho. On my manor! (*Comes from his seat.*) Oh, you assassin! Nothing of any consequence indeed! Why, what's nem. con., crim. con., or pro and con, to the shedding innocent blood? You dog! speak—answer me—What have you to say for yourself?

Clerk. (*To* HIPPY.) Speak to the magistrate.

Hip. Please your majesty——

Sir Tho. Please my what?

Hip. Please your majesty, I'll tell you all about it—The other morning, as I was crossing the wheat stubble, along with old Nicholas——You know old Nick, your honour?——

Sir Tho. Curse old Nick—Go on.

Hip. Na—don't you hurry me—I seed something in the corn going a-tittup, a-tittup, a-tittup—So, says I,—"Say nothing, Nicky, and we'll see what it is." —And presently there came within my legs as fine a large banging hare as ever you clapt your two most gracious eyes upon.

Sir Tho. Well, sirrah!

Hip. So, knowing as how such great beasts only devoured the corn and barley off your majesty's manor, I kept him tight between my legs, and squeezing him in this way—Look'ee! (*Puts his hat between his legs.*) I pinched him by little and little, 'till at last a got the staggers; and then says I, "Now, old Nick, knock his brains out."

Sir Tho. You did, did you?

Hip. Yes, that I did; and Nicky kept his word—for there a lay as dead and lifeless—Icod, it would have done your heart good to see Nicky and I laughing; he, he, he!

Sir Tho. And it will do my heart good to see Nicky and you hanging; he, he, he! (*Mimicking.*) —Seize him—take him to jail.

[*Constables seize him.*

Hip. To jail!

Sir Tho. Ay; I'll learn you to poach on my manor.

Hip. Oh Lord! why, your honour was just now pleased to pardon 'Squire Sturdy for almost kill'ing a man; and here I'm to be tucked up for only squeezing a hare! Odraten! this can't be justice.

ROSA *sings, without,* "Hark away," *&c.*

Sir Tho. Ah! here's my little god-daughter!—she never killed any game; and if she had been out that day, she'd have scared the hare away.

Enter ROSA, *singing, and followed by two Gamekeepers, with quantities of Hares, Pheasants, and Partridges.*

Rosa. Come along, William—shew my god-papa what sport we've had!—There! (*Gamekeepers throw down game.*) An't I a nice little sportsman?

Hip. Icod, if my neck's to be twisted, what's to become of hers?

Rosa. Why, you don't look pleased, Sir Thomas—perhaps you don't think I've killed half enough?

Sir Tho. Yes, I do—Oh! h! h! (*Looking at the game.*)

Rosa. Nay, consider, Sir Thomas, it's very well for a young beginner; but I tell you what, I'll soon make you happy—let me go out again to-morrow, and I won't leave a single hare, pheasant, or partridge, on the manor.

Hip. Doey—doey, your majesty, and let me go wi' her.

Sir Tho. Come—I'll soon settle this business—Constable, take that poacher to the county jail—No words—take him directly.

Hip. Dang it, if ever I squeeze a hare again—Good day, Miss—Odraten! I suppose you and old Nick will soon come after me.

[*Constables force him off.*

Sir Tho. And now, William, do you take the other poacher to the parsonage-house.

Rosa. To the parsonage-house, sir?

Sir Tho. Ay, to your father's——You jade! I'm tired of your follies—You know I took you from the parson's, that you might get well married—but you couldn't hit the mark.

Rosa. No: but I hit the birds; ay, and marked 'em too—However, I know why you're angry with me—you've made it up with your niece, Lady Henrietta; and, because I couldn't marry some great man, who might have got you new manors, and all that; you mean to try what she can do.

Sir Tho. Yes, she shall be my heiress now—so go home, Miss.

Rosa. Well, I don't care—I know where the game lies; and while there's a feather on the manor, I won't want a day's sport, depend on't.

SONG.

Ah, cruel Sir Thomas! to abandon your promise,
And leave Rosa, poor girl, to lament;
But take honour and gold, and your favour withhold,
You cannot take health and content.
While my dogs, at the dawn,
Brush the dew from the lawn,
Sniff the scent of the game,
And our spirits inflame,
Through thickets or stubbles,
Their courage redoubles;
Then checking their speed—"Hey, Basto, take heed!"
Oh! Sir Thomas Roundhead! Pop, your game it is dead!
I can hit well my man, and a lover trepan;
Yet Amazon-like I will be;
As sure as a gun, from each suitor I'll run,
But the hero who overcomes me,
While my dogs, &c.

[*Exit with Gamekeepers.*

Enter LADY HENRIETTA.

Lady Hen. My dear uncle!

Sir Tho. My dear niece! I rejoice to see you—Mr Warford told you, I suppose.

Lady Hen. He did indeed, Sir Thomas; and the thousand pounds you sent me was the most critical, fortunate——

Sir T. Round. The thousand pounds!

Lady Hen. Yes—but for that, I had been living in a palace, viewing the best furniture, tasting the best wines, and keeping the best company, in the world.

Sir T. Round. My dear girl, I sent you no thousand pounds.

Lady Hen. No!

Sir T. Round. No—The young gentleman, indeed, told me you wanted money, but I had none by me—Mine's all in the country bank—all lock'd up—Smalitrade never pays in specie—and as to his five pound notes, they're like French assignats! Dam'me, a good old English guinea's worth a thousand of 'em! This I told Mr Warford, and he said he himself could find a friend to advance it.

Lady Hen. Generous, disinterested man! But how, how am I to repay him?

Sir T. Round. I'll tell you—I have quarrell'd with that hussey, Rosa, and as I wish to have a senator for my heir, I mean to get you well married—Nay, I have a husband already in my eye.

Lady Hen. Have you, sir?

Sir T. Round. Yes; there is a vacancy in the borough, and the new member shall have your hand and my estate.

Lady Hen. And pray, sir, who is likely to be my representative?

Sir T. Round. There is only one candidate at present, and he is an old admirer of your's, and an old friend of mine—Sir Charles Dazzle.

Lady Hen. Sir Charles Dazzle!

Sir T. Round. Yes; he's a man of rank and talents; and, if we may judge by his style of living, he's the richest baronet in England—But now, let's in to dinner, and talk further—Oh! when Sir Charles has married you, he shall do me three such favours—all relating to my own estate.

Lady Hen. And what are they, sir?

Sir T. Round. You shall hear—The first is, to turn the road, and send my neighbours half a mile round—The second is, to enclose the common, and keep it all to myself—The third is, to cut a canal right through the town, and build powder-mills on the banks! This, my dear girl, will double my rental, and this is my way of growing rich! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

SIR THOMAS'S *Park.—View of his House, Garden, Ponds, &c.*

Enter SIR CHARLES DAZZLE, *and two Servants.*

Sir Char. Knock at the gate, and announce my arrival. [*Exit Servant.* So, Lady Henrietta has not escaped me yet—Hearing Sir Thomas meant to provide for her, I instantly wrote to him, and offer'd her marriage—this he agreed to, supposing my fortune will ensure the election.—As to that wretch Pavè—I just now met the mad rascal, running full speed after a nobleman's carriage.

2d Serv. Yonder is Mr Pavè, sir.

Sir Char. Ay, meditating on the drawing-rooms of princes, and the levees of ministers.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Thomas is waiting to receive you, sir.

Sir Char. Shew me the way—Now here, here's another proof that ruin is the road to riches; for, without having an acre of my own, I am going to take possession of the largest estate in the county—Poor Sir Thomas! poor Henrietta! I'll soon convince them that now-a-days people live better without money than with it. [*Exit.*

Enter WARFORD *and* LADY HENRIETTA.

Lady Hen. How can I thank you, sir? Nay, don't deny your generosity—I have learnt all from Sir Thomas—And tell me honestly, Mr Warford, have you not, by extricating me, involved yourself?

War. No, Lady Henrietta; I gain'd this money by easy, honourable means; out of an annuity of two hundred pounds, allowed me these ten years past by my uncle, I have, by frugality and prudence, annually saved a moiety—saved it to befriend me in the hour of danger. And if it has assisted you, how great and ample is my recompence! But think not of that—think of Sir Charles Dazzle—What brings him to Sir Thomas's?

Lady Hen. The worst of purposes—he comes to be my husband! Sir Thomas has accepted his proposals, and in my father's absence I have no friend to protect me but you—Oh, Mr Warford! little did I think, when I entered my uncle's house, I should again be in the power of such an enemy.

War. Nor shall you be—I'll see Sir Thomas instantly—expose Sir Charles's villanies.

Lady Hen. That would be useless—Alas! there is but one way—and that is so difficult—so uncertain! You know, in consequence of my imprudence, Sir Thomas had adopted Rosa for his heiress.

War. He had.

Lady Hen. Previous to my arrival, he quarrell'd with her, and sent her back to the parsonage house —Now, as I know the old gentleman only wants a man of rank to inherit his estate, the way to save me, would be to restore Rosa to his favour.

War. I understand—But how—how is that to be accomplished?

Lady Hen. By seeing her father, the minister of the parish, by persuading him to interfere for his daughter—if he succeeds—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your uncle and Sir Charles Dazzle request your ladyship's company.

Lady Hen. Is it possible? Am I forced to meet the man who has so insulted me? To be under the same roof with him, and at last be doom'd to marry him?

War. Talk not of it—I'll endeavour to restore Rosa to your uncle's favour. Tell me, sir, (*To Servant.*) where does the clergyman live?

Serv. What! the new minister, Mr Medium, sir?

War. Yes.

Serv. He lives across the field, at the white house, sir.

War. Then I'll wait on him, and return to you instantly.

Lady Hen. Adieu, Mr Warford! Oh! now, more than ever, I feel the effect of my follies! Had I, like him, grown rich by prudence and economy, I might ere this have fixed my own choice; and, instead of being united to a man I detest, I might have found one who would have loved and honoured me! But as it is,—farewell, sir,—we shall soon meet again.

[*Exit.*

War. Farewell, Lady Henrietta.—Distraction! Must that villain triumph over her! No, I'll not lose a moment—I'll see this minister. (*Going.*)

Enter PAVE, *who stops him.*

Pav. See the minister! What, in that dress? Pooh! you can't get an audience.

War. Excuse me, sir—I've the most important business—

Pav. Why, he's in town I tell you.

War. He's in the neighbourhood I tell you, and where I must and will see him. So, stand back, and don't detain me from an interview, that makes or mars my peace for ever.

[*Pushes* PAVE *aside, and exit.*

Pav. In the neighbourhood! The minister in the neighbourhood! Impossible! This is not his county —And yet—he's on a visit perhaps, or on a secret expedition! If he should, and I can catch his eye! get a squeeze, a nod, or a smile, and at last wheedle him into my list of promises! whugh!—

Enter HIPPY.

Hip. Odraten! I've made my escape—Miss Rosa spoke to her father, who spoke to Sir Thomas, and now, if I can find Mr Medium, and thank him—Pray, sir, have you seen the minister?

Pav. There! Have I seen the minister? They're all after him.

Hip. He has saved me and Nicky—But here's his daughter, Miss Rosa.

Pav. His daughter! the minister's daughter! My dear fellow, take this—(*Gives him money.*) and, d'ye hear? speak to her in my favour—speak highly of me—hint I'm of the old Norman blood.

Hip. What blood?

Pav. The old Norman blood!—You understand, mum! you understand——

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. It's a shame to turn me out of the house,

and adopt Lady Henrietta, and all because I couldn't marry a great man! Faith, I've a good mind to run away with the churchwarden—I have, and—Bless me! what pretty-looking gentleman's this?

Hip. Miss, he wishes to say a word to you—(*Whispers her.*) he's an old Norman blood. [*Exit.*

Pav. (*Aside.*) To use her father's language, I wish the budget was open'd.—Ma'am! (*Bowing.*)

Rosa. (*Curtsying.*) Lord, what a charming man!

Pav. She smiles upon me—now then for the ways and means.—Oh you paragon! till I throw myself at your father's feet, allow me to fall at yours! (*Kneeling.*) and thus, and thus—(*Kissing her hand*) to swear allegiance to you, your sire, and your whole august family.

Rosa. Was there ever such an elegant creature!

Pav. Here let me swear to ratify the treaty of alliance, to cement the family compact, and preserve the balance of power as long as I live.

Rosa. Dear, how he must adore me! I can't stand it much longer.

Pav. Never will I rise till you sign preliminary articles, till you swear you believe me your faithful ally, your leagued confederate, and ever loyal vassal.

Rosa. (*Kneeling by him.*) I do! I do! And moreover, I swear that I honour the Norman race more than my own! and sooner than such a sweet-looking gentleman should break his heart for me, faith I'll run away with him directly.

Pav. What! Let me taste that treasury of charms!

Rosa. Yes.

Pav. And carry off that exchequer of excellence?

Rosa. I would! I would! this very hour I would!

Pav. Huzza! huzza! I'm the Prime Minister's son.

Rosa. What! (*Rising.*)

Pav. I'm the minister's son! Now let Lord Or-

ville bow to the ground—let Sir Charles Dazzle wipe my shoes—let those that kept me dangling in their halls, stand shivering in mine! and they who spurn'd me, pitied me, and call'd me "poor Pave" —let 'em now pull off their hats, and cry, "Room for the minister's son."—Dam'me, while it lasts, I'll make the most of it!

Rosa. Lord, I knew he was a great man by his talking so unintelligibly. Let's to Sir Thomas Roundhead's directly.

Pav. To a Baronet's! pooh!

Rosa. Nay; he's a great friend of my father's, and will rejoice at our marriage.

Pav. Well then—But your father, my angel! how I long to see him, to help him in his orations!

Rosa. Oh! he wants no help in them—His discourses are excellent, only rather too short: for my mother always confines him to twenty minutes.

Pav. Does she? then your mother is a true lover of her country.—Come.

Re-enter WARFORD.

War. Miss Rosa, a word if you please,—I want to see your father.

Pav. I dare say you do—but excuse us!—we have important business. (*Mimicks* WARFORD'S *manner.*)

War. Nay, I won't detain you a moment.

Pav. Stand back, sir, and don't detain me—I've the most important business—an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever. I say, my little clerk, he is in the neighbourhood, and if you want an audience—I have it—Snug—all under my thumb—mum! You understand—Come, my sweet angel! ask for the minister's son!

Rosa. Ay; ask for the minister's son. [*Exeunt.*

War. Was there ever such an extraordinary fel-

low! But, as I cannot find Mr Medium, I must to Sir Thomas's, and see Lady Henrietta instantly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A modern Apartment at Sir Thomas's—The Room hung with Pictures—In the centre a large Picture, with a Curtain before it.

Enter SIR THOMAS ROUNDHEAD *and* SIR CHARLES DAZZLE.

Sir Char. Sir Thomas, you have made me the happiest of men!

Sir T. Round. No thanks—She shall be yours—Read that agreement. (*Gives him a paper.*)

Sir Char. (*Reads.*) "On condition that Sir Charles Dazzle marries Lady Henrietta, Sir Thomas Roundhead agrees to settle on her one thousand a-year during his life, and the whole of his estate at his death."—Shall we sign directly?

Sir T. Round. No, we can't till we've got her consent—and I assure you, it will require all my eloquence to persuade her—Here she comes—leave us together.

Enter LADY HENRIETTA.

Sir Char. When you are ready, Sir Thomas, I'll wait upon you—Lady Henrietta, your most obedient. [*Bows, and exit.*

Lady Hen. Impudent sycophant! How his looks betray his triumph! Well, uncle, do you really persist in marrying me to that gentleman?

Sir T. Round. Certainly—I will have a man of rank for my heir; for the road must be turn'd,—the

common enclosed,—and the canal and powder-mills accomplished.

Lady Hen. And I would rather work on the road, graze on the common, or be drown'd in the canal, than marry Sir Charles Dazzle—Besides, I am inheriting another's right—Rosa ought to be your heiress.

Sir T. Round. Ay, that is, if I could have married her to a great man—But now, read that agreement.

Lady Hen. (*Reading.*) "Sir Charles marries Lady Henrietta—Sir Thomas settles one thousand a-year—and the whole of his estate at his death."

Sir T. Round. Well! will you sign it? Look ye, no demurring; for if you refuse, neither I nor your father will give you a shilling.

Lady Hen. Ungenerous!

Sir T. Round. Consider too—how are you to repay Mr Warford?

Lady Hen. How indeed! And sooner than he should suffer for his liberality—Yet, to be the wife of my avow'd enemy—I cannot—will not, be so wretched!

Sir T. Round. Won't you? We'll see—Sir Charles Dazzle! (*Calling him in.*)

Lady Hen. Hold, sir—give me but a moment—Wait till my father arrives.

Sir T. Round. No—you shall sign instantly—Sir Charles!—

As he is going, enter ROSA *hastily, and runs against him.*

Rosa. Oh, Sir Thomas!—Oh, my lady!—I'm—— out of breath.

Sir T. Round. What's the matter, Jezabel?

Rosa. I've done it! I've hit the mark! Such a gentleman has run away with me! No less than the Prime Minister's son!

Sir T. Round. The minister's son!

Rosa. Yes; he's of the Norman race, the second person in the world? I'm the third, and you shall be the fourth—Here he is!

Lady Hen. (*Looking out.*) As I live, it's my old friend, Pavè—If I humour this, I may restore Rosa to favour, and save myself—Lucky, lucky thought!

Sir T. Round. Pooh! this can't be the minister's son—And yet, by his appearance—He has certainly a very important, formidable air.

Lady Hen. Sir Thomas, I can affirm it as a fact—This is the very person—I know him intimately.

Sir T. Round. Do you? 'Sdeath! what an awful sight! My respect's so great, I don't know where to stand, or how to look.

Enter PAVE.

Lady Hen. How d'ye do? (*Nods to him.*)

Pav. How d'ye do? (*Nods to her.*)

Sir T. Round. He knows her—it is him! Lord, I wish I had paid my obedience.

Lady Hen. Mr Pavè, this is Sir Thomas Roundhead. (SIR THOMAS *draws back.*) Nay, don't be frighten'd, uncle—the gentleman is very condescending.

Pav. Condescending! Lord! I'm the most familiar creature—Your hand, Tommy, give me your hand.

Sir T. Round. Tommy! why, he's familiar indeed! Gad, I feel bold enough to talk to him——Pray, sir—Hem!—is there any news?

Pav. What! (*Staring at him.*)

Sir T. Round. (*Alarmed*) I only ask'd, sir, if there was any news.

Pav. Fie, Tommy, fie! Never pump a minister—Mum! or any of his family—fie!

Lady Hen. (*Aside to* SIR THOMAS.) Now's your opportunity—fix him at once—Offer him Rosa with your estate.

Sir T. Round. I will—For this is indeed a man of rank! Sir! dread sir! if I don't presume too much —I have a small estate—not indeed adequate to your situation—but, if you will accept it with this young lady———

Pav. How much is it?

Sir T. Round. Scarce worth mentioning—only a thousand a year at present, but, at my death, it will be five thousand—Will you have the condescension?——

Pav. Well, I'll indulge you, Tommy, I'll indulge you—Five thousand a year, no bad certainty in case of accident. (*Aside.*) In return—if there are any favours, I or my father——

Sir T. Round. Oh, sir! (*Bows very low.*) there are, to be sure, sir, one or two trifles—First, you see (*Counts with his finger on his left hand*) I want to turn a road—secondly, to enclose a common—thirdly, to cut a canal—fourthly, to build powder-mills—fifthly——(*Beginning to count on his right-hand.*)

Pav. Stick to one hand, my dear Tommy! stick to one hand, and don't agitate yourself—the trifles shall be accomplished, so draw up an agreement.

Lady Hen. I believe this will do, sir—It's only to scratch out my name and Sir Charles's, and insert Miss Rosa's and Mr Pavè's—I'll do it, and you may sign directly. (*Goes to table, and writes.*)

Rosa. (*To* Pave) I say, while they're settling the agreement, I'll shew you my father's picture.

Pav. Your father's picture! Ha! where is it?

Rosa. There—behind the curtain!—He's in his gown.

Pav. Gown!—robes you mean——Let's see.—

Lady Hen. Stop——sign the contract first.

Sir T. Round. Ay; sign first—There—there's my signature. (*Signing.*)

Pav. And mine! (*Signing.*)

Rosa. And now, there's my dear father in his gown and cassock.

[*Undraws curtains of pictures, and discovers a painting of* MR MEDIUM, *the clergyman, in his gown and cassock*—PAVE *sees it, and stands stupified.*]

Sir T. Round. Yes; there's old Medium—What surprises you, sir?

Lady Hen. Ay; there's another minister—What makes you so dumb, Mr Pavè?

Pav. Respect and reverence at that awful sight—Oh, Sir Thomas! that parson's picture has so deeply affected me, that only this contract can console me. (*Taking it.*) Nothing like a certainty in case of accidents—Come, Miss Medium!

Sir T. Round. Why, where are you going?

Pav. To my father's, Tommy, to my father's—to take care of the road—the common—the canal—the—in short, to secure your whole property.

Enter SIR CHARLES DAZZLE.

Pav. Ah, Sir Charles, have you made out a list of promises? In the course of five years—that is, when I come to my estate, I'll think of you—Farewell, old What's-his-Name—Tommy, adieu! I retire with a handsome provision however. (*Looks at contract, &c.*) [*Exit with* ROSA.

Sir Char. Sir Thomas, what does that impudent fellow do here?

Sir T. Round. Impudent! why, do you know who he is?

Sir Char. Yes; I know him to be an impostor, a rascal—and, if he has got any thing from you——

Sir T. Round. Got any thing! he's got my whole estate—Oh Lord!

Sir Char. Pursue him directly—I'll go with you.

Sir T. Round. Oh dear! come along—As for you, madam, depend on't, you shall still be Sir

Charles's, and for that fellow—Oh the villain! I believe he's a poacher, and, because he couldn't snare the game, he has stole the whole manor! Come!

[*Exit with* SIR CHARLES.

Lady Hen. Ha! ha! he's a delightful man; and, as he has twice saved me from Sir Charles, I hope he'll do me the favour a third time—But now to Warford, and make his generous heart partake my joy. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A modern Apartment at SIR THOMAS'S, *a Window open, and Balcony behind.*

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. How unfortunate! To be retaken and separated from my dear Mr Pavè.—(*Goes to window, and looks out.*) Surely Hippy can't have forgot me—I dropt him a letter out of this window, to carry to Mr Pavè, in which I told him I was lock'd up, that he mightn't get the estate, but I was ready to elope with him this very night—Dear! where can Hippy be?

Enter HIPPY, *at the Window.*

Hip. Hush! is nobody here?

dows—Therefore I say, as Sir Charles and the electors are below, let's go and talk to them. (*Rising.*)

Small. Softly—mind you're not tricked again—for that Latitat is such a dirty, shuffling rascal—

[*Loud rattling again;* LATITAT *pops his head out; on* SMALLTRADE'S *looking round, puts it back again.*]

Small. Now what the devil's that noise?

Sir Tho. 'Tis the wind I tell you—it's always so when it's easterly—Do, let's go directly to the electors.

Small. Ay, there's no talking business in this room—So, leave me to manage Latitat—I'm a match for a lawyer.

Sir Tho. Are you? then you're a match for any thing—I hate 'em all.

Small. So do I—And I'll tell you what, Sir Thomas, instead of giving me a day's sport on your manor, only get me a day's shooting in Westminster-Hall, and if I don't wing and pepper the whole breed, say I'm no marksman, and Latitat's no rascal.

[*Exeunt.*

Lat. (*Puts his head out.*) Upon my soul I'm very much obliged to you—(*Comes from behind.*) A very pleasant situation! Abused before my face, and pelted behind my back!

Enter ROSA *in her Hat and Cloak.*

Rosa. I've just heard the noise at the window, and now—ha!

Lat. Oho! the mystery's out—an intrigue, heh? This is the best part of the election; and, as they can't make the return without me, I may as well be a party in this cause—Here I am, my dear.

Rosa. Sir! Heavens! who are you?

Lat. Me! the prettiest fellow living! I'm a member of ten clubs, and wear twenty different uniforms.

Initials on one button—arrows on another—brushes on a third—feathers on a fourth—Then I won the bugle-horn, got sixty notches, rode five races, owed ten thousand pounds—lived within the Rules—did the thing genteelly!

Rosa. And has Mr Pavè sent you, sir?

Lat. Pavè!

[*Here* PAVE *puts his head out from behind curtain.*

Rosa. I think it's very hard he didn't come himself.

Lat. Pavè! That's the man I pass'd on as Lord Sulwin! Zounds! if it should be him—However, I won't lose the girl.—Come, my angel! (*Taking her hand.*)

Rosa. Lord, sir, how am I to know Mr Pavè is your friend?

Lat. How? I'll tell you—Every body knows my way of growing rich, is by never paying what I borrow, and, notwithstanding this, Pavè lent me a thousand pounds! Now, wasn't that friendly? So, I'll peep at this door to see if any body's watching, and then——(*Goes to stage door.*)

PAVE *comes forward.*

Pav. (*To* ROSA.) My dear girl, descend the ladder—Your friends will protect you till I come.

[*Exit* ROSA *at window.*

Lat (*Looking round.*) Nobody's near us, my sweet angel!—

Pav. Isn't there, my dear lord? So, still doing the thing genteelly, my boy!

Lat. Ah, Mr Pavè, I assure you, I am most happy to pay my respects to you. (*Bows.*)

Pav. (*Bowing.*) And I assure you I shall be more happy, if you'll pay me my thousand pounds—(*Collaring him.*) Give me my money, or get me preferr'd.

Lat. Now don't—pray don't expose me—here in the country I haven't pass'd for a lord.

Pav. For what then, sir? (*Shaking him.*)

Lat. For a gentleman. (PAVE *shakes him more.*) I'm returning officer of the borough.

Pav. What! (*Letting him go.*)

Lat. I'm returning officer I say; and, as the election takes place in a few hours—

Pav. My dear fellow, I ask you a thousand pardons—In the first place, I didn't know there was an election, and in the next, I little thought you could so essentially assist—Excuse me, Mr Latitat—Lord Sulwin I mean.

Lat. Oh, sir, you are too kind.

Pav. Not at all—How has your health been since I saw you? I recollect you had a superb equipage—four fine bays—I hope they're all well—And so, there's an election, my lord?

Lat. There is, sir; and, if any friend of your's is a candidate—

Pav. There's the point, my lord—I do know a gentleman, a very clever gentleman!—Don't think of that little debt you owe me! And as we're alone—harkye—(*Whispers him.*)

Lat. You a candidate!

Pav. Why not? I'm heir to an estate of six thousand a year, was near being son to Mr What's-his-name, and have a list of promises as long as the borough.—So do, pray do, the thing genteelly.

Lat. I've a great mind—it would be serving those two old blockheads as they deserve—Gad I will! Give me your hand.

Pav. Will you?

Lat. Hush! here's Smalltrade.

Pav. What, old Certificate?

Lat. Stand aside—For, as his interest turns the scale, we must dupe him into our scheme—Mum! Not a word.

PAVE, *being in a travelling great coat, muffles himself, and draws his hat over his face; he stands aside, and* SMALLTRADE *enters.*

Lat. So, Mr Smalltrade—Sir Charles is to be our new member.

Small. Yes, Lati, for want of a better—Ah! I wish we could have found another candidate!

Lat. Another candidate, sir!

[*Looks round at* PAVE, *who bows to him.*

Small. Ay; some good citizen—that would have given us grand corporation dinners, built a new town-hall—thrown a bridge over the river, and put all his money in my bank.

Lat. Come here—Look behind you.

Small. Look behind me!

Lat. You see that genfleman—He's the son of ——— Alderman Double.

Small. Alderman Double! What, the great London brewer?

Lat. The same—He wishes to become a candidate.

Small. Does he? That's the very thing—I'll go and talk to him.

Lat. Softly—He has been travelling all night, and has got a violent pain in his face—I tell you what, I'll settle terms with him, and if you've a mind, we'll chouse Sir Thomas.

Small. Chouse Sir Thomas! Ay do, you've my consent.

Lat. Have I? Then I'll take him and return him at once—Come, Mr Double, Mr Smalltrade will excuse you're not speaking.

Small. You'll settle it with Mr Latifat. Ay, I wish the pain in your face better with all my soul—(PAVE *nods, and makes signs of paying handsomely with his hands.*) Sensible soul! how well he understands the business—Take him, Lati, and I'll go and

detain the two baronets till the return's over—Good day, Mr Double.

Lat. If this isn't doing the thing genteelly, the devil's in't. [*Exit with* PAVE.

Small. There goes the young alderman—Poor Sir Charles! poor old Roundhead! Oh! if I was such a stupid blockhead! But I don't know how it is—we country bankers are never imposed upon. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Inside of SIR THOMAS'S *Garden.—Garden Gate in the back Scene.*

Enter LADY HENRIETTA.

LADY HENRIETTA. (*Reading.*)

"The tender pair, whom mutual favours bind,
Love keeps united, though by Alps disjoin'd;
To passion ill returned short bounds are set,
The lover that's forgotten will forget."

And what have I to do with that? As I was never in love, I can never forget—And yet it's very odd I should just hit on that passage—Heigho! I wonder where Mr Warford is.

Enter WARFORD.

Bless me, sir! you take one so by surprise—I thought I should never see you again.

War. And now, madam, you see me for the last time.

Lady Hen. The last time!

War. Yes; Sir Charles has crush'd all my hopes of happiness, and I have prevail'd on my uncle to let me leave England for ever.

Lady Hen. Leave England! Oh, I beg your pardon, sir—You can't do that.

War. No, madam!

Lady Hen. No, sir—you recollect you and I must settle accounts first, for you don't suppose I'll let you be out of my sight while I owe you an obligation! A pretty thing indeed! to lend a lady a thousand pounds, and then go abroad and compel her to come after you to repay you.

War. Lady Henrietta, I am miserable—I have lived under the same roof with a treasure I now see given to another! But I alone am to blame—It was presumption, in my humble situation, to aspire to such excellence; and I now meet the reward my arrogance deserves. (*Going.*)

Lady Hen. Stay, Mr Warford—Just let me set you right about one thing. There are people, sir, that can distinguish merit in obscurity—nay, can admire it too—I, for instance, now, can perceive, that, while I possess nothing from rank and birth, you gain every thing from virtue and honour.

War. This language overpowers me—And if I thought I was even pitied——

Lady Hen. Pitied!——Oh, Mr Warford! doesn't the man who shunned me in the hours of dissipation, and returned to me in the day of distress, deserve something more than pity?——Yes——and, as this is the last time we shall ever meet, let me avow my gratitude—my esteem! Let me be proud to tell you, that, had I my own choice, I would give my hand where my heart has been long disposed of.

War. Is it possible? Can the humble, deserted Warford be so blest?

Lady Hen. You deserve every thing, sir—But go, go, and be happy—Find out some fair who may return your love, nor ever think of one so lost, so wretched as myself!

War. I cannot leave you thus! I'll see your uncle, appeal to his humanity! Nay, you are not Sir Charles Dazzle's yet.

Enter MISS DAZZLE.

Miss Daz. No—but she will be presently—This is your last tête-à-tête, I assure you.

Lady Hen. Is Sir Charles elected then?

Miss Daz. He is—What, you thought, if he lost the election, you would lose him?

Lady Hen. Certainly, madam—I knew Sir Thomas designed me for the successful candidate, and you'll pardon me, if I could have chosen a dearer representative than your brother.

[*Huzza without, and music.*

Miss Daz. There! do you hear those acclamations? Now, Mr Warford, you may take leave of the charming Henrietta, and make your bow to my sister, Lady Dazzle.

War. Ungenerous woman! Is it not enough to triumph— [*More huzzaing without.*

Enter SIR THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.

Sir Tho. There! it's all over—Sir Charles is elected, and I've at last got a senator for my heir! Miss Dazzle, I give you joy.

Miss Daz. And I give you joy, Sir Thomas—and you, Lady Henrietta—and you, Mr Warford—Come, shall we go and see the procession?

Sir Tho. Certainly—(*Exit* MISS DAZZLE.) Niece, do you wait here to receive your husband, Sir Charles Dazzle.

War. This is beyond bearing—Sir Thomas, hear me.

Sir Tho. I'll hear nothing—Henrietta, wait to receive the new member.

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Small. Now, where are you going?

Sir Tho. To congratulate Sir Charles on his election, to be sure.

Small. Are you? then you may as well stay where you are.

Sir Tho. Why so, old Smalltrade?

Small. I'll tell you, old Roundhead—he has lost the election.

Omnes. Lost the election!

Small. Yes; the young alderman has it—Double's the man.

Sir Tho. Double's the man!

Small. Yes; it's all my doing—Now how foolish you look—I say, your worship, doesn't this remind you of counting your fingers? Oh, you old flat!

Sir Tho. Why, what is all this? And who the devil's Double?

Small. A great brewer, and the son of an alderman! Latitat found him out, and has managed the whole business himself. Now, an't you prettily outwitted? And won't you allow that a banker's head is twice as deep as a justice's?

Sir Tho. Hold your tongue, or——

Small. Curse me, but if I thought I should ever be such an old flat as you, if I wouldn't build powder-mills on purpose to blow myself up in!—(*Music without.*)—Here he is! here's the new member! I ordered Latitat to bring him here, that you might see, with your own eyes, what a stupid fool we have made of you.

Sir Tho. Did you? I'm very much obliged to you—But no brewer or alderman enters my garden.—Here, William! Thomas! (*Going.*)

Small. (*Holding him.*) Now do—Stay and see how much you've exposed yourself.

Sir Tho. I won't—Let me go.

Small. You shan't—Here they come.
[*Long flourish of Clarinets, Trumpets, &c.*

Enter PAVE, *chaired, with Electors,* ROSA, *and* LATITAT.

Pav. (*As he enters.*) Gentlemen, you have returned me as your representative, for which I return you my most hearty thanks; and, to shew my gratitude, I invite all the country—men, women, and children—to dine with Sir Thomas to-day, and to sup with little Certificate in the evening. (*Turning round.*) Huzza! I've done it at last.

Sir Tho. Smalltrade, who's an old flat now?

Small. I am *doubled,* by all that's ridiculous.

Sir Tho. Doesn't this give you a ticklish sensation? Isn't a banker's head twice as deep as a justice's—And won't you build powder-mills to blow yourself up in?

Small. So, Mr Pain-in-the-face, (*To* LATITAT.) you and the young alderman here have done it.

Lat. Yes; we've done the thing genteelly! But don't be angry—the new member means to be liberal.

Pav. Certainly—if either of the honourable gentlemen in my eye want franks—

Sir Tho. Franks!—Sirrah—

Pave. Order, Tommy—order—Harkye, old Certificate! (*Whispers* SMALLTRADE.)

Small. How! You'll move to abolish country banks?

Sir Tho. Ay, do—I'll second that motion.

Pav. Come here, Tommy. (*Whispers him.*)

Sir Tho. How! Move to stop canal-cutting?

Small. Ay, do—I'll second that motion.

Lat. And encourage attornies: for they do the thing genteelly.

Pav. Now I'm promoted, I can be a better patron than Sir Charles—I'll prefer you all.

Rosa. Will you?—that's charming.

Pav. To you, Latitat, I give up your debt—To you, Tommy, I restore your contract—To you, old Certificate, I give my list of promises—To you, Lady Henrietta, I give the man you love—And, lastly, to you, Rosa, I give the best present of all; for I give you myself, my dear girl; and, next to Mr What's-his-name, damme, if I know a finer fellow.

Lady Hen. Nor I—Will you consent, Mr Smalltrade?

Rosa. Will you, Sir Thomas?

Lady Hen. We'll put all our money in the country bank.

Rosa. And I'll never poach on the manor as long as I live.

Sir Tho. Smalltrade!

Small. Roundhead!

Sir Tho. Shall we?

Small. Ay; we have shewn ourselves such a couple of old flats, that we can't expose ourselves any further—Here, Warford, take Lady Henrietta; and, depend on't, my settlement shall be equal to the justice's.

Sir Tho. And you, sir, (*To* PAVE.) since you are become a senator, take old Medium's daughter—One half of my estate goes to Henrietta—the other to you——that is, on condition you secure me the road—the common—the—(*Counting again.*)

Pav. Softly, sir, softly—counting may be ominous——

Lady Hen. And now, as most of us have tried different ways of growing rich, let us acknowledge, that, while Sir Charles's plan has been the worst, Warford's has proved the best: for, had the time the former wasted in dissipation and deception been employed, like the latter, in honesty and industry, Sir Charles had now, like Warford, been rich and happy.

Small. Aye; application and economy is the surest road to riches.

Pav. No—I'll shew you a better way—by gaining patronage and promotion here!

Here let our friends around support our cause,
And we'll grow rich indeed—by their applause.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NOMINAL,	*Mr Lewis.*
COL. HUBBUB, (*his Guardian*)	*Mr Quick.*
SIR ANDREW ACID,	*Mr Wilson.*
LORD JARGON,	*Mr Munden.*
CLAIRVILLE, (*his Brother*)	*Mr Farren.*
SAUNTER,	*Mr Davies.*
JAMES,	*Mr Farley.*
O'WHACK,	*Mr Johnstone.*
LADY ACID,	*Mrs Webb.*
SOPHIA STRANGEWAYS, (*Ward to Sir Andrew*)	*Mrs Wells.*
HONORIA, (*Niece to Col. Hubbub*)	*Mrs Esten.*

NOTORIETY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment at SIR ANDREW'S.—*Two Doors open in Flat.—Bells ringing.*

Enter JAMES *from Door, and another Servant.*

James. Run—fly—scamper—Don't you hear the company are breaking up?—Call Lord Jargon's carriage.

LADY ACID *appears at door, curtsying, as if taking leave of somebody.*

Lady Acid. Good night, my Lord—Delightful man! I am determined he shall be in possession of Honoria—if it's only in return for his attachment to me.—James, call up the carriages, and see the company disposed of—I'm so fatigued!—Heigho!—Se-

ven o'clock again! I haven't been to bed any sooner this fortnight.

SIR ANDREW (*without.*)

Sir And. Where are all the servants? (*Without.*)

Lady Acid. Here's my fretful husband just got up! He's so old fashioned, and so sour—he's never pleased but when others are vexed—and never unhappy but when his friends are happy.

Enter SIR ANDREW, *in Night-Gown and Cap.*

So, mf—esutylgij ot up, I suppose?

Sir And. So, my soul—just going to bed, I suppose?—What! at the old work—Rout, ball, or concert, heh! Making fools happy with my money?

Lady Acid. Psha! you've no idea of life.

Sir And. No; but I have of death—It would kill me in a fortnight—Besides, every body laughs at you—Not one of your acquaintance, who, by the by, have loved and hated each other all around, but, on leaving the room, exclaims—"Well! it's very fine! mighty grand! But will it last? Won't there be a crush by and by?"

Lady Acid. Ridiculous, Sir Andrew! An't I visited by every body? Don't all the beau-monde attend Lady Acid's parties?

Sir And. The beau-monde! why, they'll visit any body that is fool enough to invite them.—Let who will give an expensive entertainment, they'll flock to it, like rooks to a ruin.—But this won't do—it's seven o'clock, and I must be eating.—Here—you sir, (*Enter* JAMES.) bring my breakfast.

James. Breakfast!—What, here, sir? [*Exit.*

Sir And. Yes;—here, sir.—I am sure the beau-monde (as your ladyship calls them) will have no objection to something substantial. Poor devils! at these sort of parties they get nothing to feed on but scandal and faro.

Lady Acid. Provoking, Sir Andrew!—You're always teasing and vexing me; and I insist on knowing what part of my conduct——

Sir And. Hold—don't suppose I suspect your character.---No---'midst all your gaieties, I still believe you to be so constant and honourable, that there's no indulging one's self in finding fault with you.

Lady Acid. If you don't think so, your cousin, Colonel Hubbub, does, or he would never have trusted me with the care of his niece Honoria. But I leave you to your ill-nature.

Sir And. Ay; go to bed---You to your pillow, I to my coffee.

Lady Acid. Mind me, sir---If you see Honoria, give her the advice I desired you.---Tell her the colonel has written for his ward, Mr Nominal, to challenge that wretch Clairville, and that I shall do all in my power to give her to Lord Jargon---And so, good night, most good-humour'd husband!

Sir And. And so, good morning, most sweet-temper'd wife! [*Exit* LADY ACID.] I've made her unhappy, however.—'Gad, I don't know how it is, I like to see every body's face as long as my own.—(*Breakfast brought in,*) Here it comes—And here's the paper. (*Sits down, and takes up newspaper.*) Now for it!---now for bad news! "Theatre-Royal, New Comedy."---Psha! making people grin and distort their faces.---Give me a deep, horrible, agreeable tragedy---"Bankrupts."---Ay, here they are---"One---two---three---thirteen."---Come, very well!---that's very well!---"Promotions."---There they are with their curst joy again!---"Stocks fallen one and a half."---Some lame ducks, however---"Marriages---ten." Well! long life to you, for you'll be as miserable—

Enter HONORIA (*from Doors.*)

Hon. Dear sir, ten thousand pardons---I thought to have found your ward Miss Strangeways here.

Sir And. Sit down, Honoria, sit down---I want to talk to you---Come, take some breakfast.

Hon. Breakfast!---I haven't been to rest yet---You forget the joys of high life, sir!

Sir And. Joys!---She's happy too!---Um!---Silly, ignorant girl, to take pleasure in such unmeaning scenes!

Hon. Pleasure! they give me pain, sir——misery.

Sir And. Do they? Take some breakfast. (*Offers her some.*)

Hon. What have I been doing to-night, sir?---Talking to men I detest, and listening to women I despise---mixing with people who have neither feeling, amity, nor sense.---This I have done for years, and this I must still persevere in; for my education has taught me to smile when I was miserable, and to be fashionable at the expence of my peace.

Sir And. Sweet creature! How prettily she prattles! Go on.

Hon. Yes, sir; with a mind naturally attached to domestic happiness, I am compelled to deride all peaceful scenes, because my uncle, the colonel, who has cruelly delivered me to the care of your wife, sir---But I interrupt you—I see I do—I'll keep my sorrows to myself.

Sir And. Don't---don't keep them to yourself---I like to hear you talk about sorrow and misery; and if you know of any more elsewhere, you'll not offend me by imparting it! But now I think on't, tell me that unlucky story of the fellow ascending your window by a rope ladder.

Hon. Fellow! Sir Andrew! When you are more respectful, I'll talk to you---till when---(*Going.*)

Sir And. (*Stops her.*) Stay---be not offended---I'll sympathize with you, Honoria,—I'll give you sigh for sigh, and tear for tear. Come, make me

your confidant, and you sha'n't repent it.---Nay, you must---you shall---I do love to hear a tale of woe!

Hon. (*Sitting.*) Oh, sir! how have I been slandered and defamed! I never knew Mr Clairville but as a friend—as a protector: that we had secret meetings I cannot deny; but I was never alone---your ward Sophia was always present---and she will witness to the world that he was too honourable to make base proposals, and I too unfashionable to accept them.

Sir And. Go on—I like to hear you, Honoria. If I remember, your acquaintance began at the colonel's villa in the Isle of Wight, when you were sailing, and fell from the vessel.

Hon. Yes, sir; and while his brother, Lord Jargon, and other foplings of the party, who before had offered up their lives to serve me, while they stood idly on the deck, and saw me just expiring, Clairville, then a stranger, leaped from another vessel, and, plunging 'midst the waves, caught me in his arms, and brought me safe to land.---Then came the conflict---The colonel's boat, by adverse winds, was blown from shore; and I and my deliverer remained part of that day alone.---I saw, compared, and loved ---his heart beat in unison with mine; and, now, sir, do you pity or condemn me?

Sir And. I pity you, pity you sincerely, and curse the colonel for placing you under the care of my wife, because I know she designs you for Lord Jargon—But Nominal, whom your uncle intends for your husband, is hourly expected from France.

Hon. Talk not of that, sir; for I dread the consequences of his arrival.---The night Clairville was discovered in my apartment, the colonel told him he would send for his ward. Nominal, to avenge the injured honour of his family! Oh, sir, if a duel should ensue!---Yet, if Clairville receives my letter, that

and other ills may be prevented (*Aside*)---But somebody is coming, sir---allow me to retire.

Sir And. Do, and depend on my protection, Honoria---I am always a friend to the unhappy.---Good morning. [*Exit* HONORIA.] So, there goes another long face!---Here's my ward, the celebrated Miss Strangeways---She's an authoress, an actress, a musician, a painter, and, in short, every thing.---I know she's in love with me, and I'll have the satisfaction of teazing her soul out.

Enter MISS STRANGEWAYS (*with a paper in her hand.*)

Soph. Positively I will be revenged.---The colonel does nothing but make love to me.---Heigho! I'm so fatigued, guardy---and it's in vain going to bed, I've so many places to call at.

Sir And. What! all over the town, as usual?

Soph. Yes; first I'm going to Lady Bustle's, to finish my picture of her little French lap-dog---then to call at the bookseller's, and correct the press---then to leave this farewell ode to my dear Jugglamintha, at the newspaper office. (*Reading.*)

"Oh! thou, whose amaranthine feelings know
"The iron agonies of copper woe."

Sir And. Iron agonies of copper woe! That's a fine line, and charmingly distressing.

Soph. Yes; and then I'm going to rehearse a new tragedy at the private theatre; and, if you'll believe me, my dying scene is yet unsettled.

Sir And. That's a great pity, Sophia---for I think the dying scene the best part of the play.

Soph. Yes; but one insists on my dying on one side of the stage, another on the other.---Now, what am I to do?

Sir And. Why, what many great politicians have

done before you---die between both sides.---But, my angel, when am I to be honoured with an assignation ---a *tête-a-tête*, heh?

Soph. Fie, guardy!---You know I told you I loved you better than the colonel, and——that I'd make fools of you both before I'd done with you. (*Aside.*)

O'WHACK (*without.*)

O'Whack. (*Without.*) Arrah! stand by now! I am the valet de chambre to Mr Nominal.

Sir And. As I live, Nominal is arrived! This is his Irish servant, who, to his brogue, has joined a smattering of French---Do stay and hear him.

Soph. What! mix Irish with French!

Sir And. So it seems; and he so confounds the two languages, he is scarcely intelligible---But here he comes.

Enter O'WHACK, *followed by* JAMES.

O'Whack. Mon Dieu! you dirty blackguard! don't you know me by my politesse? Jontleman and lady, your most obedient---By the red nose of Saint Patrick, I am toute nouveau; and, d'ye see, I would be after spaking to my master's guardian, Colonel Hubbub.

Sir And. How is your master? Is he as singular as his guardian describes him?

Soph. Singular! What, is he like the colonel, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The image of him—While at college his love of notoriety first displayed itself; but, by living entirely with English abroad, he is become as eccentric and absurd as the colonel wishes him.

O'Whack. By the powers! you've hit it—Ma foi! he is toujours wanting to get into notice; and, between our three selves, he keeps me as his valet, frizeur, and all that, only becase I perplex, and make

a noise, and am quite au fait at botheration where ever I go.

Soph. Pray, what brings Mr Nominal so suddenly from France? Isn't it something about an affair of honour?

O'Whack. Oui; you may say that—He is come to challenge one Clairville, for getting into the window of Mademoiselle Honoria: and to be sure he won't give the young seducer a little snug dejeuné of cold lead.

Soph. 'Tis so then—Poor Clairville!

Sir And. Tell us now, had you a pleasant journey?

O'Whack. Pleasant! Oh! by the eternal powers, tout au contraire, my dear: we were stopped, and robbed, and murdered; that is, we should have been, but for a fine young haroe, who came and rescued us! Marbleu! he made them skip like frogs.

Sir And. A robbery and a duel! This journey may produce much pleasing distress---Pray, who was this young haroe?

O'Whack. Je ne sçai pas, honey---But you may talk of your Cæsars, Cleopatras, and Paddy-Whacks ---he beats all your champions of posterity.---Oh! had you seen, when my master and I were sprawling, how he laid about him with his piece of timber—Depend on't, as our fille de chambre said, the shillaly is the true je ne sçai quoi, after all.

Soph. A very entertaining fellow, Sir Andrew.—What's your name, friend?

O'Whack. Blunder O'Whack, Jontleman! The Blunders are the oldest family in Ireland---We were planted there like so many potatys, by a great general, who was afterwards Lord Lieutenant to King—What d'ye call the old monarque?—Oh! King Lear—Ay, that's it—King Lear.

Soph. King Lear!

O'Whack. C'est vrai, Miss—and after that, the

family got a curst tumble about the reign of Jack Cade—Pardonnez moi, though—I forget my business—I must be after informing the colonel of his ward's arrival.

Sir And. Spare yourself the trouble, Mr O'Whack—Colonel Hubbub is not here—but I'll take care to inform him.

O'Whack. Je vous remercie, my dear—But do you mind now—depêchez-vous, and tell him, my master's so particular in his person and manners, that you may hear of him any where—Monsieur, good luck to you!—My lady, j'ai l'honneur d'être très-humble serviteur!—Oh! by my soul! the true comme il faut's better than whisky. [*Exit.*

Soph. If the servant is a picture of the master, Nominal will have too much good humour to quarrel with Clairville.—Faith! I almost love him by description—But I must leave you, guardy—adieu!

Sir And. Nay, don't hurry, my angel—it's too soon for the dying scene.

Soph. I know it;—but first I'm going to see a friend.

Sir And. See a friend! Then pray let me go with you; for that's a thing I never saw in my life.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Park.

Enter O'WHACK, *with Books under his Arm.*

O'Whack. By Saint Dennis! these law gentlemen are as heavy—I wonder what my master would be after with them. Ce ne fait rien, I must take them home as he ordered me.

Enter SAUNTER (*spying, and looking out at* NOMINAL.)

Saun. Astonishing! I never saw a man so dressed walk the streets before. Who can it be? (*Turning round, sees* O'WHACK, *who bows to him*)—Ha! O'Whack! how came you here? What, is your master, my old college friend, returned from his travels?

O'Whack. Oui, your honour—et la voilà! there he is!

Saun. What, is that Nominal? Well, this is excellent!—I knew Nominal always loved singularity; but I never thought he'd make himself so particular, that his friends shouldn't know him.

O'Whack. C'est extraordinaire, my dear—but, with all his oddities, you can't help loving him.—Oh! his heart is as warm as l'eau de vie, and his soul—by St Patrick, the rest of the world's all blarney to him!

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Ah, Saunter, my dear fellow! Well, what do you think? Won't it do? Sha'n't I take, heh?—Harkye, I have them already.

Saun. Have! Whom?

Nom. Every body, you dog, every body!—I've got a name—they stare at me—point at me—laugh at me every where. An't I a happy fellow, heh?

Saun. If happiness consists in being laughed at, you are—But, Nominal, wouldn't it be as well to be known for being rational, as being ridiculous?

Nom. Rational! Pshoo! a plain sensible man is never thought on now. Who the devil ever thinks or cares about such a sober, honest fellow as you, who pay every body, and offend nobody?—But I now—such a rogue as I, who pay nobody, and offend every body—why, they all like me. They court

me as a new acquaintance, not cut me as an old friend, my boy.

Saun. Well, every man in his way—for my part, I detest singularity.

Nom. Then you're an undone man; for, by being singular in nothing, you'll be despised in every thing. For instance, now, George—when you go into company, and inquisitive people say—"Who is he? What Mr Saunter?" nobody can describe you—you have been guilty of no absurdities—no improprieties. But when I condescend to enter a room, there's a general buzz of applause, and the women all whisper, "That's he, the famous Ned Nominal, who games, who drinks, who fights, who intrigues. Oh! the sprightly, vicious fellow!" In short, George, I'm a public character.

Saun. A public character! What then?

Nom. Why, then, I make a damned noise without any meaning.

Saun. Believe me, Nominal, you are deceived—A character so useless can neither excite admiration nor attention.

Nom. Useless! Oh, George, George!—how little dost thou know of modern life!—Useless!—that's the very thing that makes me. Now, let me put a plain and simple question to you—Isn't a cat that walks on four legs a useful animal?

Saun. A cat on four legs useful!—'tis an odd question—Certainly.

Nom. Very well. And what do you think of a cat with only two legs? Why, it's useless; and yet you and the rest of the world shall give it twice the admiration and attention. And there's the difference between us, George—You are a very useful, worthy fellow, and, consequently, are despised—I am a very useless, mischievous fellow, and, of course, am admired—Therefore, my dear boy, take my advice—expose yourself, and get into notice.

Saun. Why, you are the counterpart of your guardian, the colonel; and when he finds you thus bitten with the love of notoriety, he'll be delighted—transported.

Nom. Yes; but I mean to disappoint him.

Saun. Disappoint him!

Nom. Ay; and for three reasons, George.—First, because he wants me to marry Honoria, a girl I don't care for—Secondly, because he has brought me to fight one Clairville, a poor devil I never saw; —And, thirdly, because being in opposition makes more noise than being under government.—You understand me—I mean to quarrel with him.

Saun. And how will you contrive it?

Nom. His greatest antipathy is to law and lawyers. I'll pass on him as a student.

Saun. Student! Why, you don't understand the practice.

Nom. No; who the devil does? But a little goes a great way, George—so never fear.

Saun. Well, I must leave you for the present, for I have business elsewhere.—I'll see you to-morrow; and, in the mean time, success to your studies, your sports, and singularities! [*Exit.*

Nom. (*Looking after him.*) What an old-fashioned appearance! I wish I had him a little—I'd soon teach him how to expose himself.—O'Whack!

O'Whack. Toujours pret, your honour.

Nom. Take these law-books home—put them on the table, and give the room a studious appearance, for the reception of my guardian.—You know what I intend.

O'Whack. Oh! leave me alone for catching the old fox—I'll do it sans ceremonie.—Your honour, —see who's coming this way—By my salvation, it's the sweet young haro that saved us and our chapeaus from the robbers!

Nom. That's lucky. I want to thank him.—Besides, if the robbery is well introduced in the papers, it may give an eclat to my arrival; and, some way or other, I must be before the public every day.

Enter CLAIRVILLE, *with a Letter in his hand.*

Clair. Joy! Give me joy, sir!—Excuse this freedom from a stranger: but bliss so unexpected—so exquisite, was never known before.

Nom. What! it's all in print, is it? the whole robbery! Well, what do they say of me?

Clair. Oh, sir! when we parted last night, I was miserable—I fancied I had lost the loveliest creature the world e'er wondered at—But picture the reverse!

Nom. Curse the reverse! So, I'm to be robbed, and get nothing by it!

Clair. In this letter she tells me, that, to-night, she will give me a private interview!—Yes; though my father left, with his title, his estate to my brother, and that brother has cruelly deserted me—yet, at this moment, I'm the happiest man alive. But excuse me—I am all haste, all anxiety, to prepare for the appointment. [*Going.*

Nom. Hold, sir, hold! 'Gad, who knows but this private interview may lead to a public uproar; and as he did me a service—(*Aside.*) Sir, I am much indebted to you—and if I can be of any use——

Clair. None in the least: I thank you.—Yet, now I think on't, Honoria is so narrowly watched, that a friend may be necessary—He seems a gentleman, though an odd one—I'll accept his offer. (*Aside.*) Sir, you may assist me.

Nom. How, how?

Clair. The lady, sir, whose name, as well as my own, I must beg leave to conceal, is so much suspected by her family, that, alone, I may be interrupted in the interview—If, therefore, you will meet

me at Grosvenor-Gate, at ten o'clock, I will conduct you to the house, which is a short way from town—But if we are discovered, and the business becomes public——

Nom. Why, then, I shall be doubly obliged to you.

Clair. Well; but if your name is brought forward and abused?

Nom. Why, then, the obligation will be trebled. I like abuse; and I'll tell you why—It brings one into notice; and if somebody doesn't cut me up, I mean to do it myself.

Clair. How! abuse yourself?

Nom. Certainly—for if I don't let people know what a singular, absurd, useless sort of fellow I am, how will they find it out? Silence sinks you into obscurity, my boy; and, for my part, I'd rather be laughed at for standing in the pillory, than not noticed at all.

Clair. Well, this is the strangest system! What, you want to get a name, I suppose?

Nom. I do: and, heaven be praised, 'tis easier now to be obtained than in days of yore. Then, conquest, patriotism, and virtue, were the only paths to fame; but now-a-days, eccentricity, impudence, and dissipation, settle the business——And if I don't cut out Cæsar or Mark Antony to-morrow——But come along——I have some law-business with my guardian; and, after that, for you and your interview.

Clair. Ten thousand thanks—But may I ask how you intend getting a name to-morrow?

Nom. I'll tell you—I mean to fight a duel, commence an intrigue, and complete an elopement—but where are the ladies, or who is the gentleman, I neither know nor can inform you—only be assured, I'll accomplish it; and then, my boy! when I lack wit,

I'll boast of my exploits; and when I want money, —why, I'll shew myself as a curiosity! So, allons!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

NOMINAL'S *Lodgings—Table with Books on it—* O'WHACK *discovered placing the Books.*

O'Whack. The colonel will be here dans une moment—if my master hadn't l'argent enough of his own, he wouldn't be after teazing his old guardian in this manner—Voila! tout est arrangé, and now to receive him a la mode de François, as we say in Ireland.

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB *and* SIR ANDREW ACID.

Col. (*Dancing and singing.*) Ti, di, di, di!

Sir And. Keep quiet, I tell you—Oh, curse your joy!

Col. Ti, di, di, di! The lad of spirit! The boy after his guardian's own heart!—Here, here's a contract to marry my niece Honoria.

Sir And. Be serious, I tell you; grinning don't become you.

Col. Here, this gives him my niece, with thirty thousand pounds; and if he had returned a solid, studious, good-for-nothing sort of young man, do you think I'd have signed it? No! but to have him come home a dashing dog!—a choice spirit!—

Ods heart; if his uncle, the old general, was alive, he'd die with joy!

Sir And. Old general, indeed! A pretty uncle he was, to leave his nephew to the care of such a guardian as you—But I remember him; he loved dissipation, and despised prudence as much as yourself.

Col. He did; and he appointed me guardian to the dear boy, that I might see the glorious breed preserved; and now he is a choice spirit.

Sir And. A choice devil! What, you want him to be a fellow who can fight a duel in one field, and be second in another; who drinks hard, and rides harder; who talks much, thinks little, and reads less; who carries off young women, and runs away from old ones!—In short, who loves notoriety, and makes noise and confusion wherever he goes?

Col. That's it! You've hit it exactly—only with this difference, that, though I despise prudence, I detest knavery; and if ever he behaves like a villain, if ever he does a dishonourable action, I'll cut him off with a shilling, and I know the old general would have done the same—But where is he? Ti, di, di, di! Od, I'm so happy—(*Offers to take snuff out of* SIR ANDREW'S *box, who refuses it.*) Why, what's the matter with you, cousin? you don't seem to partake my joy.

Sir And. Yes, I do—nothing so pleasant as to see every body on the broad grin. I hope it will last, that's all! But I know you mean to ruin him, as you have your niece Honoria, instead of improving her mind, teaching her the languages——

Col. Her the languages! Why, old boy, haven't you found out that one tongue is enough for a woman?—No, no; I have brought her into high life—sent her to concerts—operas——

Sir And. Operas! Now that's a pretty business—to pay a piece of gold to sit five or six hours in a

house, where you fall asleep to save hearing what you don't understand.

Col. Five or six hours! Psha! that's nothing to what I do—I pay some thousand pieces of gold, to sit seven years in another house, where I must fall asleep; for, hang me, if ever I heard a word I understood!

O'Whack. Bon! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir And. So here's another merry rascal! Ay, do look at each other, and smile—I never saw one fool look at another in the face without grinning. (*Exit* O'Whack.)—And give me leave to tell you, colonel——

Col. Well! don't be angry—Isn't it strange you can't bear to see every body happy? But come, where's the boy, the heart of oak? (*Looking over books on table.*) Why, what's here? A law dictionary!

Sir And. A law dictionary! Something serious at last! (*Reads.*) "Acto Quinto Jacobi primi!"—No hazard table!

Col. Hazard! Ay, that's right—making himself master of that fine art, law! Sblood! if he had the least inclination for that solemn, sable profession, I'd break his bones! I'd——But he comes! the dear profligate comes! Ti, di, di, di! My boy, my life!

Enter Nominal, *in a Dressing-Gown, reading a Book.*

Nom. C cuts off the remainder, and D loses his tail.

Col. Come, my darling, let's hear of your frolics,—mine and the general's old tricks!

Nom. (*Still reading.*) That infernal tail!——Ha, guardian! Sir Andrew! both welcome! Been at the ball lately? (*To Colonel.*)

Col. Been at the devil!—Come, let's hear of your pranks!

Sir And. Gad, if he should turn out studious after all!

Nom. Curious cause this morning—friend Paul Prig for plaintiff—tell you his speech.

Col. Why, what are you at?

Nom. He rose, twirled his band—began—"My lord—Hem!—Gemmen of the jury—hem!—I'm for plaintiff—I think—I know—I've read my brief—hem!"—nodding, and cocking his eye to the jury.

Sir And. Cocking his eye to jury?

Nom. Yes, better than any talking—"My lord—hem!—I see—I see, I know I'm right"—cocking again—I've done—hem!—Foreman winks—judge sums up—verdict for Paul—client ruined—all the young Prigs laugh—any thing makes them laugh—hem!

Col. Zounds! what is all this? let's hear.

Nom. Hear! never without fee—name your case—joint trustees, perhaps—if not, why not?—what are your ages?

Col. What are our ages?

Nom. Infants, very like.

Sir And. I an infant! why, I was never more deceived in my life. Colonel, this is the most studious, choice spirit I ever saw—I give you joy! (*Offering him snuff.*)—Young man, this capering, grinning gentleman described you as a perfect rake—I expected to see you reading Hoyle—Do you mean to pursue the profession?

Nom. Certainly—student now—hereafter counsel—Been at the Old Bailey lately? (*To Col.*)

Col. Old Bailey! Look ye, you dog! leave off this foolery, or——

Sir And. I'm delighted, cousin! now, why don't you partake my joy?—Faith, I must go and tell my wife and ward of this—Mr Nominal, I'm sorry I'm obliged to leave you—

Col. Leave him! why don't you go then?

Sir And. Give me your hand; (*To* NOMINAL.) persevere in your studies, and I and Lady Acid shall be always happy in your company---Good day---Colonel, don't make long faces; he'll make full as much noise and confusion in this present profession——— Though he won't fire a pistol, he can file a bill in Chancery; and which is the least mischievous, I leave you to determine---hem!

[*Offers snuff again, and exit.*

Col. Rat you! I'm glad you're gone----Now, my dear boy, it's all very well to appear prudent and studious before that stupid old fool: but since he's gone, lay aside this trifling---Come, leave off talking about such low, dull nonsense as counsellors and Westminster-Hall, and let's hear you speak like a man of sense, about fighting, drinking, racing---

Nom. Racing! as I hope for the seals, here's the case---Look! (*Shews a book.*)

Col. What! do you persist in your ignorance?

Nom. Never read Puffendorff! Heh! fine book---better than army list.

Col. Look ye, I have done with you for ever---- Oh, you senseless blockhead! to be making money instead of spending it----to be following a prudent, stale, old-fashioned profession, instead of being ruined and getting into high life, you dog!---*You* avenge Honoria's honour! 'Sdeath, I'll beat Clairville myself; and, before I hear of you, Puffendorff, or Paul Prig again, I'll marry her to a drummer, or a common trooper---I will, you stupid, inflexible, upright rascal!

Nom. Now I am satisfied. (*Aside.*)

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. Ecoutez, your honour----the strange young hare is waiting for you at Grosvenor Gate.

Nom. I'll come directly---leave my travelling-coat in the hall---Guardy, adieu---brother Prig waiting.

Col. Stay; one rational word before you go---- Would you——

Nom. Hush! can't stay; reply another day---- mean time find me in the Hall---Adieu! law's a fine profession----puts an end to grinning, transports, ecstacies---Adieu! leave you with Puffendorff---hem! [*Exit.*

Col. Here's treatment! leave a colonel in the army alone with Puffendorff! Ignorant puppy! to give up fashionable life for a profession in which the greatness of his reputation is chiefly known by the size of his wig!---where---(*Seeing* O'WHACK.) You too, you Irish, French, pyebald rascal! you helped this pretty reformation, I suppose.

O'Whack. Point de tout, your honour---your own self couldn't have set him a more dissipated example than I did---Oh! à Paris, mon colonel! to be sure I didn't lead him into any mischief at all at all!

Col. What do you mean?

O Whack. Tacez vous, jewel!---when I slept out all night, got drunk with usquebaugh, intrigued with the Marchioness Tipperary, and beat her poor husband, it was only to oblige your honour, that I might stand before you, and say---"Voila! Monsieur O'Whack, who kept it up to the last!"

Col. Why, you impertinent——do you mean to laugh at me? Marchioness Tipperary, indeed!

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, sir! a word with you---Miss Honoria's window is open, and she and Miss Sophia are waiting for Mr Clairville.

Col. Sophia with her! that's lucky----Harkye, is Lady Acid at home?

James. No, sir; she and Sir Andrew are just gone out together----But Miss Sophia asked me, whether you were expected there to-night.

Col. She did, did she?---Oh! it's plain she can't live without me—Poor love-sick creature! I'll go and comfort her—I'll lock up Honoria, kick Clairville out of the house, and thus have her all to myself—Shew me down, sirrah! and, d'ye hear, tell your studious master I'm gone to chastise the man I desired him to challenge—Yes, I'll so shame him, by beating this Clairville——

O'Whack. Ay, by St Patrick, beat him, your honour, as I did the Marquis de Tipperary—Par ici—this way!— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Outside of SIR ANDREW'S *House in the Country---Stage darkened.*

Enter CLAIRVILLE.

Clair. Where is this friend who was to have assisted in the enterprise?—I have sent my servant to look for him; for, alone, I can undertake nothing.—Oh, Honoria! let me but once more see you, and know you are my friend, and I will ask no more—No, never while I live, will I think of deluding her from her family: with them, she has all that wealth and splendour can afford; and with me, how severe will be the reverse! I know the colonel has brought his ward Nominal from France, to call me to account for my presumption—but of that I think not,—let me but gain this last interview—Ha! here's the stranger!

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. A thousand pardons—I've been talking

law; so no wonder at delay—Well!—here we are! and, do you know, this business puts me in mind of what I came to England for.

Clair. What was that?

Nom. Oh! only to beat a gentleman for scaling a rope-ladder—that's all—some poor, stupid fellow! But we won't talk of that—Where's the girl? heh!

Clair. 'Tis past the time she promised to appear at the window—But, understand me, sir—all I wish to obtain is an interview; to know she approves my past conduct, and takes an interest in my future—Therefore, what I request of you is this—while I guard the house within, you watch the door without: don't let a soul enter.

Nom. Me! I'll beat the watch, kick the constable, and cane all the trading justices in town, before you shall lose one tender moment.

HONORIA, *at the Window.*

Hon. Sir! sir!

Clair. Ha! she comes! like a new world she breaks upon me! Oh, let me fly to welcome her!

Nom. Oh! let me fly to welcome her! (*Mimicking.*) Now, who she is, or who the house belongs to, or what it all means, hang me if I know or care! Only this, that if there was a noise, there might be a discovery!—if a discovery, a pursuit!—if a pursuit, a rescue!—and then, oh! what a figure I should cut!

Hon. Come in instantly, or you may be discovered.

Nom. (*To* CLAIRVILLE.) Harkye, if you are discovered, and are afraid to mention your own name, make use of mine—I'm not ashamed of this, or any business!

Clair. I have no fears. (*Opening the door.*) Now, now, sir, envy me! [*Exit into house.*

Nom. Envy you! that I do—He'll have all the

fame to himself; and here I stand, as melancholy as a mile-stone—How provokingly quiet every thing is! —'Sdeath! is there no noise to wake the old guardian? is there no noise? Oh for the squeaking of a child, the smashing of a lamp, or the howling of a husband being thumpt by his wife! No uproar?

SOPHIA, *at the Window.*

Soph. Sir, as you are anxious to assist your friend, will you be kind enough to tell my servant, who is somewhere near, to come home—for if he is observed——

Nom. I will, madam—Who the devil's she, now?

Soph. And, sir, when you return, I'll speak to you from the window; and, on your answering me, I'll come down, and let the servant in myself.

Nom. Ay, and me along with him—I'll take care, ma'am—I'll take care—Stand by, raggamuffin!—— (*Runs against* COLONEL HUBBUB, *who is entering, and exit.*)

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. Stand by, raggamuffin! What noisy fellow's that? Ay, there it is, there's the window open sure enough; and I dare say Sophia has promoted the scheme, in hopes of assisting her amour with me! Sweet, tender soul! I shall never forget her telling me, that, if I'd one more hair on my left eye-brow, I should be the handsomest man in the army! and another time, when she fainted away on only touching the tip of my epaulette—

SOPHIA, *from the Window.*

Soph. Is it you, sir?

Col. Yes, here I am! Oh, 'tis too much!

Soph. I'll come down and open the door.

[*Exit from window.*

Col. Open the door! There! She wants to be

touching the tip of the epaulette again! poor fond creature! Yes, I must, I will!

SOPHIA *opens the Door.*

Soph. Come in! (*Sees Colonel.*) Heavens! the colonel!

Col. Excess of joy dissolves her! Don't give way to your raptures, most angelic!—I come to give you love for love. [*Lays hold of her.*

Soph. Unhand me, colonel!

Col. Let's enter the house—I'll lock up Honoria, turn Clairville out of doors—and then——

Soph. Let me go this instant. (*Struggling with him.*)

Re-enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Ha! what are you at? Retire, madam. [*Exit* SOPHIA *into house.* Now answer me, seducer! Would you delude the innocent?

Col. I delude! Who the deuce are you?

Nom. A justice of peace, come to promote tranquillity—But your name? your profession? speak this instant. (*Shaking him.*) Zounds! do you suspect my office?

Col. No, not in the least—I know you're a peace-officer by the curst noise you make. (NOMINAL *shakes him again.*) Gently; and, to satisfy you, I'll tell you who I am—my name's Hubbub——

Nom. Hubbub!

Col. Yes; I'm here doing duty.

Nom. My guardian! faith, this is better than Paul Prig!

CLAIRVILLE, *at the Window.*

Clair. (*Aside to* NOMINAL.) Detain him—keep him where he is, or all's ruined!

Nom. I will. [*Exit* CLAIRVILLE *from window.*

Sir, (*Bowing.*) if your name be Hubbub, I have to entreat your pardon—I've the honour of being acquainted with part of your worthy family.

Col. Ay, ay, I knew you'd perceive your mistake—But let me enter the house, and play the devil.

Nom. (*Holding him.*) Yes, colonel; I have the pleasure of being intimate with your very learned ward, Mr Nominal.—Times are strangely alter'd, sir—I remember when he was the most noisy, extravagant young man in town.

Col. Ay, those were happy days! But they're all over now! the dog thinks of nothing but Puffendorff and the Old Bailey.

Nom. Yes; I used to have a warrant against him once a-week, and he generally slept in the watch-house every other night! But now—alas, colonel! I'm afraid we shall never catch him in a riot again!

(*In a melancholy voice.*

Col. (*Sighing.*) No—he has lost all that good sense and genius now! And after the pains I had taken in instructing and improving him! it's hard—very hard, sir!

Nom. (*Sighing with him.*) Ay, sir; to have him turn out studious, sober, and prudent!

Col. Ah! to disgrace the honour of the Hubbubs!—to vilify the glorious breed!—Stupid, senseless dog! But let me go into the house, for I'm all eagerness to chastise this Clairville.

Nom. Clairville! What's he now in the house?

Col. Yes; and I brought my ward Nominal to fight him;—but he daren't, sir,—he's grown a coward—poor paultry priggish coward; and, if you see him, you may tell him I say so.

Nom. So! I may tell Nominal he's a coward, may I?

Col. Yes! or he'd have beat somebody before this

time—Od rat him! I would rather he'd have caned me than nobody.

Nom. You'd not dislike to be caned by him, would you?

Col. No; I should have liked the dear rogue the better for it—But now I know him to be such a mean, studious, pitiful puppy, that, hang me if I think he has the courage to beat a jack-ass!—(NOMINAL *canes him.*) Holloa! what are you about?

Nom. (*Caning him*) He'll beat a jack-ass with any man in the army.

CLARVILLE *comes from House.*

Col. You're a ruffian—a common bravo, employ'd by Clairville to detain and assault me, and you take advantage of my not having a sword on—but I'll be reveng'd!—

Nom. Do, and I'll tell you how! Bring an action of battery, and Paul Prig and your studious nephew shall defend it.—Hem!

Col. I don't care—you're beneath my contempt—but for your employer, I'll enter the house, and have satisfaction; and for that sneaking dog Nominal—Oh, the curst puppy! I sent for him to beat Clairville, and here have I been beat myself. (*Exit.*

Clair. My dear sir, once more let me thank you—I have seen the lady, and all is as I wished—she has given me this picture as a proof of her affection, and promised never to marry another man—but, come—why, what are you thinking of?

Nom. I was thinking when the business is found out, what a noise it will make.—But, hold, hold.—You and I must have some conversation.—

Clair. The lady told me what I never heard before, that her uncle's ward is design'd for her husband.

Nom. What Nominal? I know him intimately; nor is there a finer fellow alive—he pricks the blad-

ders of vanity, pulls down arrogance, and chastises folly; and what's more, he gives his guardian sound law in the morning, and a sound thrashing at night —then he's a man of notoriety! has the general shout —the popular huzza, my boy!

Clair. Popular huzza! he'd have that if he was going to be hang'd.

Nom. Well, and when I die, give me a public exit, give me the Tower, state trial, axe, scaffold, and decapitation! Then my life or history will be written with a thousand extraordinary anecdotes! how I slept at night, and woke in the morning! walk'd and rode! eat and drank! and, what was very remarkable and important, wore my own hair till thirty, and a wig ever after—But come along—I'll introduce you to Nominal; and over the bottle he shall convince you, that he's as popular as life, spirit, and eccentricity can make him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in SIR ANDREW'S *House.*

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. Never was vanity so insufferable as that of Sir Andrew and the colonel; and unless my cousin Sophia puts my scheme in execution, they will torment her for ever—Here comes Sir Andrew, just as

I left him, teazing and fatiguing her with his tiresome protestations of love.

Enter SOPHIA, *followed by* SIR ANDREW.

Soph. Do leave me, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Well; but hear me, my little angel—I see your passion for me, and your aversion to the colonel—and I pity you, and will relieve you—Hark ye, make an assignation—nay, don't be afraid—I'll not disappoint you, upon my soul.

Soph. Sir Andrew, this is beyond hearing, and if you would attend Lady Acid's concert, where your company is wanted, it would be more agreeable—Assignation indeed!

Sir And. Ay; you know I've won your tender little heart, and that I could make you miserable if I pleased; but I forego it; I chuse to vex the colonel, and—

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, the concert is waiting.

Sir And. Concert! Psha! Curse all harmony, say I!—But I must go to please my wife—I say—don't forget, Sophia—when and where you like—I'll be punctual—till when, farewell. [*Exit.*

Soph. Provoking! to suppose me in love with him! I that am admired by the literati, the cognoscenti, and all the out-of-the-way creatures in town! Here—(*Giving* SAUNTER *a letter.*) look at this, and then say if I oughtn't to be wretched?

SAUNTER *reading.*

Saun. "Lady Acid informs Miss Strangeways, that her extraordinary attachment to the colonel and Sir Andrew is the talk of the whole town—that she has lost her character, and, unless she discontinues her advances, she shall be sent to the country, and lock'd up for life."—Lock'd up for life!

Soph. (*Mournfully.*) Ay, lock'd up for life! Think of that, cousin—I, that have painted my own picture, and had it in the exhibition! That can read a Latin Virgil, or a French Voltaire! And, what's more, that have written a novel, which has been translated into several languages!

Saun. Has it been translated into English?

Soph. Ay; into English.—It was so beautifully obscure, that it took a commentator twelve large volumes to explain the meaning of it! I too, who have written and composed a song, which I have sung in every company, without being asked or desired.

Saun. Why, you have an universal genius, indeed.

Soph. Universal! I dare say my death will increase the national debt; for, after being under ground with my ancestors, I shall be pull'd up, and re-buried at the expence of my country! And, after all this, to have my reputation slandered by two old coxcombs; and what's worse, to be sent to the country, and lock'd up for life! Oh, cousin!—what can I—shall I do?

Saun. Don't be unhappy, Sophia; I have thought of a scheme by which you may expose the vanity of these two dotards, and extricate yourself. (*Giving her two letters.*) Read these two letters, and if you approve, copy them.

Soph. (*Reading.*) "To Sir Andrew Acid.—Thou gay deceiver—I adore—ten o'clock—your own garden—Sophia Strangeways."—Fie, cousin!—would you have me send him an assignation in reality?

Saun. Read the other.

Soph. (*Reads.*) "To Colonel Hubbub.—Thou dear perfidious—I idolize—ten o'clock—the garden—Sophia Strangeways." Charming! I understand

—both in the same language, and both at the same time and place. I'll write them directly.

Saun. Yes! a double assignation—Then they'll meet—Their exposition will be complete, and Lady Acid will be convinced of your innocence.

Soph. Ten thousand thanks—*(Goes to table, sits and writes.)* "To Colonel Hubbub"—so—"To Sir Andrew Acid," *(Rises.)* There, cousin—*(Giving him letters.)* see them delivered, and meet me in the garden.—At present, adieu!

Saun. Nay, where are you hurrying to?

Soph. First, to the concert, and after that to—But now I recollect, don't forget your promise of introducing me to your friend Nominal.—Heigho! I'm in love with him only for his dress.

Saun. How, Sophia! judge a man by his dress?

Soph. Certainly. If I see a man plainly dress'd, I guess him to be just such a good-for-nothing thing as yourself; but if I see a man dress'd unlike all others, then I know him to be the same unaccountable creature that I am myself. So save me from rural imprisonment, and then introduce me to your singular friend as soon as you please. [*Exit.*

Enter O'WHACK *behind.*

Saun. How can I deliver the letters? To avoid suspicion, the best way would be, to give them to Sophia's own maid, and if I can find her——

O'Whack. (*Advancing,*) What, Fanny, your honour?—Arrah, I am just going to her. Donnez moi le billet-deaux, and if I don't put them into her own ruby hands, say this is not No. 37, that's all! (*Taking snuff.*)

Saun. Are you sure you know her?

O'Whack. Know her! ecoutez, my dear—she loves me so tinderly, that she'll go to Kilkenny for a fricassee for me.

Saun. Well; I believe I may trust you—Here,

this is for Sir Andrew, and this for Colonel Hubbub —They are both at the concert; and desire her to deliver them directly.

O'Whack. Si vous plait, honey.

Saun. And, d'ye hear? tell her to bring me the answers—You understand me——

O'Whack. Bon soir, your honour.

[*Exit* SAUNTER.

By the powers! some people know no more of good breeding, than others do of politesse! Eh bien! I suppose it answers—For I've observed, none jog so snugly through life, as your complately rude and vulgar— Every body gets out of the way for them—the same as a gentleman with a white coat would for a chimney-sweeper. Oh, by the powers! the only place for true etiquette is Ireland; sweet, elegant, accomplish'd Ireland.

SONG—*O'Whack.*

You may talk of a brogue, and of Ireland (sweet nation!)
Of bulls and of howls, and palavre, comme ça;
But, mon Dieu, it's no more to the French boderation,
Than vin de Bourdeaux, like to sweet Usquebaugh.
If I go back again, blood and ouns! how I'll wriggle,
And congé, and caper, and make the folks stare;
And instead of potatoes, how Shelagh will giggle,
When I cries, Mam'selle, hand me that sweet pomme de terre.
With their petit chansons, ça ira, ça ira, Malbrook, Mironton, and their dans votre lit;
By the pow'rs they're all nonsense and bodder, agrah! to our diddero, bubbero, whack, langolee.

Oh, mon jolly tight Sheelagh, ah, how could I scorn her,
When I loved her so dearly, ma foi, hubbaboo!
And go round the globe, ay, from corner to corner,
For soup maigre, la dance, and for frogs and virtu.
And then to forsake magnifique Tipperary,
For pauvre Versailles, and its capering throng,

And eat fricassees, only fit for a fairy,
Instead of substantial beef roti de mutton.
With their petit chanson, &c.

Oh, I kiss'd a grisette, who halloo'd out, "Ah, fi d'on;"
And yet, I consoled her all night and all day;
To be sure, and I was not her sweet Irish Cupidon,
Her petit mignon, and mi Lor Anglois.
But when she found out, sans six sous was poor Pat, sir,
It was "allez miserable diable John Bull;"
So I e'en gave this blarneying frenchified cat, sir,
Of good wholesome shillaly, a compleat stomach full.
With their petit chanson, &c.

SCENE II.

A Saloon, Chandeliers.

JAMES, *and the other Servants, waiting.*

James. Yaw! (*Yawning.*) These parties will be the death of me!—What, none of the musical nobility come yet? Stand by, here's Lord Jargon! Gad, I like his plan—he makes love to Lady Acid to secure Miss Honoria—The old lady for the young one—but mum!

Enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. Am I the first, James?—I thought your concert began at eight.

James. No, my lord—this is our Sunday concert, and it is generally nine before their Lordships begin playing.

Lord Jar. Lordships! Ah! true—At these Sunday concerts, lords become fiddlers, and fiddlers greater men—For my part, I cannot play or sing—"Donne! donne!" (*Humming a tune.*)

James. Thus it ever is with his lordship, one word contradicting the other.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. James, where's Lady Acid?—Ha! my Lord Jargon here!

Lord Jar. Honoria, my angel!—I never say a civil thing—but you look divinely this evening—Nay, why avoid me? Am I so very disagreeable?

Hon. Not in the least, my lord.—Where can be Lady Acid?

Lord Jar. (*Taking her hand*) You know, Honoria, I hate to hear people talk of themselves—of their titles—their fortunes, their talents—Nothing can be so shocking!---Now I---I have an ancient title, great fortune, and not inferior talents---but I never mention these things—you never hear me talk of myself.

Hon. No, your lordship has too much sense to talk on a subject you so little understand.

Lord Jar. True, Honoria, and I have reformed—left off all my old vices, the better to deserve your affection—Gaming now---I haven't thrown a die, or made a bet, these six months.

Hon. Not gam'd, my lord!

Lord Jar. No; I'll bet any gentleman two hundred to one I haven't.

Hon. I fancy your lordship is one of those, who think it better to lose than not play at all.

Lord Jar. No; I have given it up, Honoria.---But, talking of gaming, allow me to apologize for breaking your bracelet last night.

Hon. It was of no consequence, my lord.

Lord Jar. Your pardon, Honoria—and, though I am above making presents, yet you must allow me to make this poor return—these jewels—(*Giving her a casket, open.*)

Hon. How! jewels! and of such value, my lord!

Lord Jar. Oh, a trifle! for my own part, I never wear diamonds (LADY ACID *enters*)—for while other people wear them for me to look at, it's just the same as if they were my own—but think not of them, but love, my angel!

Hon. Excuse me, my lord—I cannot accept them—you may employ them to a better purpose. (*Offering to return them.*)

Lady Acid. Is this your gratitude for his lordship's politeness? Ill-bred, insolent girl! What, you are still hankering after that wretch, Clairville?

Hon. Call him by some other name, madam—Wretch! What is his brother, then?

Lady Acid. How! have you the impudence to defend the outcast?

Hon. Outcast! Shame, shame, madam! I know I talk a language you and your modish friends despise---but here I tell you, that this outcast is the man of my heart—that it loves him---tenderly loves him---and would rather share his griefs in a prison, than his lordship's pleasure in a palace---therefore, once more, let me offer back this present.

Lady Acid. Look ye, in a word, let me have no more of your ill breeding. Accept his lordship's jewels directly, and retire to your chamber---take them, I say, and begone this instant.

Hon. What can I do? The colonel's high opinion of her compels me to obey her in every thing—Oh, Clairville! why did you save a life that's doom'd, for ever doom'd, to mix thy ruin with its own? [*Exit.*

Lady Acid. So far, so well, my lord! For when the colonel hears she was mercenary enough to receive jewels, he'll own you were warranted in your designs upon her---and now---since we are alone---I'll open a great and glorious scheme---a scheme that shall convince you of my unalter'd affection.

Lord Jar. Sweetest of women! you know my de-

termination.---Whoever has my hand, you shall still have my heart.

Lady Acid. I believe it, my lord---and, therefore, I shall risk the dangerous enterprise---Sophia and I were at the exhibition of wax figures this morning---She was struck with, and purchased, a great theatrical likeness, which is to be brought here in a chair this evening—Now, if you contrive to come home instead of the figure—

Lord Jar. I a wax figure! a peer of the realm a wax figure!

Lady Acid. Dear! it happens every day—But, mind me, the chair will be brought to my dressing-room, which adjoins Honoria's chamber—and where you know you can't be admitted on account of Sir Andrew's jealousy—therefore wait for the chair, bribe the man, and here is a false key, (*Gives one*) which locks and unlocks Honoria's door.

Lord Jar. Loveliest of creatures! (*Kisses her hand*) Where shall I find the chair?

Lady Acid. I'll give you the particulars by and by—In the mean time, remember you get Clairville disposed of——

Lord Jar. What, my brother! Oh, I've so great a friendship for him, that I'll have him arrested, to prevent his being distressed——

[*Flourish of clarionets.*

Lady Acid. Hark! their lordships, the musicians, are arrived.

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. There they are! never was Sunday concert so sanctified with nobility.

Lady Acid. What! they're all come?

Col. Yes; and faith there's so many great people turned fiddlers now-a-days, that I should not be surprised, if the House of Lords should be turned into

a concert room! that glees were sung from the Woolsack, and catches from the Cabinet.

Lord Jar. Who have we amongst us, colonel?

Col. I'll tell you.—First, there's Duke Duett playing on the violin---then there's General Grig blowing the trumpet, Judge Jerk blowing the bassoon, and Bishop Bravo banging the kettle-drums!—But what's better, there's Signor Uniquo, who pats them all familiarly on the back, and says, "bravissimo, my Lord Judge! Encora, Signor Bishop!" Then, the one looks as pleased as if he'd got the chancellorship, and the other, as if he was preferred to an archbishoprick!—Pray is your lordship fond of music?

Lord Jar. Me! I hate, I detest it!

Lady Acid. Hate music! my lord! Dear! I always thought it was one of your favourite amusements.

Lord Jar. What, music! Oh, certainly—I love it of all things.

Col. Well; for my part I shall not listen to their lordships, till Uniquo gets them engaged at the opera —As to you, Lady Acid, I know your sense and virtue despises this trifling folly, and you only promote it to amuse your friends.

Lady Acid. I do indeed, colonel—(*Strumming of instruments within.*) I must go and look at them—Come, my lord.

Lord Jar. (*Taking her hand.*) With pleasure!—Colonel, is my friend Nominal amongst them?

Col. My ward! Zounds! don't talk of him—but go, and if you wish for fiddling preferment, pay your respects to the Grand Signor.

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*

My ward, indeed! Oh that stupid, studious puppy! I know what it will end in—He'll go sneaking on in his profession, tell he gets into the Upper House, then he'll be laid on the shelf, and go out like the snuff of a candle.—As to that ruffian and the assault, I'll be

revenged on Clairville still—For Sophia, the dear creature seems fonder of me than ever, since last night's riot—The women do love a little rudeness now and then.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, Miss Sophia's maid is below, and desires to see you.

Col. There! I said so—Oh, I and my epaulette play the devil with the women!

James. She has a letter for you, sir.

Col. A letter! Ah! I must—poor Sir Andrew! he wouldn't believe I was her darling hope.

James. That she will deliver to nobody but yourself, sir.

Col. Well; if it must be so—it's very strange what can make the sex adore me so passionately!—It must be my manners, my tender, graceful, insinuating manners! Shew me to her, James; and, while their lordships are fiddling for the good of the nation, I'll amuse myself for the benefit of Sophia, poor Sophia!—Oh, colonel! colonel! what fools do you make of the women! [*Exit, followed by* JAMES.

SCENE III.

SIR ANDREW ACID'S *Garden.*

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. Where can my cousin Sophia be loitering! This is the place of assignation, and I see neither her, nor the colonel, nor Sir Andrew—I hope there's no mistake, for on their exposition depends her future happiness.

Enter SOPHIA, *hastily.*

Soph. Oh, cousin! my dear cousin, I'm undone! —as much ruined as if I'd never been an authoress, or an actress, or a painter, or a——

Saun. Why, what has happened?

Soph. Lady Acid, unknown to Sir Andrew, has read the assignation you made me send him—she is now convinced the love is on my part, and is pursuing me here to be revenged—Dear me, I wish I had not written to him.

Saun. Not written to him! unless you'd put a stop to his and the colonel's vanity, you know you'd have been sent into the country—nay, lost your character, and never shewn your face in fashionable life again.

Soph. Never shewn my face! Lord! it rather helps one; and, in fashionable life, loss of character makes one's reputation. But what is to become of me? If I'm sent to the country, I shall die, I know I shall, and so suddenly, I shan't have time to write my own life, and run down half my acquaintance.

LADY ACID, (*without.*)

Lady Acid. Where is the Jezebel? I'll make an example of her.

Soph. Here she comes! and I shall be locked up in an old country castle, where there's a constant knocking at the gates to see the apartments, but not a person to enquire after poor I, the prisoner.

Enter LADY ACID.

Lady Acid. So, Miss, notwithstanding the warning I gave you, you have been writing an assignation to my husband---and this is the place---Look at me---answer me---do you deny it?

Soph. No, madam; I own that I wrote such assignations to both the colonel and Sir Andrew.

Lady Acid. The colonel too! mercy on me! wouldn't one content you?

Soph. Yes, madam; but I did it to bring them together, and laugh at them; for indeed they have so teased me——

Lady Acid. They teased you? here's effrontery! look ye, I know they hate and despise you, and they have both told me, a thousand times, that your love was troublesome and disgusting.

Saun. Your ladyship, I can contradict that---for I have now in my pocket both their answers to Sophia's assignation---each accepts her invitation, and will be here at the time appointed----besides, you must be sensible that her loving them is a joke.

Lady Acid. Joke! don't talk to me of jokes, sir---I never made one in my life; and I know she loves them as much as they detest her---and it's all owing to her romantic turn of mind, her acting, her writing——

Soph. Nay, my lady, don't abuse my talents---didn't my last production go through four editions?

Lady Acid. Yes; and why did it? because it was patronized. And, now-a-days, it is not the book itself, but the name of the person who writes it. While the woman of fashion shall write a bad work, and have a thousand subscribers, a poor neglected man of genius shall write a good one, and not have a single patron! If, indeed, you had followed my advice---written sentimentally and morally---

Soph. I did, madam----I did write morally; and what was the consequence? I had made a sum of money by a novel called "Seduction," and lost it all by writing an "Essay on Charity;" but, indeed, Sir Andrew and the colonel are to blame; and if you'll wait a moment, you'll see them come to the assignation.

Lady Acid. They come! they know better---besides despising you, they value my good opinion too

highly, to trifle with it in this manner---so, retire to the country. [*Laying hold of her.*

Saun. Pray hear reason, madam.

Lady Acid. I'll hear nothing; she shall be punished! she shall! (*Sees* SIR ANDREW, *without.*) Bless me! what do I see? my husband, capering and smiling!

Soph. Ay; there's one of them----and see, madam, yonder's the other.

Lady Acid. The colonel, as I live! this is amazing! stand back, and let's observe them.

Enter SIR ANDREW, *with a Letter in his hand.*

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB, *with a Letter in his hand.*

Col. "Thou dear perfidious!"

Sir And. "Thou gay deceiver!"

Col. "I idolize you as much as I despise Sir Andrew."

Sir And. "I adore you as much as I abhor the colonel."

Soph. (*Coming between them, close to the Colonel.*) My pretty colonel!

Col. There! (*Turning from her in great joy, and putting up his letter.*)

Soph. My charming baronet! (*Coming up to* SIR ANDREW.)

Sir And. My angel!

SIR ANDREW *turns to embrace her---the Colonel embraces her on the other side----they see one another.* SOPHIA *stands laughing between them.*

Lady Acid. For shame! for shame! is this your boasted honour? at your time of life!--"thou dear perfidious!" [*Exit Colonel.*] and you, what have you to say for yourself, "thou gay deceiver?"

Sir And. Say! (*Tearing the letter.*) why, when one's completely miserable, nothing is so pleasant as

to see a friend in the same situation----Halloa, colonel! [*Exit.*

Lady Acid. Sophia, I am now convinced of your innocence, and ask your pardon, and will make you amends, by reading your manuscripts, praising your acting, and saying you're so good a letter-writer, that I believe you're the author of Junius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Park.

Enter CLAIRVILLE.

Clair. My distresses crowd on me so fast, that I will endeavour to see my brother once more; and if he still avoids me, I must banish Honoria from my thoughts, and seek that place abroad my enemies deny me here.

Enter O'WHACK, *hastily.*

O'Whack. Run—fly! make your escape, your honour—Arrah! be off before the coquins lay hold of you—By my salvation! when I think of your misfortunes, I can't help taking out my mouchoir--(*Taking out his handkerchief, and crying.*)

Clair. What is the matter, O'Whack?

O'Whack. The matter! why, if you don't scamper, you'll be bastiled before you can say "Killarney!"

Clair. What can this mean? explain.

O'Whack. Doucement!—I'll tell you—As I passed yonder promenade, an old friend of mine, who is an officer, or bailiff, d'ye see, told me he was coming to carry your honour to prison—What, Monsieur Clairville? says I—The same, says he—Then, says I, be asy now; for, by St Patrick, if you touch a hair of his head, I'll soup-maigre you this instant. —Says he, I must do my duty—And I mine, says I: and remember, my honey, it is as asy to have pity in your heart, as it is to speak French without the brogue, ma foi! This softened him, your honour, and he promised to be a cher ami to you till to-morrow.

Clair. Thanks, my good fellow! thanks!

O'Whack. C'est ne pas tout, though; Fanny, Miss Sophia's maid, as pretty a fille de chambre as ever made a faux pas, gave me a bit of a hint that there was a curst black business in the wind between your brother, Lord Jargon, and Lady Acid—She thinks they mean to put you in limbo, because Mademoiselle Honoria loves you; and, by my soul, if they do, I'll make the old cat cry "Misericorde" till she's black in the face!

Clair. I won't believe it—I know Lord Jargon loves Honoria; but I can never think, that, on that account, he'd make a prisoner of his brother—But he's coming this way—I'll talk to him—leave us together.

O'Whack. That I will, with all my heart and soul; for I can't bear to put my eyes upon him—Bon repos to your honour—I'll give you a call in the morning; and, in the mean time, be debonaire, d'ye see; —I'll carry you through, depend on't.

Clair. My kind fellow—how shall I repay you?

O'Whack. Oh, your honour, I never forget an obligation, though I may an injury—You saved me in danger; and if I don't do mon possible to bother all

your enemies, say I'm not the bonne bouch of the O'Whacks, that's all! [*Exit.*

Clair. I cannot, will not, suspect him of such treachery—Though he has been long dead to brotherly affection, he never can be capable of such inhumanity.

Enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. (*Aside.*) This poor wretch here! I was in hopes he was disposed of.

Clair. Brother, a word; I have a favour to entreat of you; for necessity, extreme necessity, compels me—in short, if you do not assist me, I shall be arrested in an hour, and in jail, perhaps the remainder of my life.

Lord Jar. Arrested! who can be so hard-hearted, Harry? You know my friendship and liberality; but, as to lending you money, that's a thing I can't make up my mind to.

Clair. The sum I require is small, my lord—a few hundreds will convey me far from the persecution of my creditors; and, by retirement and economy, in a few years, perhaps, I shall be able to repay you with honour, and once more appear in the world as your lordship's brother.

Lord Jar. I hope you may, Harry—but petitions are so numerous——

Clair. Petition! 'tis my demand, sir. When the old lord died, you know, he left his fortune to you, in the full conviction you would provide for me—and this is the return! while you are affluent enough to squander thousands in the whirlpool of fashion, you are cruel enough to see a brother waste his life in poverty! But go on, my lord—exult and riot in my father's riches—I will be prouder of his virtues!

Lord Jar. Oh, the old cant! You never heard me utter a sentiment in your life—never! for the man who boasts of virtue and feeling, seldom practises

either the one or the other——But you detain me, Harry—I am going to sigh away an hour with Honoria.

Clair. (*Eagerly.*) With Honoria, brother?

Lord Jar. Yes, with Honoria, brother! don't you envy me my triumph?

Clair. Ungenerous man! is it not enough to abandon me to the world, a beggar and a wanderer, but you must wound me in the tenderest point—distract me with such thoughts? But I have done—farewell, my lord! perhaps we shall never meet again!——I now suspect him, and will warn Honoria of her danger. (*Aside.*)

Lord Jar. Adieu, Harry!—shall I tell the charming girl any thing about you?

Clair. Yes, sir—tell her, pursued by enemies, and deserted by my friends, I know not where to fly for safety! Tell her, not so much on my own account, I lament my misfortunes, as on hers; since, abject and forsaken as I am, I cannot shelter or protect her! Tell her, I once hoped—forgive my weakness. (*Weeping.*)——But if you have one spark of pity for the lost Clairville, bestow it on Honoria——be her friend, and you shall still be mine—Farewell! [*Exit.*

Lord Jar. Ay; go your ways; you'll never see her again——for here comes the chair that gives me possession of her for ever.

Enter Chairmen with Chair.

Set it down, and wait till I return—I must step over to my house, to order servants to be near at hand; for though I'm determined not to be violent, yet, if she demurs, I'll force her—I'll——

Enter NOMINAL, *half drunk, singing.*

Nom. Ha! peer! my boy, how are you?—I hate wine; but I've been drinking to keep up my cha-

racter; and I'm the most unlucky dog alive—I've been searching every where for an adventure, and can't find one—I can't get into notice.

Lord Jar. Can't you?

Nom. No; I can't make myself conspicuous! and yet I've been absurd, particular, and noisy—but what signifies? every body else is the same! The whole town's so ridiculous, that to be stared at, a man should be as quiet and as dull as—a simile! Hey! peer! (*Taking snuff, and offering* LORD JARGON *some.*)

Lord Jar. How can you drink? I hate it—If I indulged myself in such odious customs, do you think I should be a favourite with the women? (*Taking a pinch.*)

Nom. Favourite with the women! ay, there's the rub! If I could get the fame of an intrigue, or an elopement, or any other sweet impropriety, oh!—

Lord Jar. Intrigue or elopement!—Um!

Nom. Um! why, what's the matter with you?

Lord Jar. Look ye, Nominal—nothing is so shocking as to impart secrets, or boast of a lady's favours; —it's what I never do, sir—else I could tell you—

Nom. Tell me!—what?

Lord Jar. That I am this moment going on both an intrigue and an elopement!

Nom. The devil you are! who? when? where? open, unfold, you amiable—you surprising senator!

Lord Jar. Fie! do you think I'd betray the confidence of the fair? No; if I was only to hint to you that that chair—that very chair—was to take me to a certain baronet's house, instead of a wax figure—

Nom. Wax figure! go on—dispatch! I'm all on fire! whengh! (*Rubbing his hands, and shewing signs of great joy.*)

Lord Jar. I say, I should be the greatest rascal living, if I was only to hint that I intrigued with the baronet's wife, that she was to conduct me to the

chamber of a young lady, and that their names were——

Nom. Hang their names! only let me understand.—That chair, you say, takes you to the lady with whom you intrigue, and she conducts you to the girl with whom you elope? (LORD JARGON *nods assent.*) Bravo, my boy! bravo! give me your hand; and now, curse me if I can help laughing, to think how they'll all be surprised! ha, ha, ha!

Lord Jar. No, nor I—the old husband little thinks who's coming to make a fool of him! ha, ha, ha! But, excuse me a moment—I must step over the way to order servants to be near the house—Stay till I return, and you'll see what a figure I'll make in the chair.

Nom. Yes, yes—I'll stay—But go over the way—get along with you, wheugh!

Lord Jar. I say, Nominal, I fancy you'd like to go in the chair instead of me? Ha, ha, ha!

Nom. Yes, that I would, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit* LORD JARGON.

And if I don't!—if I don't perch myself in the center of it—damme if I know any thing of fame or notoriety! Gad, this is the luckiest hit—I might have been whole years luring one woman into an intrigue, or another into an elopement——but here's the business ready cut out to my hands; and, therefore, that no time may be lost—you two coronet-supporters, (*Laying hold of Chairmen.*) open the chair, and let me be the peer's proxy!—take me to the baronet's directly, or, by all that's singular——

First Chair. Blood and oons! is the man beside himself?

Nom. (*Shaking them.*) No trifling!—Here's a purse and a pistol! Money or murder! take your choice this moment!

Second Chair. Take the money, Pat, take the money.

Nom. Here, you rogues, here! (*Giving purse.*) And now I swear, whatever were his lordship's designs, mine shall be harmless and honourable! All I want is the fame of the thing, and if I can get that, hang me if I'll fatigue myself or the ladies! So, open the chair, and away, my boys! (*Gets in, and looks from window.*) When you see his lordship tell him the next time he is going on an amour, not to mention it before hand—Lead on tonotoriety! Drink and drive care away! [*Exit in chair.*

Re-enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. Now, Nominal, now you shall see what a figure I'll cut in the chair!—How! what! gone! the chair too! 'Sdeath! I cut a very pretty figure indeed!—But, I'll be revenged—I'll follow him, and have satisfaction directly; and for Clairville and Honoria, I'll betray one, and imprison the other! I will, as I'm a gentleman and a man of honour.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY ACID'S *Dressing-room.—Toilette.—Doors open in Flat—and part of a Bed seen—Chairs and Candles.*

Enter HONORIA *with a letter.*

Hon. Can it be possible? Can she who should protect me, thus betray me? I will not, dare not, believe it! and yet would Clairville terrify me with false suspicions? Let me read the letter once more —(*Reads.*) "I have been just informed, that Lord Jargon and Lady Acid have designs against you, and that, to-night, they mean to put their villainy in ex-

ecution—I hope they cannot be so treacherous; but as you love my peace or your own, be on your guard —beware, Honoria! and remember the unhappy Clairville!" If it be true, how shall I extricate myself? The colonel is so convinced of Lady Acid's honour, that all supplication to him would be in vain—Alas! I have no friend to succour or defend me, and helpless as I am—Ha! she comes! I dread to meet her.

Enter LADY ACID.

Lady Acid. How! not gone to your chamber, Honoria?

Hon. I'm going, madam—Her very look alarms me. (*Aside.*)

Lady Acid. What is the girl muttering! I declare you grow more and more forward and impertinent every hour—but I'll humble you—I'll make an example of you!

Hon. (*Kneeling.*) Oh! on my knees let me entreat your pity! do not desert me, do not abandon me—promise me I shall not be in the power of Lord Jargon, and I'll be your slave for ever.

Lady Acid. Lord Jargon! why, what's the fool thinking of? Have you lost your senses?

Hon. No—not yet, madam—but if I retain them, it must be by your humanity—you have often said that you would be a mother to me—be so now—save me from this hour of danger, and——

Lady Acid. Danger! let me hear no more of this insolence, but be gone!——

Enter BETTY, *followed by Chairmen with Chair.*

Bet. The chair, with the figure, your ladyship.

Lady Acid. Put it down and leave it. (*Exeunt* BETTY *and Chairmen.*) Now comes my triumph! (*Aside.*) How! not gone yet, Miss? Retire this instant, or—

Hon. I obey, madam—Oh! what, what will become of me? [*Exit.*

Lady Acid. There she goes! and now for my dear, dear lord! (*Taps at chair window.*) Lord Jargon! Lord Jargon! come forth, and, my dear lord, ensure your prize——(NOMINAL *lets down the front glass, looks at her, and nods.*) Heavens! what do I see?

Nom. No lord, or wax figure, but as lively a fellow as ever you intrigued with—(*Spying.*) Fine jolly woman.

Lady Acid. Who are you? has his lordship sent you to insult me?

Nom. No; he has sent me not to disappoint you. (*Spying again.*) Rather fat though—(*Knock.*)

Lady Acid. Mercy! there's my husband!

Nom. (*Eagerly.*) Your husband? Tell me, my darling, tell me, is he jealous?

Lady Acid. Jealous!—to an extreme!

Nom. What! he'll bring an action, and sue for a divorce?

Lady Acid. Yes.

Nom. Paragraph and caricature me?

Lady Acid. Certainly.

Nom. Challenge and fight me?

Lady Acid. Undoubtedly.

Nom. Huzza! bravo! I'm made! I'm immortalized! let me out, and let him in directly.

COLONEL HUBBUB, *without.*

Col. In her dressing-room, is she? never mind—I have the privilege of going into it.

Lady Acid. The colonel! worse and worse!

Nom. My guardian! zounds! he mustn't discover me here.

Lady Acid. Sir, if you have any gallantry, or—

Nom. Say no more, my dove, I'm snug; (*Putting up window.*) good b'ye, I'll make you comfortable—(*Nodding, and shutting himself in.*)

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Lady Acid. Colonel, I rejoice to see you.

Col. I beg pardon, madam, for this intrusion; but when you know my business, I think you'll forgive me—I come to give Honoria to Lord Jargon.

Lady Acid. Is't possible, colonel?

Col. Yes; I have made up my mind at last—the high opinion I have of your honour, and the great respect I entertain for his lordship, as your friend, has tempted me to sign this deed of settlement—(*Producing one.*) which gives him Honoria, with a fortune of £30,000.

Lady Acid. My dear colonel, you delight me.

Col. Ay; she will be then safe from the artifices of Clairville, and your virtuous wishes will be satisfied——you know I once designed her for my ward Nominal.

Lady Acid. Yes; but he is too dissipated and profligate.

Col. He profligate! why, he's the most studious, stupid blockhead alive; I dare say he is now in his library, poring over Puffendorf, or hemming (*Mimicking.*) with Paul Prig.

Lady Acid. Well! I never saw him, colonel; but I've heard he's the most noisy, riotous young man in town—has his amours—his——

Col. Amours! I should as soon suspect your ladyship of an intrigue as he—Noisy and riotous too! Oh that he was! I'd give him a borough to-morrow. (NOMINAL *here raises the top of chair, and pops his head out.*)

Nom. Hem! (*Retires directly.*)

Col. Zounds! what's that? (*Going towards chair.*) The devil! here's somebody in the chair!

Lady Acid. Ha, ha! you'll laugh when I tell you what it is—it's a purchase of Sophia's.

Col. Purchase! I swear I saw a man's head.

Lady Acid. A man! ha, ha! that's very good!—it's a wax figure.

Col. A wax figure!

Lady Acid. Yes; and, as Sir Andrew knows nothing of it, I entreat you not to tell him.

Col. Oh, I understand——what, it's to supply his place when he's out of the way?—Well, well! (*Trying to look at it.*)

Lady Acid. Fie, colonel! an't you ashamed to look at a lady's curiosities? Positively, if you don't come away, I'll have it removed. (*Pulling him away.*) But how could you suppose it to be a man? suspect me of an intrigue?

Col. I don't suspect you—I believe you to be all virtue, tenderness, and truth.

SIR ANDREW ACID, *without.*

Sir And. Ay, ay; I'll tell her myself—(*Speaking as he enters.*) My dear, Lord Jargon is below, and desires to see you directly.

Lady Acid. I'm busy, Sir Andrew; let him wait.

Col. (*Aside, to* LADY ACID.) No, no—softly—I have a thought—is Honoria at home?

Lady Acid. Yes; she's in the next room.

Col. Then, hark ye, as his lordship is below, go to him, and tell him my intentions; and if he approves, he shall have Honoria this very moment.

Lady Acid. I will, colonel—Oh Lord! here is Sir Andrew!——As you regard me, don't mention the figure——If that fellow is discovered, my character's lost for ever. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. So, dear perfidious!

Col. So, gay deceiver! Ah, Sir Andrew, you ought to blush for your inconstancy——so good, so faithful a wife as Lady Acid——

Sir And. It's very true, colonel; and if I didn't

think it would make her too happy, I'd own my errors—she is indeed all virtue—I'll tell you what—she has all your gaieties, with your ward Nominal's prudence.

Col. Plague take you! am I never to hear of any thing but that stupid dog's prudence? But your wife, Sir Andrew—all her amusements are so innocent—wax now—she prefers wax to real life. (*Looking round at chair.*)

Sir And. Wax!

Col. Yes; though she'd die before she'd have a young man in her room, I don't think she has much objection to a wax-figure.

Sir And. Wax figure! why, what the devil are you at?

Col. I didn't say there was one in a sedan chair, did I?

Nom. No; but I do, though—Zounds! would you keep me in obscurity?

[NOMINAL *walks solemnly out between him and the Colonel. They stand astonished.*]

LADY ACID *re-enters.*

Sir And. Zounds! the wax figure is a live gallant!

Col. Yes; and my studious ward is a dashing dog at last!

Nom. Yes; it's I, guardy, who was a student in the morning, who caned you at night—who will fight that gentleman, who intrigues with this lady, (*Embracing* LADY ACID.) and will elope with any body! and what's more, who rejoices to discover himself, because he exposes hypocrisy, and saves an innocent girl from misery.

Col. (*Dancing and singing.*) Ti, di, di, di! he has it! he has it! he has it! the rogue's the true thing after all!—Come to thy old guardian's arms! let me gaze on thy dear face!—There it is! the real tumul-

tuous, dashing look! You dog, you shall come into parliament to-morrow.

Lady Acid. Are you mad, colonel?

Sir And. Ay; dam'me, are you mad, colonel?

Col. (*To* LADY ACID.) Out of the way, dissembler! I know you now, and despise you—But is he a real man of sense at last? Will he give up Westminster Hall, Puffendorf, and Paul Prig, to intrigue, elope, fight a baronet, and cane a colonel in the guards? Oh, 'tis too much! Give me joy, old boy!

Sir And. Good night. (*Going.*)

Lady Acid. Sir Andrew, I insist on a hearing.

Nom. Stay, baronet—I hope you're satisfied?

Sir And. Satisfied of what?

Nom. That it's I, and not any body else, who intrigues with this all-virtuous woman—upon my soul, it's me—and do mention it every where, do, there's a sweet, smiling, pleasant fellow; say it's me, and we'll all get into print together.

Sir And. Damnation! [*Exit.*

Lady Acid. Hear me, Sir Andrew——I'll follow him, and explain the business directly—For you, colonel, I leave you to your delusion; and for your prudent ward—oh! was there ever any thing so unlucky!

Col. Go your ways, hypocrite!—And now, my boy, my darling, let's to supper, and crown the night with mirth and merriment—Odsheart! what a likeness of me, and his old uncle! Come; for I do so long to hear the history of your pranks——

Nom. Ay; you shall hear them all, from Paul Prig to the justice—from the peer to the wax-figure; and then if you don't say I'm as eccentric and ridiculous as you wish me—why, I'll never beat a jack-ass again as long as I live. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Outside of SIR ANDREW'S *House.*

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. Oh! my poor master!—he's dead! butchered! murdered! shot in a duel, by that Burgeois peer, Lord Jargon! Misericordie! misericordie! what shall I do to bring him to life again? I'll go home—I'll——

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. So, O'Whack, Lord Jargon has called out my friend Nominal, in consequence of the affair at Lady Acid's?

O'Whack. C'est vrai, your honour—and he'll never go out again—Il est mort—(*Weeping.*)

Saun. How?

O'Whack. He's dead—dead as King Lear.

Saun. Astonishing! Who told you this?

O'Whack. Myself! my own sad self! I always said, when Mr Nominal went out to fight a rencontre——

Saun. What?

O'Whack. That he was too much of a gentleman to come home alive again—Oh! he and Blunder O'Whack are one for that——But, your honour, is there no way of putting a little breath into him?

Saun. Ridiculous! you know nothing of the mat-

ter, I see—and I'm all anxiety to hear the issue of this unhappy duel.

O'Whack. Et moi aussi——and I'll go home and wait for his relief—Oh, he's dead! he's dead! and here am I, a solitaire, in the wide world by myself! [*Exit.*

Saun. Where can I gain intelligence? I have a thousand fears for my friend—Lord Jargon, I know, is full of animosity, and Nominal is too fond of fame to make him an apology—Poor fellow! if he should be killed, or even wounded——

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Wounded! why, here I am, George, as sound and as merry——Wounded!——Oh, you dull dog!

Saun. Dull! why, from your servant's account, I might suppose you were dead.

Nom. Dead! Pshoo! do you think I don't know better? Hark ye, since we're alone, I'll let you into a secret—Lord Jargon wanted to challenge me, but couldn't summon up courage: so, sooner than lose the glory of a combat with so great a man, I consented to—— (*Whispering him.*) you understand me; we fought to satisfy the town, not ourselves.

Saun. Satisfy the town! how do you mean?

Nom. How do I mean? why, do you think we fought to please ourselves? Nonsense! that's been gone by long ago—No, no; the case was this—He was compelled to fight to save his reputation, and I chose to fight to get a name! So we kept up appearances, measured ground, exchanged shots—seconds interfered, applauded our spirit, signed the report—and now we're both men of honour as long as we live!—There, you rogue—shot ourselves into notice!

Saun. Bravo! and while the world is sanguinary enough to compel those to bleed like heroes, who

wish to live like men, why, you and his lordship may glory in having tricked them. But, since my cares on your account are over, allow me to enquire at this house after my cousin Sophia—Poor girl! Sir Andrew has behaved to her in a manner so cruel and inhuman——

SOPHIA *opens the Window.*

Soph. Cousin! cousin! I'm locked up——I can't get out—Sir Andrew has confined me in this room, till he sends me to the country for life!

Nom. Here's a pretty business!

Saun. What! he was offended at the sham assignation, was he?

Soph. So he says——But I know it's all owing to his wife—he is so out of humour with her, that he must be revenged on somebody. Cousin, won't you assist me? Will you let me be buried in woods, and waste my youth with fat calves and sucking pigs?

Nom. No; before you shall waste an hour, I'll kill all the fat calves and sucking pigs in England—Fair lady, if your cousin don't release you, I will——Gad, I was only thinking of an elopement, and pop she comes to my purpose!

Saun. Be patient, Sophia—I'll go directly to the colonel, and request his interference with Sir Andrew—But hush! the old tyrant's coming this way; —shut down the window, and depend on my protection.

Nom. And on mine, sweet excellence! (SOPHIA *disappears.*) Faith, that is the luckiest house——last night I helped a gentleman into it, and to-day, perhaps, I may hand a lady out of it——I'll have her, whoever she is——My dear Saunter, tell me what's her name?

Saun. Don't you know her? It's Sir Andrew's ward, Sophia; a great authoress and private actress.

Nom. A private actress! that's a public character! Then there's a pair of us; and if we elope, we shall alarm all Europe!

Saun. She has heard of you, Nominal, and, between ourselves, has a great prepossession in your favour—she loves singularity, and is consequently so fond of your character——

Nom. There! I said it would happen——the moment I got the fame of a duel and an intrigue, I knew no woman could stand me! But, George, my boy! how can I see her? speak to her? is there no way?

Saun. None, unless you can prevail on her guardian—Here he is! try him—for my part, I'll to the colonel.

Nom. I will——I'll try him, George; and if I can coax him into an interview, (*Exit* SAUNTER.) I'll humour him, give him a touch in his own way.

Enter SIR ANDREW ACID.

Sir And. Plague on them all, I say; but chiefly that devil incarnate, that Nominal!

Nom. Sir Andrew, I want to ask a favour of you.

Sir And. Do you? I never grant any, sir.

Nom. Nay, you don't know me, Sir Andrew——if you did, you'd grant me any thing—I am a man after your own heart, (*In a melancholy voice.*) I am indeed; so out of humour with the world, that, like you, I wish to see every body in it as miserable as myself.

Sir And. You do, do you?

Nom. Yes, indeed, sir—and if you knew how misanthropically I spent my time—Oh! I once passed such a happy day, Sir Andrew! entirely in your own way—I'll tell you——

Sir And. Exactly in my way!

Nom. Yes, sir; I awoke at five, and saw a neighbour's house on fire! was second in a duel at six,

and my man lost the tip of his ear! dined at four, and something in the wine that made six of my acquaintance sick—drank tea, and intrigued with my friend's wife till eight—a fat lady!—went to the new comedy, saw it completely damned—supped with the poor devil of an author; and, to conclude, lodged six of the actors in the round-house! there! wasn't that a happy day! And now, let me see your ward.

Sir And. See Sophia! zounds! neither you nor any body else shall ever see her again! That chaise —(*Points to one without*) is waiting to take her to the country directly, and she shall live and die in an old castle on a brown moor.

Nom. Shall she?

Sir And. Yes; I'll be revenged on her for you all! And so your servant——

[*Knocking at his own door.*

Nom. Stay, thou dear connoisseur in wax-figures, and tell me, how's your wife?

Sir And. Out of the way, sir!—*I'll* punish her too, —and for you and the rest——

Nom. Ay; you'd play the devil with all mankind if you could.

Sir And. If they were like you, I would; for then the world would be so wicked, that an honest man couldn't make too much mischief! But, because my wife has deceived me, don't think my ward shall— No, no: I have her safe, I'll teach her to make assignations—(*Servant opens door.*) And so, once more your servant, prudent Mr Student! [*Enters house.*

Nom. I shall lose her! here'll be no elopement! no being pursued by her relations—hunted by the court of Chancery—advertised by government, or, what's best of all, carried to the Fleet or King's Bench, 'midst the shouts of old maids, and groans of boarding-school misses!

Enter SOPHIA *from the house, with her cloak &c.*

Soph. So—Heaven be praised, I have made my escape—and now, if I knew where to fly for protection—

Nom. (*Having observed her.*) Fly into my arms, my angel—I'll put you into that chaise in a moment, out of town in an instant, at Gretna Green in a second, and in all the newspapers and print-shops before to-morrow morning!

Soph. Upon my word, sir, I'm very much obliged to you! (*Curtsies.*) Pray, may I ask who you are?

Nom. Who I am? Why, if you don't know me, you know nothing—I'm Nominal.

Soph. Nominal! Is it possible? What! the gentleman who so generously released me from the colonel, and has since made so much noise and confusion?

Nom. Yes; I'm the man! I've made a noise! and, if you love notoriety, you must prefer me to all heroes, past, present, or to come! My angel! (*Takes her hand*) where shall I conduct you? As far or as near as you please—(*Aside.*) I shall get as much fame by two miles as two hundred; for, though I mean to be honourable, I know the world is too scandalous to think me so!

Soph. Ah! I wish I could depend on you—You see I've no resource—I must either return to the tyranny of my guardian, or trust to your honour and generosity.

Nom. Trust! Look ye, my charming girl! I've had an intrigue without an intimacy—a duel without enmity, and I meant to have had an elopement without matrimony! But, by Heaven! there's something in your person and manner has so won upon me, that, let me have the fame of carrying you off, and hereafter you shall dispose of me as you please!

...l. I believe you; and if you will conduct me ...relation's house, a few miles from town—

Nom. Come along, Sophia!—Faith I've been so long looking for a creature so eccentric as myself, that now I've found one, I'll not easily part with it!

SIR ANDREW *within.*

Sir And. Where are you all, James?

Soph. My guardian's voice—make haste, sir.

Nom. Farewell, old misery, and once more for notoriety— [*Exit with* SOPHIA.

Re-enter SIR ANDREW *from house.*

Sir And. There they go! that devil of a fellow has carried her off! I'll pursue them—I'll—

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. (*Speaking to* NOMINAL.) Huzza! that's right—away with her.—Look, old boy! look there!—First he intrigues with your wife, and then he elopes with your ward! Isn't he a fine fellow? Isn't he like me?

Sir And. Yes; he's as like you as one madman is like another—but I'll overtake him! I'll make him studious again, or beat him as soundly as he beat you! I'll be revenged! [*Exit.*

Col. I knew I should bring him up to some purpose! Instead of practising law, he'll promote it now, and then for a general election—Oh! what a scene will he make at a general election!

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. And has your honour found him out at last? by my soul, I always said he was as full of mischief as yourself, ma foi.

Col. Yes; that he is! he's me in every thing; and here, thou dear tutor, here's something for the pains

taken in finishing his education, (*Giving*
y.)

ck. Bien obligé, your honour! I never
e dear craters more in my life; for there's
ng jontleman just thrown into prison, who
ous to save him from starvation—So, d'ye
, once did me a bit of a service, I'll do him
and then there'll be no mauvaise honte be-
you know—

What is his name, O'Whack?

ack. Monsieur Clairville! Poor lad, I be-
was just going to the Eastern Indies, to bring
ge fortune in his pocket, and a little hole

le in prison!

rais, jewel—his brother, who is a
leman, d'ye see, had him tapp'd
l thrown into jail for a thousan

other's treachery well; and I
befriended Clairville instead
o to him, O'Whack, tell him,
, and do all in my power to as-
mmort him.

irectly, and ten thousand bless-
in the bargain—Bon jour! Oh!
s! I wish we d his lordship in
best chapeau to a thirteen, he'd
about the good of his country

[*Exit.*

lle! I'll enquire into the matter
to hear what Nominal has done
the dear fellow! Now
preserved from sire to sire,
the world on fire.

[*Ex*

SCENE II.

An Apartment with Glass Doors.

Enter HONORIA *from doors, and seeing* LA
entering, shuts them in great agitatio

Hon. Heavens! Lady Acid!
Lady Acid. What's the matter with y
What makes you look so pale?
Hon. Nothing, ma'am! nothing—
Lady Acid. I come to tell yo
Clairville is in prison, and will re
nless you have discretion eno
rgon's offers—then he'll be r
your airs—his lordship is ho
rriage.
Hon. Marriage! can his lor
descension?
Lady Acid. Yes; and see whe
his own proposals.

Enter LORD JA

I've been telling Honoria, my l
the humanity to release your pr
prison, if she'll consent to shar
tune.
Lord Jar. Am I to be the hap
Hon. Never, my lord!
Lord Jar. How! never!
Hon. No.—Let me
y self-approbation,
lordship, and lose t

fices, had not this lovely angel stretched out her hand, and saved me from destruction.

Col. Well! this is the prettiest picture I ever saw! Look, my lord; look, Lady Acid.

Lord Jar. I never was better pleased in my life—ha, ha!—Damnation!

Col. Nay, pray look.—you'll not see such a picture again, and what's better, you'll never see your diamonds again—Clairville, I give you joy, and almost wish you Honoria's husband; but I've left all that to my ward—the dear boy has the sole disposal of her.

Lady Acid. Has he? then I hope he'll marry her himself—any thing rather then she should be thrown away on a pitiful younger brother.

Enter NOMINAL *with* SOPHIA.

Nom. Here we are!—the two wonders of the age—The elopement's all over the town already—And now what do you think is the next piece of mischief we're resolved on?

Col. What?

Nom. Marriage.

Col. Marriage!

Nom. Ay; so it is—I never thought of it—two such eccentric creatures are fit for nothing each other—We've hurried ourselves into it, what's more, we've hurried Sir Andrew into it—And now, if you'll consent—but dispatch—entreat you be quick—for the lady's on fire, and I'm—ugh!

Col. Why, Sophia, is this true?

Soph. Even so, colonel! You were so inconstant, that I was obliged to accept another gay deceiver.

Col. Well, well; take her, with all my heart; so the glorious breed is preserved, I don't care who it's by—But, you rogue, you must give up singularity now.

Nom. Must I! no—I'll be more singular than ever—I'll be so true, so faithful, and so constant a

husband, that the whole fashionable world shall laugh at me!

Lady Acid. (*Aside to Lord.*) This is misfortune! —Now, he's married himself, perhaps he may give you Honoria—ask him.

Lord Jar. I will. (*Aside.*) Nominal, a word.

Nom. What, my little antagonist!

Lord Jar. I know you are as much above receiving a bribe as I am of offering one; but if you'll make Honoria mine, I'll give you half her fortune.

Nom. If you'd give me your own into the bargain, I wouldn't dispose of her so dishonourably— No, no; your brother is my friend, and, if I have any interest in Honoria, I hope she may be his for ever —And now, all I recommend to you, and my old acquaintance here (*To* LADY ACID.) is, to leave the world, and take the wax-figure along with you!

[*Exit Lady.*

Col. That's right, my boy!—Every thing shall be joined to-night—Hands, hearts, and estates! I'll give Clairville property, and if his lordship has any more presents, another diamond necklace—why, he will settle it on the first child.

Nom. Won't you follow her, my lord?

Lord Jar. I follow her! not for a tho

Acid! [*Exit, calling*

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Andrew, I hope you'

; you, and y

me so much,

by marryin

udent

tter b

ted to

Sir And. Faith I think I am—but don't be too hard upon me—don't be too merry—lest the devil that's within me should tempt me to make long faces again.

Nom. If he does, it must be at another time, and in another place.

Good humour reigns so absolutely here,
That, when there's cause for censure, none we fear.
So great their candour, they so seldom blame,
That even Nominal may get a name,
And Notoriety—be crown'd with fame.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

00043257

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hemendra Kothari
on 06 November, 2019